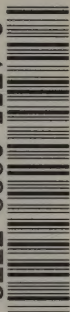


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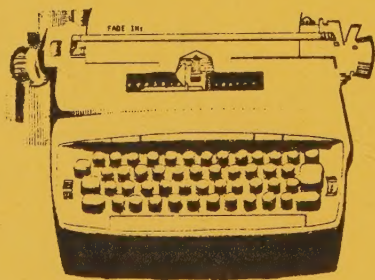


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CASUAL ESSAYS OF **The Sun**

CASUAL ESSAYS *of* The Sun

EDITORIAL ARTICLES ON MANY
SUBJECTS, CLOTHED WITH THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE BRIGHT
SIDE OF THINGS



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Mr. Dana, of the New York Sun

“**B**UT bless ye, Mr. Dana! may you live a thousan’
years,

*To sort o’ keep things lively in this vale of human
tears;*

*An’ may I live a thousan’, too — a thousan’ less a day,
For I shouldn’t like to be on earth to hear you’d
passed away.*

*And when it comes your time to go you’ll need no Latin
chaff*

*Nor biographic data put in your epitaph;
But one straight line of English truth will let folks
know*

*The homage ’nd the gratitude ’nd reverence they owe;
You’ll need no epitaph but this: ‘Here sleeps the man
who run*

That best ’nd brightest paper, the Noo York Sun.’”

From “A Little Book of Western Verse,” by EUGENE FIELD
Courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner’s Sons

FOREWORD



THE place the editorial article holds in public opinion is one of such importance that the influence of a great newspaper is scarcely to be overestimated in its community. In this respect no great American newspaper has maintained a more national reputation than THE NEW YORK SUN. THE SUN has ever had a national family of its own, and ever have its readers looked forward with delight to its editorial pages, wherein have appeared a multitude of articles that have instructed, entertained, and amused a multitude of readers.

From these editorial articles has been selected this collection, comprising ones that have appeared in the past twenty years, from which those of ephemeral interest, or of a controversial nature, have been excluded. Abounding in all those delightful qualities of subtle humor, erudition, imagery, and the spirit of good cheer, all clothed with the philosophy of finding the bright side of things in every phase of humanity, these Casual Essays of THE SUN will be welcomed alike by readers to whom THE SUN'S point of view has given keen delight, and by others who may see them for the first time.

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CASUAL ESSAYS OF *The* Sun

Casual Essays of The Sun

I

SANTA CLAUS

Is There a Santa Claus?

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of THE SUN:

“Dear Editor: I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no SANTA CLAUS. Papa says ‘if you see it in THE SUN it’s so.’ Please tell me the truth; is there a SANTA CLAUS?”

“VIRGINIA O’HANLON.

“115 West Ninety-fifth Street.”

VIRGINIA, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, VIRGINIA, whether they be men’s or children’s, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as

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compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, VIRGINIA, there is a SANTA CLÀUS. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no SANTA CLAUS. It would be as dreary as if there were no VIRGINIAS. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in SANTA CLAUS! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch SANTA CLAUS, but even if they did not see SANTA CLAUS coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees SANTA CLAUS, but that is no sign that there is no SANTA CLAUS. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the

Santa Claus

unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, VIRGINIA, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

NO SANTA CLAUS! Thank GOD! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, VIRGINIA, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

II

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

The Last of a Great Race

BILLY WEST, BILLY EMERSON, BILLY RICE — the stars fall fast. Yet these artists had all but survived their art, for negro minstrelsy seems doomed, nor can even the witty Mr. DOCKSTADER give it a long reprieve. The public taste changed; the minstrels relied too much on their own laurels and wore out their welcome. We know the weakness of the praisers of past time, and we will not say that the theatre at present seems to be intended mainly for the benefit or detriment of girls too young to appreciate it, or as a means of passing an evening to well-dressed, well-fed, mostly unimaginative folks to whom it represents a few hours' rest, the interval between dinner and a supper at one of the lobster palaces of which New York will soon principally consist.

It seems, though, as though tastes and times were simpler once. Perhaps people laughed more easily. The generation that felt the death of DICKENS as a personal loss had the gift of hearty laughter. During the

The Good Old Times

Civil War, and after, there was a natural reaction towards gayety. The great gods of ennui, the IBSENS and the TOLSTOIS, were not droning as yet. People were willing to enjoy themselves in their own way; and a manager couldn't boost a stick into a star, and a playwright was not a cheap pathologist. BURTON had not long been dead; WALLACK was still in his prime. The name of JOHN BROUGHAM will recall to many not yet decrepit something of the gayety of temper, the high spirits of those not altogether remote days. Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON is the one eminent survivor of the eminent actors on whom the patrons of negro minstrelsy in its best estate were brought up. Why, the boys who waited with beating hearts for the curtain to rise, who wouldn't have missed a sound of the orchestra, who yelled so ferociously at the appearance of a "supe," had heard "EDDIE" BOOTH offer his kingdom for a horse, especially of a Saturday night, and felt their hair stand up as "NED" FORREST cursed GONERIL and REGAN with all the wind of those tremendous lungs.

Negro minstrelsy was no foolish whim. It was a legitimate art in its good time, and Mr. DOCKSTADER and Mr. PRIMROSE have not forgotten the traditions.

A long headroll of names and companies comes to the mind. The rattle of the bones tickles the ear agreeably. The eye of memory sees those preposterously black faces, impossible red lips, abysmal

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mouths, world-shadowing feet. Where did those monumental shoes come from? The banjo has fallen into the hands of the girls — lucky banjo! — and they play it as if they were petting a canary bird or toying with a caramel. The old minstrels used to whack it, thump it, take it by violence. They were robustious with it, and yet they dragged sweet tones out of it. The dialogues between the interlocutor and Mr. BONES were neater if less artistic than PLATO'S. The songs, comic or sentimental, were given with an irresistible heartiness, often with a clever art. We can see BILLY EMERSON as Policeman MORIARITY threatening the truckman, "I'll have you off that dray for ogling the ladies":

"The girls all cry
As I go by:
Are you there, MO-RI-AR-I-TY!"

Good old BILLY! He used to make everybody feel just as happy as a big sunflower. He sang that, and "Love Among the Roses," and "MORIARITY" around the world. And he was only one of a jovial crew, high livers, honest and thirsty souls, most of them. Like every honest good fellow, they spent their money free. Rich again and again, and paupers at the end.

BILLY RICE with his stump speech! How many ludicrous monologues, temperance lectures, and what-not, punctuated by the thumps from an impossible

The Good Old Times

cotton umbrella, have the minstrels given! The MORRIS brothers; NELSE SEYMOUR, one of the mightiest minstrels of all; Mr. BIRCH, Mr. BACKUS, Mr. BERNARD, Mr. WAMBOLD, all fresh in properly regulated and grateful memories; LUKE SCHOOLCRAFT, the Water-million Man, and HARRY BLOODGOOD — *claudite jam rivos*: turn off the reminiscences!

They say NEIL BRYANT is lying stricken over in Brooklyn at a hospital, and they say he is more than seventy. Lord, Lord, what a foolish thing Time is! It must be nearly twenty years since NEIL BRYANT stripped off the cork and he is forgotten already. He was in the twenties when he and his brothers opened a theatre on Broadway, somewhere in the four hundreds, three or four years before the war. BRYANT'S Minstrels had their home in Fourteenth street afterward, say from 1867 or thereabouts, and moved to West Twenty-third Street in 1870, perhaps, but we are not swearing to any statistics. BRYANT'S Minstrels were as well known as the Custom House, and they have chased the blues away from thousands. GEORGE FOX, too soon to become the melancholy figure which used to be led about the streets of Cambridge in the early seventies, was at the Olympia. Mr. BIRCH and his facetious halo were at five hundred and something Broadway. KELLY and LEON'S Minstrels were on Broadway near Eleventh Street. HARRY BECKETT was at Miss LINA EDWIN'S theatre — oh, yes, there

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was such a theatre in '70, and near it, we think, was the Globe, where we have had the ineffable pleasure of seeing Mr. JOSH HART in the "Yankee Sea Serpent." Mr. ANTONIUS PASTOR, the immortal, was on the Bowery then. Mr. PASTOR came over with Mr. H. HUDSON, and his hand already grasped that immortal opera hat or "dry hide." May TONY live forever and a day; but most of the theatres and the actors of that time are gone.

The race of negro minstrels will be as extinct as the cave bear or the mammoth in a few years. They gave a good deal of harmless pleasure; and there are many who will join us in kind recalling and remembrance of those noisy, rollicking, and sentimental artists. It cannot be denied that there is some selfishness in the regret. The death of the favorites of his youth makes a man feel more keenly that he, too, is growing old. Poor old NEIL BRYANT, and all the rest of that gay company! The Finches of the Grove are silent. The Cave of Harmony is closed.

The Passing of the Banjo

In commenting upon filing a petition in bankruptcy recently, GEORGE C. DOBSON, the veteran banjo teacher, declared that the day of the banjo was done. The bicycle, golf, and the camera, he said, had proved too strong a combination for the instrument whose

The Good Old Times

plunkety-plunks have endured since the Pyramids and which has flourished wherever man has lived.

When in 1843, at the Bowery Theatre, JOE SWEENEY, the minstrel, introduced it to the New York public, it aroused but languid interest. It was "a nigger instrument" and the Abolitionists were not in the majority at that time. It was at this concert that SWEENEY added the little or E string, an idea of his own. The next serious attempt to bring it before the public was in 1858, when the three DOBSONS gave a series of concerts at BARNUM'S Museum.

The next forward step was in 1860, when CHARLES E. DOBSON, Sr., a member of the orchestra in WALLACK'S Theatre, during the *entr'actes* performed a number of banjo solos. The fashionable were interested and amused. The war added to its vogue with Northern sympathizers and no soldiers' festival or hospital fair was complete without banjo accompaniments.

After the war it languished until 1878, when the addition of frets by the elder DOBSON gave to its musical capabilities a much wider range. Violinists and pianists saw its capabilities and its danger to them professionally, and, as a concession to it, interspersed their own performances with imitations of the banjo.

In 1883 the craze was at its height. Tournaments were held throughout the country and the people seemed banjo mad. CHARLES E. DOBSON issued a

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“Challenge to Any Player in the World to Compete with him in Picking for a Six Hundred Dollar Gold Medal.” STEINWAY Hall was packed to its doors to see him defeat eight candidates with the redoubtable HORACE WESTON at their head, and the next day the papers gave the performance columns.

With the original Spanish students who appeared at BOOTH’S Theatre came the mandolin, and its tremulous tinkle marked the first jangle of the banjo’s death knell. The students made a tour through the country and the first wedge to knock out the banjo had been driven in. And, alas! where is the banjo now?

The career of GEORGE DOBSON as a banjo player is full of pathos, for it is the general history of the rise and fall of a very picturesque instrument, if not delightful in itself, delightful in its association or in its suggestion. Yet we should expect to see golf and the camera, and even the bicycle itself, die out utterly before the banjo.

“You couldn’t pack a Broadwood half a mile —
You musn’t leave a fiddle in the damp —
You couldn’t raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking pots and pails —
I’m sandwiched ’tween the coffee and the port —
And when the dusty column checks and tails
You should hear me spur the regiment to a walk!

The Good Old Times

“With my ‘Pilly-willy-winkie popp’!
(Oh, it’s any tune that comes into my head!)
So I keep ’em moving forward till they drop;
So I play ’em up to water and to bed.”

Thus it speaks, through KIPLING.

Take Down the Fiddle and the Bow

Every man that has music enough in his soul to whistle a “coon” song out of tune will feel his strings trembling and his pipes sighing this week. A great week for music in America. There is to be a prize fiddling contest in Mineral Point, Wis. The sound of the tuning and scraping, the prelude of melodious outbursts, already arises. Let the great imported foreign violinists gather dollars while they may. The good old fiddler, the merry, squeaking fiddler, the proud perspiring diddle-till-you drop fiddler, is putting a handkerchief around his neck and getting ready. Jig it, my hearties! Care killed a cat.

The mighty youth of these United States was cheered by a fiddle. The pioneers, the hunters, the trappers, the flatboatmen, enlivened the long lonely night with its strains. It sang from the dark insides of prairie schooners. It brightened fever-stricken and despairing men on exploring expeditions and in mining camps. It was the life of merrymaking in the youth of JACKSON, LINCOLN, and all the great men of the earlier genera-

tions. JEFFERSON loved to play it. Everybody loved to hear it in those days, except, perhaps, a few pretentious owners of spinets and harpsichords.

In all out-of-the-way and therefore fortunate and original places, it is still the best loved instrument; and the skilled and enthusiastic fiddler is always sure of applause, of an honorarium as bountiful and liberal as the entertained can afford and, at the worst, of a double portion of moonshine or other wine of the country.

We should like to be in Mineral Point and hear "The Arkansaw Traveller" and other fine old American classics. In the words of the Hon. BOB TAYLOR, who fiddled himself into the Governorship of Tennessee:

"All-conquering fiddles, sing and squeak!
Lift higher, O Eagle, that proud beak!
Where now is JANNY KUBELIK?"

The Oldest Living Graduate

The King has no solitary preëminence in never dying. He shares his mortal immortality with another potentate and great public character, the Oldest Graduate. There is always an Oldest Graduate; and always there are heirs waiting for the succession. Mr. BENJAMIN D. SILLIMAN, distinguished and fortunate in so many other regards, was also for some time the Oldest Living Graduate of Yale; and now that honor belongs to Judge CUTLER of '29, who lives in Waterbury,

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where they make the watches. May these be wound up for many a day before he yields his crown to the heir apparent. At 93 the Oldest Living Graduate is or should be but a boy. After waiting seventy odd years for his title, he will be in no hurry to give it up. He should enjoy it to the full, be merciful in his reminiscences, and look with an indulgent pity on the lads of 90 and 91 who want his job.

For, flower unloved of AMARYLLIS though it be, this honor is greatly prized. The survivor in this Tontine has beaten all his contemporaries at college. He can say to Time, as BERANGER said:

“Old Postilion, hold up, hold up;
Let us drink a stirrup cup.”

It is too much for this glory to go to a man otherwise famous, as Mr. SILLIMAN was or as HORACE BINNEY was. The latter, an illustrious lawyer whose fame is perhaps as dim now as that of most great lawyers who have not held high political office, was graduated at Harvard in 1797, if we remember well, and he was the oldest living Harvard man for some time before he was cut off in '95. An Oldest Living Graduate who has no other fame than that is to be preferred. Such was JOSEPH HEAD of Harvard, of 1804. He lived in some little town. With his bent form, his VAN WINKLE beard, his long staff, he looked what he was as he

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marched among the younger generations in the yard on Commencement Day, "the oldest living grad-oo-ate," as he pronounced it after the fashion of his rural youth. Good old JOSEPH HEAD, if that was his name! One thinks with kindness of him, and all his predecessors; and of his successors in the procession.

In every college from A to Z something of affection attaches to the college elder and leader of the line. Of ordinary distinction the graduate may grow tired, be it his or that of a classmate. Of the class of 1825 at Bowdoin, of 1829 at Harvard, of 1853 at Yale, it has been possible to hear too much. At Brunswick, in 1875, Mr. BLAINE happily expressed the weariness which the constant celebration of the celebrated brings. "I am glad to hear," he said, "that those members of the class of 1825 who are illustrious on earth are happy in heaven."

The graduate whose ambition it is to become the Oldest Living Graduate scorns all loud and easier fames. In seclusion and with perfect modesty of spirit, he sets before himself early the high goal. He accepts philosophically all detriments which Fate and Fortune send. "I am no longer young," he said to himself, "but why should I wish to be? Everybody who stays in the game must get old and how few can become the Oldest Living Graduate? I am not handsome, witty, eloquent, or even popular. I don't

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have to be, in my business, which is that of living to be the O. L. G. My classmate, HOOKER HAYNES, has made most of the money there is in the world. My classmate, BRATTLE HOLYOKE, has married most of the rest. I don't need money in my business. BYLES is a Bishop, DWIGHT is a Senator. BILL TRUMBULL is a Trust. I haven't any office. I don't direct anything. I have little property and less hair. But I think I can outlive every man in my class and I mean to do it. Let them last into the nineties if they can. I'll take an even hundred, and one to carry, if necessary."

The young chaps just out of college may not know this harmless ambition at first. They are too young — confound 'em! We remember hearing GEORGE BANCROFT, sixty years after his graduation, imparting the fact to a freshman. The freshman gaped and gasped in wonder. How was it possible for a man to have been graduated sixty years ago. If NEBUCHAD-NEZZAR had come into the room and tried to sell a book on vegetarianism, that freshman could not have been more surprised. But youth's the stuff will not endure. It doesn't take the truly wise graduate long to find the most reasonable object of desire. He nourishes the gentle vision in his heart. He sees himself a well-preserved ancient of 98, with a face like a BALDWIN apple and still tolerable legs. His gold-headed cane is less a staff than a part of his make-up; 'tis a repre-

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sentative of the monumental pomp of age. He wears, for effect, a tall hat of the fashion of fifty years before. He prides himself on the cut of his frock coat. His surviving hair is soft and white. A perfect gentleman of the old school. "Young gentlemen," says the Oldest Living Graduate, "I ascribe my remarkable health and long life to the fact that for seventy-five years I have never smoked nor drank." "Boys," he says, to a few striplings of ninety odd assembled around the punch bowl, "I attribute my good health and looks to the fact that for eighty years I have taken a nip of good stuff regularly every day. But I never overdid it as you do."

We once knew an Oldest Living Graduate who would walk on the railroad track, although he was nearly a hundred and deaf as a post. This is encouraging for beginners, as it seems to show that the O. L. G. is born, not made by training. Only a very few years ago there happened to live in the same town the Oldest Living Graduate and the next-to-the-oldest living graduate. They were great cronies and as lively as crickets. But each watched the distressingly robust health of the other with some alarm. "WILLIAM is looking a leetle peaked," JOHN would say; "I'm afraid he won't live through the winter." "JOHN's failin'," WILLIAM would say; "he oughtn't be out in the cold so much at his age." And both lived in health to the very edge of the hundred. The man who will

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devote himself with a single mind to becoming the Oldest Living Graduate deserves to be happy.

The Novels of Mr. Beadle

IN THE SUN the other day a Utica correspondent eulogized with affectionate regret "the good, old-fashioned, salmon-colored novels" of Mr. BEADLE of this town. Many old or oldish codgers will share in the sympathetic expressions of the Utican for "BEADLE'S Dime Novel Series." It was a part of the youth of many of us. The dimpled chins that bent over it have felt the barber's shear for a generation; and the books that composed it have become almost as rare as the most treasured incunabula. There may be some of them hidden away in country attics, but in the book shops they seem to be seen no more. Their bright faces would be soiled and dusty enough now. It is better to remember them in their prime.

We can see 'em now, with their fresh-painted look, staring from their shelves at the boy who gazes at them hopelessly. In his pockets is an old curiosity shop of unconsidered trifles, but in coppers only six cents. The youthful world is full of cork cakes and fig paste and brilliant, mysterious marbles. Even if you had a dime, too much of your income must not be devoted to literature. There are practical interests to be considered. At least you look, gaze your fill at

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MR. BEADLE'S masterpieces in their rich robes. Not exactly salmon-colored, were they? A mellow BEADLE color, we should say.

They had to be covered for school use. Otherwise their splendor would have betrayed them. What a sense of superiority and innocent crime you got by having a batch of them in your desk and sticking one into the arithmetic or the Latin grammar. Why, even that fellow of unapproachable genius and vast age who was just beginning the first book of the Iliad, and who spent, in examining his chin with the aid of a hand-glass and prospecting for down, much of the time he should have passed with the well-greaved Achaians — even he read Mr. BEADLE'S works and was good enough to speak of them with condescending praise. As for the small boys they would be so deep in the "Slave Sculptor" or some other of Mr. BEADLE'S productions that they would forget to keep an eye on the schoolmaster. That torrent would descend like lightning, pull two or three of your ears off and confiscate your whole stock of dime novels. Then the old humbug would sit on his throne with one of your treasures in his VIRGIL and placidly read it, probably for the purpose of making those spirited remarks about vicious and sensational literature that were so much appreciated by the school committee and visiting parents. If BEADLE'S novels are now rare it is because so many of them were seized by the pedagogues.

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Every schoolmaster must have had a complete collection.

There was much prejudice against BEADLE novels, chiefly, we imagine, on account of the brilliancy of the covers. The books were good, not bad. In their way they were of the school of

“KINGSTON and BALLANTYNE the brave,
And COOPER of the wood and wave.”

They can't have had less literary merit than the rapid-selling romances of to-day. They were written by decent and clever people. Mr. EDWARD S. ELLIS, a favorite writer for Mr. BEADLE, is gratefully remembered as a teacher by many persons. He published, not long ago, a “History of the United States,” which is an excellent piece of work. If we are not mistaken, Mr. ORVILLE J. VICTOR, who is still living in this town, was the editor of the BEADLE series. He, too, is a historian. He published a history of the civil war which, while necessarily incomplete and inaccurate in many things, because written contemporaneously with the events described, is of much interest because it shows what a fair and intelligent Northerner believed to be the facts. His “Incidents and Anecdotes of the War” is also a good book to read.

Mr. MUNRO's work succeeded Mr. BEADLE's, but not in the affections of the readers of the latter. As

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Mr. HIRAM COBB, a Cambridgeport friend of literature, says in his "Recollections from the Library":

"The Grolier Club, the Kelmscott Press,
With all their stately sumptuousness,
Full crushed levant and ROGER PAYNES,
I leave to men of greater gains.
But when I get my pipe alight,
My fancy sees the shelves grow bright;
I see — and I will have it yet! —
Of BEADLE'S Novels one full set."

He never will get it. For where is BEADLE, and where are most of his novelists? Where, too, are the *Flag of our Union* and BALLOU'S *Drawing Room Companion*, and the noveleties of FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE and of A. J. H. DUGANNE? Trampled out of memory by the fugacious years or harvested by the junkman.

Checkers

At Boston last week four hundred checker players went to the annual team match between Boston and New England. Two Albany men were present and there was one New Yorker. The game seems to be played publicly with more enthusiasm in New England than elsewhere, but it is still played in the thousand villages where, although the skill of the professional is not reached, there is great fun. The ex-

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treme severity and silence of the players are not always imitated by the participants, who yell, "Jump him, BILL," or ask JIM why he didn't "take that man." In checkers as in all other games the spectators impart freely of their wisdom.

Was it CHARLEMAGNE who smashed his rival at chess over the head with the ivory chessboard so that he never played again? With the good old-fashioned plain wooden checkerboard heads have been cracked after what is now technically called "a heated argument" between the players or between the player and a too-critical spectator. To such turbulence may even this mild science give cause. The gaudy backgammon board makes the old checker player regret the simpler devices of his youth. A boy could make a good board for himself, marking the rose with chalk, white or colored, or with a pencil. Checkers is a democratic game.

On the back of many of the antique boards you played "fox and geese" or "nine men's morris." If memory holds her seat, it was "nine men's morris." Where are the games of yesterday? Do people play fox and geese and nine men's morris now?

In many a village barroom and grocery store, in many a village parlor to-night, the checker board will be brought out and there will be an hour or two of puckered brows and concentrated thought. Shall I make this move or that? In the hands of men entirely great, as much time can be spent at a checker

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game without doing anything as at any other game in the world. We regret to say that many checker players chew tobacco. They find the practice conducive to long thought.

The masters of the lordlier chess look down upon checkers, but it has been developed into a game of extraordinary skill. It was popular in HOMER's Troy if the old romances tell true, and it is popular in many better places now. For the lazy it is much easier than cards, a great recommendation.

"But it's 9 o'clock. Time to go to bed. Good night. I'll beat you all to pieces to-morrow!"

Tippits and Mitt'ns

In a letter to THE SUN, MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS salutes the "tippit," dear old word! and vows that it is "years since he has seen it used." It must be owned that the country is oppressively urban, yet we hope that tippits are not obsolete. Even if they are, the word is not. That hangs upon no rusty nail in the wardrobe of memory, by the side of red-topped boots with copper toes, high stocks and dickeys, men's shawls, daguerreotypes and hoop skirts and "water-falls." The old spelling was "tippit" and this we choose to employ because it faithfully represents the pronunciation that was common in the Consulship of PLAUCUS. A vivid-hued, sometimes a many-colored,

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scarf, often of moderate length, capable of being wound around and around the youthful neck or over the head and ears and neck — that was a tippit. There were long, medium, and short tippits, tippits in which you were swathed like a mummy, and mere pretences of tippits; but all rested upon the theory that the cold was cruel and that a healthy boy exercising himself into a perspiration needed to be protected as to his neck from the chill air.

In American plays of rural life there is always a snowstorm. The scoundrel of a mortgagee will not foreclose unless the Almanac says "About this time look out for snow"; and there must be the sound of sleigh-bells, although they never get the big old-fashioned ones on the stage; and boys and men must come into the sittin' room and undo their tippits. Then any ancient man in the audience who was raised in the North and the snow forgets the villain and the heroine. He feels the tippit around his neck. The flying frosty ends of it tickle his cheeks. The woollen mitt'ns, red or blue, are on his numb fingers. His "clipper," with its worn bright springing runners, is behind him. Down the hill comes the crowd, side-saddle, belly-bunt. The "traverses" or double-runners are rushing down with tremendous speed. The sharp air shakes with the yelling. The stars have their peculiar wink. Are the people who are "out sleighin'" and have to go up the hill, insured?

Or the ancient man with his tippit and his mitt'ns is on the ice. On his feet are skates which screw into the heels and are fastened by a system of straps that will absolutely paralyze the circulation by and by. There is a loud boom and crack every now and then. Over on the other side of the pond a fire is sputtering and crackling. Every boy with a tippit is a toy for every bigger boy with a tippit, and is pulled and made to sprawl by means of that inevitable and inconvenient necklace. The old retired sailor fishing through the ice for pickerel over there is said to have been a pirate and undoubtedly wears earrings. Fortune, *sævo læta negotio*, comes and goes, but nothing can change the happiness of having known a real sailor who wore real earrings just as they do in books. An irascible tar, with a gift of language and a permanent aversion to skaters. He will thump all the boys whom he catches too near his preserves and every one will wear a tippit. The smaller the boy, the larger the tippit.

Or it is melting a little and there is a snow-balling match, the stipulation "no water-soaks" perfidiously broken, as usual. It is the boy with the biggest tippit that will hit the least and be "soaked" the most.

We have no especial desire to revive the tippit. Its day is over. Babies are practically born in sweaters, we believe, in these more accomplished times. But what has become of the mitt'ns — or should it be "mituns"? The mitt'n was the friend of man and

boy. There is nothing equal to it as a hand warmer. Why don't people wear mitt'ns in this town? Is there nobody that can make these admirable fathers of gloves? Gone, indeed, are Aunt PERSIS and Grandma DIADAMY, and all the lovely old ladies in cap and bands who knitted, knitted, knitted all day long while the fat cat by the fireplace washed its own white mitt'ns and wondered vaguely where all the feet for all the blue woollen stockings, and all the hands for all the blue woollen mitt'ns, came from; and DANIEL WEBSTER, dying majestically in a flaming lithograph on the east wall, was still cheered, as with some remembrance of slain Proconsuls, by the sight of WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON dying majestically, surrounded by his weeping Cabinet, in a fiery lithograph on the west wall.

Hearts are just as warm now, but are the hands? The young women of to-day make many things of exquisite workmanship and mysterious use, but do they knit? Can't they knit mitt'ns? Of course they can, if they will. We hope to see Mitt'n Knittin' clubs spring up all over the State and wherever snow falls or ice forms.

Our wise and pious ancestors used to get a drink of New England or West India rum whenever they went to the village store to buy a knittin' needle. That was a kind of libation to a modest and useful household god. In the hands of women entirely great, the knittin' needle wrought many marvels. It could test

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infallibly a pie. It could make cold-scorning mitt'ns. Where is the pie? Where are the mitt'ns now?

Sled Lore

A Massachusetts correspondent who rejoices that he has worn tippits and mitt'ns and has a sincere love for all glorious American works and ways, of the present and the past, slides down the hill of memory and talks philology as he walks up again. Speaking of the method of sliding or coasting by throwing yourself flat upon your stomach on your sled, grasping the front or the front of the sides of the sled with the hands and steering more or less clumsily with a copper-toed boot, we called this prone system or style "bellybunt." A very beautiful and expressive word. But No, says the philologist as the crust crackles under him and wild-yelling youngsters are shooting down the middle of the road or butting frantically into the wall or the old guidepost, a menace to the heads of two or three generations. "You didn't go 'bellybunts' on that sled; you went 'bellybumps.' You know you did."

No; we bring no affidavits, but sure we are that we went "bellybunt." The Massachusetts philologist may have rushed down madly "bellybumps," churning the path with delirious toe or revolving helplessly on the glare ice and bumped or bunted ignominiously by the heavier sled or combination of sleds behind him. Neither "bellybunt" nor "bellybumps" is in the

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dictionary, that old snob that always hates the words of real sap and savor. Other expressions for the same graceful art of snow travel were "bellywhopper" and "bellyflopper," one heard of yore in the Onondaga Reservation, one in the District of Columbia and Virginia. Doubtless there are other forms in use in other parts of the country. The study of sled lore and belly-bumpsology has not got its first teeth yet.

The great artists of the great days of sliding down hill did not resort to the prone system. That was rather for beginners, for small boys full of feet. The great artists were experts at side-saddle. They would take up their sleds in their hands, run with them with incredible velocity and often for a considerable distance, slam them down, mount fiercely, and with the impulse of the run and many scientific niceties of propulsion, strange bowings and bendings and writhings and mysterious punchings of the air with the leg, give the impression and often the reality of prodigious swiftness. A side-saddle artist of genius had capabilities far beyond the reach of the humbler worker in bellybumps or bellybuntistics. Yet doubtless the latter had its secrets and its triumphs.

Let us here pause to recall the rash youth who was always trying to stand bolt upright on his sled, holding on by the rope or strings, and so to go down the hill in glory. Did he ever get down in safety? What must his skull have been made of? He was always testing

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it. And where are the old pungs, with their "fills" or shafts, their loads of adventurous spirits and their constant spillings and mishaps?

The Bootjack

The State of Maine, famous for its crop of great men, its ships, its old-fashioned winter weather and numerous other merits, keeps many laudable customs which are dying out or failing in less fortunate Commonwealths. Sociologists say that there is no pumpkin pie like the Maine pumpkin pie, no Injun puddin' like the Maine Injun puddin'. The Maine apples have a notable flavor; and the Maine hard cider, when you can get it and it isn't too hard, makes men forget prohibition and other woes.

The bootjack is another piece of furniture of our forefathers which is treasured among the Dirigos. Some youth on the *Toledo Blade*, a youth inured to luxury and ready-made shoes, and ignorant of the history of his country, asked "How many persons, born within the last quarter of a century, ever saw a bootjack?" Evidently he regarded that homely implement as a curiosity and piece of antiquity like a culverin or a mangonel. The *Kennebec Journal* corrects that rash youth and informs him that "there isn't a farmhouse in this section of the land but has its bootjack, and it is a bit of furniture in daily use."

For a number of years shoes have seemed to displace

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boots and the reign of the latter has seemed to be over. Even boyhood has lost one of its little vanities and happinesses. The red-topped boots, the copper-toed boots, the first boots, the handsome, highly greased boots into which the lad tucked his trousers and on which he creaked and squeaked through the snow or over the "crust" . . . SANTA CLAUS brings no such glittering prize to the more urban youngsters of to-day. The first tail-coat and virile toga was a great event, but the first pair of boots, of boots with good, stout, manly legs was a glory and a dream. To go barefoot in summer, in spite of parental prohibition, to sport a pair of top boots in winter and the winds of spring, such was the simple ambition of many youths more primitive than those of these days. Shoes are much more comfortable; there seems no good reason why a man who is not farming or logging or roughing it should encase his tibias in leather. Those bootlegs, the modern representatives of greaves, must be hot in summer; they get wrinkled early and they don't conduce to the happiness of trousers; but they have done and are still doing great things.

Leaving out of consideration the buckled shoes and silk stockings, which have been effective in statesmanship and war, and may be said to have given us the Constitution, most of the real rough hard work of the country, the pioneering, the settling, the farming, has fallen to the boots. And how many golden-mouthed clergymen, how many candidates for President, how many

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solid men and merchants with blue dress coats, buff waistcoats and fobs, how many bristling Commodores and Generals have walked across the stage in boots. MR. WEBSTER wore them and MR. LINCOLN; Old Hickory, Fuss and Feathers, Rough and Ready; and we can imagine how angrily EDWIN FORREST'S must have squeaked as he walked home after cursing his daughters or smothering DESDEMONA.

The bootjack used to be as necessary and common as the shoestring. In the cities now its appearance in rural drama makes the young fellows snicker. The world is growing a little monotonous; all its shoes are made on the same last. Let the shoe wearer remember that as fine men as ever stepped in leather have worn boots and used the bootjack, and sworn and grunted till it did its work and restored them to slipper ease. And a good many particularly "husky" American citizens have been greasing their boots this blizzard morning.

St'boy! and Stubboy

It would seem that anybody to whose jaded ears or tongue a fresh and unsophisticated term was introduced would be thankful therefor. But custom makes cowards of us all; and so a stranger to the dictionaries is met with cold inquiry in Brooklyn, as this letter shows:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: The editorial columns of THE SUN are ordinarily nothing if not lucid. Their clearness,

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however, was dimmed one day last week because of the use of a word likely to puzzle city-bred young men of this generation. Possibly to the elders also who have always lived in the city the word in question was meaningless. What does the word stubboy mean? The 'Century Dictionary' doesn't throw any light here, and neither BARTLETT nor FARMER in their dictionaries of Americanisms elucidates the word. It happens that a gentleman of the generation preceding mine gave me this possible explanation. He says stubboy is a word he used to know on the farm, meaning to drive pigs. 'Stubboy, stubboy,' says my informant, 'was the cry used in trying to force those obstinate beasts into the ways they should go.' For want of any other definition I assume, with the rising inflection, that this was the sense in which THE SUN used stubboy, *i.e.* 'to drive.'

"C. R. GASTON.

"Brooklyn, November 12."

Put not your trust in dictionaries, which omit many of the best and most expressive words. The best of them is but an attempt. Even the new English Dictionary of the Philological Society, the first work of the kind on a really rational and scientific plan, will not be able to register anything like the real number of authentic English words, or of their various shades of meaning. Nobody can read much without finding out that imposing as the dictionaries look, they have missed a good share of the words. You may expect them to be equal to such an ocean of strange words as

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Sir THOMAS URQUHART found embedded in RABELAIS, but surely they should help us to understand the modern authors. What is the "ringer" in Mr. KIP-LING's "ringer and right whale?" "I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again," says Mr. BILLY BONES in "Treasure Island," and "daddle" must mean to "do," to "trick," to "choose"; but it is too good a word for the ordinary dictionaries to notice, although "Treasure Island" was published eighteen years ago.

Why should we expect to find a hearty old word like "stubboy" in these well-meaning but imperfect directories?

Heaven knows and we don't very much care how "stubboy" ought to be spelled. It comes apparently from "St'!" and "Boy" with inserted euphonic "u," but we will not swear that it is entitled to twin b's. We have never heard it applied to pigs, but the world is wide and a reader in the Connecticut Valley writes that he has heard it used of steers and oxen at "Old Porter's," the ox-fattening establishment once famous in Agawam, Mass. It may have been and may yet be used of peaceful animals and tame fowl, but in our memory it sings of war and battle. You "set on" or "sick" a dog with "stubboy!" or "St'boy"! You don't so much drive him as urge and stimulate him. "Stubboy" or "st'boy is, or was, a whetstone of canine ferocity. We speak, of course, of bygone manners.

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Doubtless in this happier age dogs don't delight to bark and bite, and so there is no more trouble between them or between their owners. Doubtless, also, the wiser and more polished youth of to-day shun the Hell of War and fly home when they hear fierce yapping and snapping in the street or on the village green. In the iron age it was otherwise. The savage cry of "st'boy!" was not rare. There must be many living witnesses of it, and not all of them so venerable as our correspondent imagines.

Is "st'boy" truly rural? Well, so was Brooklyn once, and so is some of it still. Are there not even Brooklynites in remote green outskirts or dusty fringes of ambiguous suburbs who have stubboyed or still stub-boy? At any rate the word is a good, plain, honest, robust fellow. There is no pedantry or affectation about it. It is as vigorous as a brindle bull pup. Shall it not be welcome, even in the urbanest parts of Brooklyn?

Old Times

We have looked back over the old volumes of THE SUN, those numbers of it printed at the holiday season less than sixty years ago, to see how things went here in the city about New Year's time along between 1830 and 1850, or later. It appears by THE SUN's reports that the New Yorkers who lived say from forty to sixty years ago must have had a livelier time of it during the

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days in which the old year went out and the new year came in than we had a year ago, or will have next week. The folks of the older time gave themselves up to all-round merriment in the closing hours of December, often stayed up the whole night for a purpose, and were full of jollity the next day, or for several days. They visited each other, the whole lot of them, to pass the compliments of the season; they tramped around to house after house, from early dawn to dewy eve and later yet.

Anybody was welcome everywhere between 1830 and 1850; everybody "took something" at the homes of all friends and acquaintances; a good table, upon which there were plates and other properties, was set in every one's house; the mistress of every place, and all her children, excepting those of the boys who had gone out, awaited the day's visitors; and happiness reigned supreme, from the Battery up along the Bowery, and other streets higher than Canal Street, away over in Greenwich village, by the sides of both rivers and far out, at occasional spots, toward Harlem, not to speak of Kip's Bay and hundreds of other places. There were no California wines then nor any lager beer (1830-50), but we infer from the reports in THE SUN of old that other potables of a reviving kind flowed freely as the Hudson by the Palisades. We should judge from THE SUN's report that a fair proportion of the New Yorkers of those times got tipsy, or half seas over, on New Year's

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Day, and had no fear of the constables (it was the pre-cantata epoch), and were patriotic, both Whigs and Democrats, and, in short, carried on in high old style, fearless of courts, jails, or Old NICK.

Perhaps the respectable New York descendants of the original Dutch had the best time of it at New Year's at 1850 or thereabouts, for there were hardly any Germans or Irish here till then, and as for Italians, Slavs, Swedes, Jews, and such, they could be counted on the fingers of one hand. The Methodists in those days stayed up beyond midnight of the last of December to pray the old year out and the new year in, and their shouts could be heard from the old church in John Street as far up as the newer one in Sullivan Street. New Year's Day was the day of all the year, better than Evacuation Day or Independence Day or any other; and any competent historian, novelist, or poet who would like to write it up for future generations can find piles of serviceable information in the old volumes of *THE SUN*, all of which are carefully stored away. Hardly anybody of the primitive stock took any notice of Christmas then, or, at least, it was not a day that counted for much in the New York calendar.

A change has been brought about within the past thirty or forty years, more especially during the time which has elapsed since the war broke out. The New Yorkers now on the stage do not enjoy New Year's days like their forbears of the first half of our century.

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They don't, for themselves, ring out the old or ring in the new; they don't freshen up their friendship, or go about the town, or carry on, or eat New Year's cake, or smell schnappes, or enjoy the solid yet foamy old-fashioned fun. The people of to-day seem to be dry and dull, as compared with those of whom one can read in the way-back volumes of THE SUN, those numbers of it that were printed along about New Year's time.

III

INFLUENCE OF PIE AND OTHER EATABLES ON CIVILIZATION

As to Mince Pie

THE *Boston Advertiser* emits this sentence, which, with all just dues of respect, we must call superfluous:

“A whole century has failed to improve New England mince pie.”

A thousand years will flap their cloudy wings and crow delightedly and think no small beer of themselves; and yet New England mince pie will not be improved. To gild refined gold, to paint the lily! And not the Puritan and Pilgrim, the Congregationalist and Brownist mince pie alone. Pie is a matter of pieces and not of sections. The Catholics of Maryland, the Church of England men of Virginia, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, could make the wondrous product. Perhaps it was richer along the James and the York than in the Blackstone Valley or along the Connecticut. But there is no telling now. Perhaps the South had more a gift for plum pudding and the North a more serious

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call to mince pies. It is enough to know that great pies were made, compositions of genius, dramas in mince-meat; and they were eaten by great people. No paltry race could have survived those stalwart dishes.

Do you like them cold or hot? Substitute “and” for “or” and you have the proper answer. Ah, the theology and the politics, predestination and free will, Mexican war and Lecompton Constitution, heresies of THEODORE PARKER, rappings of the FOX sisters and of the Atlantic telegraph, all things under heaven that have been talked about over mince pie! Fighters and thinkers thrived upon it. It thinned out the weaklings. We salute the undiminished prime of mince pie. Malice domestic, foreign envy, nothing could touch him or her who was worthy to eat that potent and opulent cate.

In old deserted parts of old towns you will sometimes find abandoned churches or meetin’ houses. Vestiges of the “sheds,” perhaps, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet baited their horses and ate mince pies and considered the good doctrinal discourses of the old preachers strong in the faith. The old preachers with their Greek and Hebrew, with their firm belief in infant damnation, with their scholarship and their farming — the old preachers and ministers that the children used to make a leg to as they passed along the streets. Would JONATHAN EDWARDS have been possible with-

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out mince pie? We vote No. There is a fine strong fruity flavor about the old clergymen as about the old mince pies. They were solid and yet they were crisp. And under their crust, too, was a fine strength and sweetness of old brandy and old cider and fruits of strange richness. And in times not yet remote flourished the old 'Squires and the great race of Deacons, most of the former and some of the latter in blue dress coat and brass buttons and buff waiscoat like the god-like DANIEL—the only trouble with people now is that they are too much alike. They wear clothes of no distinction. Mince pie was not made every day. It was often kept a long time. It was like a rare vintage. Thanksgiving and Christmas it had a new dignity. Happy year that ran from 'Lecture Cake to Mince Pie.

You can get all the ingredients of mince pie easily in these easy times. You can buy your mince-meat or minced meat, and it is very good, we are told. "But we cannot buy with gold the old associations." As *morosa canities* steals on, the careful man may be good to himself and eat mince pie by proxy. He may test his children's constitutions and feel that this robust delight is not for him. But he whose youth was nurtured on this supper of the gods knows some stir and savor of his youth when somebody says mince pie. The chopping knife rings clearly on white trays. There are pristine pewter plates and strange-legged salt-cellars and perhaps "CUPID Behind the Bars" on

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glorious deep old Staffordshire on the butt'ry shelves. Cloves were pounded in the mortar with a pestle that would now be preposterous as an apothecary's sign. There is paring of apples and "picking" of raisins. Somehow or other the children manage to get a good many raisins and the mince-meat has to be tested and tasted frequently. Fortunately the children are viable. Otherwise they would not have lived until those pies were enclosed in crust, that flaky, delicate, poetical, ethereal crust.

Probably the pie is just as good as now. The secret of preparation of the mystical juices and spices, the rolling of the crust, the baking in a fortunate hour and oven, have not been lost. The coddler of his own dyspepsia says that mince pies don't taste the same nowadays. Naturally. The memory has more resources than the stomach; and in the memory mince pie tastes, and always will taste, of youth and health and hope unspoiled.

The Praise of Pie

Our amiable contemporary, the *Providence Journal*, is at its happiest when discussing the exterior elegancies of life and language and the refinements of garb. Its blow at "dress-suit cases" still echoes over all the Plantations, and its theories about frock coats are making their way even in darkest Woonsocket. When this new-clothes philosopher turns to the inner man its

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preachments are less convincing. It is now thundering against Pie. "If it be true," cries this anti-artocratic missionary, "that the New Englanders have deteriorated physically — for no one imputes mental deterioration to them — the primal cause is Pie."

The subjunctive "be" shows that the Pie hater doubts his own supposition. The New Englanders have not degenerated physically. A generation of gymnasiums, of outdoor exercise and of easier living than more primitive New England knew has improved their bodily health. Christian Science couldn't flourish among them if they were not remarkably robust. And Pie, if not a primal cause, is at least an element of strength in what is best in the New England character. We are prepared to maintain before men and Mugwumps that great Pie makes great men, and good Pie good men; while bad Pie kills the weak and leaves the strong and viable to possess the land.

New England might hail and worship Pie as the great mother of men. The mighty youth of JONATHAN EDWARDS, the deepest American intellect yet, was nursed and sustained by Pie. Pie was the basis of the homely strength and shrewdness of BEN FRANKLIN. JOHN ADAMS, OTIS, WARREN, and SAM ADAMS were brought up on Pie. The electric telegraph, the sewing machine, anæsthetics, are due to Pie. EMERSON loved it for breakfast, for it is food for poets and mystics as well as for "stern men with empires in their brains."

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Another Concord man, EBENEZER ROCKWOOD HOAR, as strong and fine a figure of the best New England as has been seen in our time, nourished law and wit on Pie. Early in 1898, his brother GEORGE was told by a Worcester physician that Pie disagreed with the Senator's digestion. Ever since that the Senator has disagreed with his party more or less.

Ask that continent of a man, TOM REED, what has been the companion of his youth and the friend of his riper years and he will answer "Pie!" Talk of nights and suppers of the gods! Let any New England man who has kept the faith of the stomach look back to the Sunday Pie, sandwiched in, a secular joy and the dream of all the week, 'twixt mornin' meetin' and afternoon meetin'. Hot or cold, pumpkin or mince or apple, it was sweeter than honeycomb and they that tasted it lived delicately.

Before the introduction of the fifty-cent *table d'hôte* into Providence, Pie was revered there. It may be that the art of making great Pie is almost gone. It will be found to linger in obscure corners, however, and happy they among whom it lingers. A sound and thorough Pie is a consummate work, as healthful as health. Even granting that Pie is as dangerous as some dyspeptic cranks assume, it is a danger worth facing and putting down.

It is sad to say that there are persons, born, doubtless, for some good purpose as yet too darkly veiled,

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who believe that it is a mark of superiority and of cosmopolitanism to turn up the nose at Pie. Let him who scorns the cates of his country be anathema! If he be a Kentuckian, let him shiver for æons in thrilling regions of rock-ribbed ice without a single finger of whiskey to comfort his baked throat. If he be a New Englander let him sit down forever to the Plutonian messes that lurk in the bowels of EDWARD ATKINSON'S ALADDIN Oven.

Does anybody believe that if ERVING WINSLOW, GAMALIEL BRADFORD, FRANK SANBORN, and Gen. SAMBO BOWLES had been sent to an institution and put on a diet of pure Pie, their condition would not have been bettered? Now they are allowed to roam at their will among lobsters and milk and shrimp salad, and Hungarian goulash, and they see ghosts, apparitions, sprites, and goblins. The *Providence Journal* would have the world live on clams. A noble enthusiasm and we venerate it; but don't be unjust to Pie. A severe course of Pie would cure or kill the Anti-Imperialist League mighty fast.

Pie, Ice Cream, and Civilization

A debate of great moral, economic, philosophical, and poetic interest was held the other night in the hall of the Philokurian Literary Society of BUTLER College, Ind. The high argument was on the question: "*Resolved*, That pie is of greater service to mankind than

ice cream." The young men who spoke for pie and the young women who spoke for ice cream showed great store of science, fancy, and humor. Mr. ROBERT MATTHEWS lauded pie as "the American national dish, the symbol of thanksgiving, the embodiment of American patriotism." He did not fail to mention that pie, tried in the oven, is innocent of bacteria. Miss EDITH ABBOTT asserted that pie is a death-dealer, and read accounts of sudden death from pie eating. She quoted Mrs. ROHRER, who calls pie "fatal."

Mr. CHARLES F. McELROY read accounts of poisonings caused by ice cream, and had no difficulty in showing that there are more deaths in the ice cream season than in the Thanksgiving season. He attacked Mrs. ROHRER on the ground that she sought to lead young housekeepers away from the good old dishes into trying strange, new, and highly mixed dishes. Miss CHARLOTTE GRIGGS celebrated ice cream because of its "superior elegance." She called ice cream "dainty, refined, and æsthetic, while pie is commonplace and unromantic." Finally Mr. McELROY held aloft a peach pie and chanted its praises. Pie, he said, was "the emblem of home and mother." Then he cut the pie into three pieces and offered each of the judges a piece, but was sternly rebuked by Miss ABBOTT. The judges gave a unanimous opinion in favor of ice cream.

We have no disposition to question the opinion, but

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it seems a little strange. Ice cream delights the throats of millions. It might be called the poetry of food. When well made it is as healthful as health. It steals into the insides with a melting austerity, a soft hardness. It appeals to all, and it is by no means certain that men don't eat as much of it in a year as girls and women do. Its various phases of chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, pistache and so on are studies in the felicity of flavor and color. It invites to slow eating and deliberate enjoyment. It is a quiet and an honest guest. No wonder that the rattling of ice cream spoons is like the sound of many waters.

Yet has ice cream done as much or nearly as much for civilization as its ruder neighbor pie, albeit there are handsome and distinguished pies? Take the United States, for example. Did the pioneers and hunters and trappers, the men with rifle and axe, the blazers of clearings, the founders of settlements, the Indian fighters, the skippers of prairie schooners, the Forty-niners, the builders of colony and State, trifle with ice cream? No; pie was the nurse of freedom, the cheerer of the youth of the nation, the strengthener of the rude forefathers of the Republic, the fountain of statesmanship and the inspirer of victory. Ice cream may be more exquisite, but it never had the force and fertility of pie. The BUTLER College judges must have been intimidated by the young women.

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Sarah Snook's Secret

Next in number to the recipes for the banishment of warts are the recipes for the attainment of long life. The philosopher who buys an annuity and resolves to have length of days is bewildered by the multitude and variety of the means of reaching that end. Early to bed, late to bed; plenty of exercise, none at all; no smoking allowed, smoke all you please; water from the brook, the drink of Israel's champion, whiskey in moderation; stick to a diet, eat what you like; avoid tea and coffee, swig tea and coffee freely; live on cereals, live on vegetables, live on meat or milk; be as regular as clockwork, be as irregular as Old PARR or the crankiest verb; you can find among the centenarians examples of almost every system and schedule and want of them.

We knew a fine old fellow of 97 who used to preach to his grandchildren the necessity of "avoiding worry." Every rainy day he would walk on the railroad track. He was as deaf as an adder and the grandchildren used to do the worrying. Another patriarch of our acquaintance has drunk hard cider out of a tin dipper, before breakfast, for years that outrun memory. Perversity or genius; who knows? Sometimes it seems as if these secular worthies had some incommunicable charm, as if they had put death to sleep or bound him tight for a period, as Player JACK did in the folktale. They cannot be expected to pub-

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lish a secret which would make old age common and deprive them of their distinction.

But the grand discovery has been made at last and the years of the whale or the yew are now within reach of the wise and good. Mrs. SARAH SNOOK, of St. Joseph, Mo., was 103 the other day. She walks a mile a day. Without spectacles she can see to read much better than most young folks of this myopic and astigmatic age. She is as sound as a bell; and why? What is her preservative? With what curious meat or cordial does she prolong her days and need no amendments to her constitution?

SARAH SNOOK eats pie; eats it early and often, for breakfast, luncheon, tea, dinner, supper, and between meals. For three generations she has thrived on pie. Pie has been the strength of her youth, the companion of her middle life, the staff of her old age. If there are any older pie eaters, it is because they have eaten more pies.

So everything brings us back to the praise of pie, that solid elixir of life, that fortifying manna of the strong, that builder of enduring nerves and brains, pie, the strenuous and the staying. It may have slain its thousands. Why should weaklings live? The great and good and equal to it, it sustains, or is capable of sustaining, for centuries. But, it may be said, even faithful pie eaters must go at last upon the irremeable voyage. And whose fault is it? Is it not notorious

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that mistaken affection interferes with the diet of the old and deprives the seasoned stomach of the habitual food? Grandpa wants pie. Give him gruel. He doesn't know what he wants. Pie is bad for him. You shudder at the impious piety of those tribes that eat their old from considerations of love and affection. Is it any better to take pie from the pie eater? The case of SARAH SNOOK should bring remorse to many persons who imagine themselves to be highly scientific, and shame to many persons who affect to despise the sterling and hardy American dish. Pie is the Grand Secret; and even frivolous souls who hold that better 20 in Manhattan than 100 in St. Joe cannot afford to neglect Mrs. SNOOK's discovery.

The Triumph of Hash

The Hull House Woman's Club of Chicago has said and done many things for the benefit of many sciences and the world; but we are especially grateful to it for its recent utterance on hash. Domestic economy is an exhaustible subject, and even the smallest contribution to it should be accepted with thanks. Thus, a Hull House economist tell us that old cravats should be made into sofa pillows. It may be that everything can be made into sofa pillows, a fact that explains, in part, the universality of those articles. As the proverb says, you cannot see the lounge for the pillows. We can't live by sofa pillows alone, but there is an analogy,

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perhaps an esoteric relation, between sofa pillows and hash, as everything can be and has been made into hash. Hash is as general as the casing air and almost as vital. Hull House avers that hash is the cheapest thing for human nature's daily food, sound and kind as diet, hygienic, strengthening; in short, infinite riches in a little room. And Hull House speaks the truth.

But not the whole truth. Who can give to hash the multifarious praise or justice its myriad-sided virtues merit? Hash is the fifth element. Hash is the quintessence of all the aliments. Hash is the perpetual *tertium quid*, the almagest of the table, the grand secret of the alchemy of the kitchen. It is the true democratic, liberal, all-containing, composite, miscellaneous dish. Not even sociology can compare with it in extent of table of contents. Hash is a masterpiece of creative art. It is capable of all the flavors and fragrances, melodies and symphonies. Let Scotchmen sing its brother, haggis. We stick to hash and shall stick until our hash is settled. Hash is the one and only all-pervading, self-governing, independent, free and equal American dish. There is strength in the very name of it, that comes down like a chopping knife on the chopping tray. Antonio Perez, a Portuguese-Maltese cat of Provincetown, Mass., will rush madly to the kitchen if you merely say "hash!" and is sometimes deceived by the similar sound, the assonance, of a sneeze. Is there any old boy within the sound of our voice who

has forgotten the merry song of the chopping knife when the mince-meat was prepared and alligated in the kitchen? What is mince-meat but hash a little sublimated and decorated?

What is the real native American word for a waiter? "Hash-slinger," a word of power, guiltless of servile connotation, having something of whirlwind and passion. The "hash-slinger" has his shirt sleeves rolled up. He walks defiantly, with the port of a sovereign. He slings the hash at you scornfully. For "hash" has assumed all its rights. It takes all other foods in its all-embracing arms. It is the generic name of food. All food is "hash." The eating house, the restaurant, the lordliest lobster-palace, is but a "hash-house." Democracy drips from that chunky and admirable word "hash." Hash! Millions eat it, joyfully, happily, suspiciously, according to the thermometer of their livers and their confidence in the cook. WALT WHITMAN should have written a pæan of hash. Hash cheered the insides of pioneers. Hash marched or sailed in prairie schooners to the Pacific. Hash made the bone and muscle and brain of innumerable Americans. Hash, composed of everything, entered into the composition of all our men of energy. Mad ANTHONY WAYNE, ISRAEL PUTNAM, ANDREW JACKSON, GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, ate hash, Good hash makes a good man. Difficult, perverse, dangerous hash can be digested and survived only by

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men predestinate to distinction and of dauntless stomachs. Hash kills off the weaklings and fits the fittest for their careers. Hash is a duty when it is not a pleasure. Never forget that, with the highest respect to NOAH JOHNSON, hash is the food of heroes.

There is a certain corn-beef hash with poached eggs which is the highest hash-mark of the century; the perihelion, the apotheosis of hash. All hash is profitable either to the maker or to the consumer or to both. Cheap snobs who turn up their noses at honest friend Hash will be suitably cut up and browned for their sin in a region where frying "on the grid" is a specialty.

Once more we thank the Hull House Woman's Club for its appreciation of a great American institution.

Sausage and Scrapple

In Philadelphia the scrapple-making days have come, the gladdest of the year. From now until mid March that ancient town will be devoted to the task of turning raw pig into bar scrapple and sausage string. Catfish-and-waffles is but a plaything and a toy of fancy to the Philadelphian. That takes his mind; his heart he gives to sausage and scrapple. These, says the *Philadelphia Press*, "have never before been popular." Then it is a judicious inference that Philadelphia now eats them four times a day instead of three, not counting nibbles between meals. To like, to love sausage and scrapple, especially scrapple, is as

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natural to a Philadelphian as swimming to a duck. A scrapple case is an even more necessary part of the baggage of a travelling Philadelphian than that receptacle which the *Providence Journal* forbids us to call a "dress-suit case" — an evening clothes bag, shall we say? As Dr. DAVID RITTENHOUSE BINGHAM sings in his "Plectrum and Scalpel":

"O flower of all the flavors, O queen of all the savors
That e'er to happy nostrils deliciously have rolled!
My soul with rapture shivers when I see the perfect slivers
Of kidney blent with livers, the scrapple hot or cold!"

Our Philadelphia contemporary recounts joyously the details of the process by which the pig is transmuted and translated. It shows us in a corner of the sausage-and-scrapple studio the pen where the victims await their doom. We see them walking up the steep plank to the fatal platform. One brief flash of steel and squeal; then *kerflunk!* into the kettle of boiling water below. The future delicacy is kept in the hot bath for some hours. Then the scraping machine does its work. It is useless to try and disguise these details. They have their value as the raw material of Dr. BINGHAM'S ode. After the bath and the strigil, Lord Bacon is hanged, drawn and quartered, weighed, "cut up until he resembles mince-meat, by sharp blades, that whirl around in a huge chopping bowl, with

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incredible swiftness. After being cut up, the meat is placed in a mixing machine. Another machine then receives it and passes it through a narrow opening into the casing. They are then linked by hand and are ready for the market." The chain of sausages is complete. Now for the bar of scrapple:

"After the sausages are made, all the meat, and fat, that is left over in the process, is mixed together with saviors, cut up fine, mixed with buckwheat flour, beaten into a sort of paste or mush, is set aside for a short time, and then formed into molds and sold as scrapple."

The Pennsylvania Dutch have many solid and useful qualities and one of the most engaging languages known to man; as the inventors of scrapple they have conferred upon Philadelphia and the rest of the world a priceless boon.

Hasty Pudding

From JOEL BARLOW'S State and a good Yankee heart comes this cry for a dish of the gods; better and more than that, a dish, we might almost say *the* dish, of our daddies:

"To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: I am not worrying about pie. Pie we always have with us. When I was a boy we used to vary the old verse:

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Pitch, tar, and turpentine,
All begins with A,

by saying

Pumpkin, mince and apple,
All begins with A.

But I am alarmed about pudding. Not Indian pudding (Injun puddin'): I know where I can get that. But hasty pudding or puddin'. Do they have it any more? It's easy stuff to make, or should be, but when I get somebody to make it for me, it looks pale and thin; hasn't got the right consistency and flavor. Either the cooks don't use the right meal or they bungle the making. No 'hired gal' ever could make hasty pudding anyway.

"By the way, what has become of the 'hulled corn' carts that used to be driven about Western Connecticut — and Massachusetts, too, I dare say — when I was growing up in Fairfield County? Do people eat hulled corn now? And samp and milk, which I have eaten a hundred times at my aunt's on Long Island? They don't keep samp and milk at any New York hotel that I know of.

"SEVENTY-TWO.

"Bridgeport, January 11."

Well, here is a real glutton for information. His digressions must be lopped off at once. We have some misty memory of hulled-corn carts. Are they not rolling on any longer? Then there must be a hulled-corn Trust. Boys will eat hulled corn now, we take it. Perhaps you can get samp and milk in the Indian

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Territory or in Tammany Hall. It was a noble Indian dish. Its name is one of the too few copper-colored words that the settlers in America borrowed from the savages. Samp? The mellow sound of it is enough to create an appetite in the Hotel Men's Association after dinner. If samp has been crowded out by the importunate innumerable "breakfast cereals," so much the worse for the race.

For the secret of hasty pudding, address the Hasty Pudding Club, Cambridge, Mass.

It is the great artistic touch that makes the pudding great. Many thoughtful hasty pudding eaters insist that it should be made in a wooden bowl and stirred with a wooden spoon; but these are the fond rites of superstition. The Standard Dictionary shows the ridiculous simplicity of hasty pudding, "a pudding made by gradually dropping meal or flour into boiling water, stirring it while cooking." In short, the dictionaries will give no help.

It takes a genuine born maker, a poet fine of hand and eye, to make a blameless hasty pudding. Ah, when it steamed to the nostrils, when upon that heat and fury in the bowl you sprinkle the cool patience of the milk, or the molasses, what a symphony, what a divine harmony of taste arose. For we, too, have been, if not in Fairfield County, in some other county in Puddingia. There they serve hasty pudding and milk for dinner, hasty pudding and molasses — not

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syrup — for supper, brown mottled hunks of hasty pudding, fried on the griddle or “spider,” for breakfast. Was there not a legend in Puddingia that BEN FRANKLIN dug into this hasty pudding a “central hole which he filled with molasses, and that into this well he dipped each mouthful?”

But we must not get lost in Puddingia. Not from memory but from Mr. STEDMAN and Miss HUTCHINSON we quote JOEL, Canto III:

“Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care
The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare.
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strained, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high; and, as a pool (that takes
The headlong stream that o’er the milldam breaks)
Foams, wars, and rages with incessant toils,
So the vex’d cauldron rages, roars, and boils.
First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour and thickens all the flood.
Long o’er the simmering fire she lets it stand;
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;
The husband takes his turn; and round and round
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crown’d.”

“Blest cow!” sings JOEL; but the blessed pudding may be harder to find than the cow.

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The Science of Beans

Boils the world in torrid lakes, as a great bean eater and pie eater said, but the love of knowledge does not wilt. Salamanders were sunstruck and fire-eaters were dropping one by one the day this letter was sent to us by a correspondent whom we here thank in the name of science and of beans:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: Your article of to-day, dealing with Dr. HARPER’s experiment with cheap meals, is most enjoyable and was both understood and appreciated by me as well as by others who are familiar with the reputations of the learned and popular purveyors of Park Row, referred to by you; but we have been fairly ‘stumped’ by one word which you use. ‘Cyamologists’ we never heard of before, and though the word was probably coined for the occasion, you have doubtless good reason for its make-up. Please enlighten.

“H. Z.

“New York, August 9.”

A cyamologist or cyamologer is a man versed in cyamology, which is the science of beans. Take one Greek bean, “kyamos,” and the Greek “logia,” a speaking, and you have “cyamology,” a speaking concerning beans. Take “cyamology” and graft on the ending “ist” or “er” to express the agent, and you have “cyamologist” or “cyamologer.” Cyamology is

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a member of the old familiar "logia" or "logy" clan, and denotes a justly venerated branch of science. But why should we be suspected of coining "cyamologist"? There is excellent authority for it. Thus, in Mr. HIRAM COBB'S "The New ALADDIN," we find this stanza:

"Then close up all your kitchens,
Let all your cooks be whist:
And shut up tight the mouth of might
Of the proud cyamologist!"

In Mr. OXENBRIDGE BYLES'S "Thunder in Tooley Street" occurs this illustrative passage:

"For all it overweens
It doesn't amount to beans;
This egotistical, cyamomystical,
Anti-Imperialist League."

"Cyamomystical" and "cyamomystics" are rare words, but we find in "The New World of Words":

"Cyamophilist," "fond of beans, a lover of beans."
"Cyamophagist," "a bean eater, a native of Boston, U. S. A."
"Cyamophagy," "the eating of beans."

The work quoted does not notice the Latinized form in "The Paradise of Posies" (1599):

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“The Cyamophagi, and such as have
No heads upon their shoulders.”

The indebtedness of SHAKESPEARE to these lines has been noticed, we believe, by the Hon. IGNATIUS DONNELLY. Thus the Avon may be said to flow into the Charles.

Aristophagy

If titles were vegetables, what a feast JOSIAH OLD-FIELD, M. A. D. C. M. C. R. S. L. R. C. P., would have. JOSIAH is a vegetarian and he loves to preach vegetarianism whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. In the *Herald of the Golden Age*, he brings forward a new word for his habit or cult. He finds “vegetarianism” too cold a name. So he produces “aristophagy,” the eating of the best. He hopes for the coming of “our aristophagists — our eaters of the best; men and women who refuse to eat the common garbage of the undeveloped, and who, in their earnest search for the ideals of life, refused to be dragged down by contact with the food of shambles.”

It will be seen that aristophagy is a matter of morality with JOSIAH. He would as soon commit murder as eat a veal cutlet; and if he had to choose between arson and a mutton chop, it would not be the chop that would be burned. He is particularly anxious to commend aristophagy to the aristocrats:

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"I have no quarrel with the blind that they cannot see, nor with the lame that they cannot walk, but I have a message to those who are of high lineage and noble blood, but who are bound down by chains of ignorance into a life that is not theirs. Men and women of the highest caste have been brought up to feed with the hyenas and wolves of life, and have been taught that their dietary was the dead bodies of the slaughtered. Unconscious of their divine origin and of their kinship with the princely host whose food is purest manna, they live in Egyptian bondage and believe themselves to be the slaves of Egyptian masters. The Heralds of the Dawn, the Heralds of the Golden Age, the Heralds of the Century of Promise, come like MOSES and AARON of old to sound the clarion cry, to wake the sleepers, to call into responsive being that inner conscience, that silent but ever present string which waits but the right note to respond to."

"Those who are aristophagists by birth and breeding," who feel themselves "called to be deliverers, to be JOSHUAS, to be aristophagists," JOSIAH invites to join the Order of the Golden Age. We wish the Order well, albeit cucumbers with onions may taste as well in the mouth of the meat eater as in that of the aristophagist. But JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M. A. etc., shouldn't be too confident. The Megatherium was an aristophagist, wasn't he, and the Mammoth; and even that SAMSON of the Dinosaurs, the Thunder Lizard; and where are they now?

IV

FAMOUS MEN AND INSTITUTIONS

Old Mr. Thomas

WE greet with a glad heart a monument of American literature. Old men shake their heads and sigh that "there is nothing now but novels"; and most novels are less than nothing. There *is* something else, a good deal, enough else. There is the immortal ROBERT B. THOMAS. There is the Old Farmer's Almanac, a work to venerate. No. 111 has just appeared. The first number came out in 1792. ROBERT B. THOMAS, now or formerly of West Boylston, which all conservatives call West Biliston, was then the editor. He is still the editor. We recognize his familiar autograph and manly and honest sentiments:

"It is by our works and not by our words we would be judged; these we hope will sustain us in the humble though proud station we have so long held."

On the cover are the good old cuts of the season and of the two greatest men of our infancy or any other age. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and ROBERT BAILY THOMAS,

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Each month has its lines of poetry and its lifelike portrait of a sign of the zodiac. The Crab looks good enough to eat, and the tail on the horse of the Archer has a sweep, range, and boldness that must recommend it to all farriers, blacksmiths, and hostlers. The information as to "aspects, holidays, events, weather, etc.," is wide and various. Indeed, one copy, diligently pondered, of this Thomasian cyclopædia is a sufficient education and better than forty-five degrees.

In this storehouse of the beautiful and the good, the "Farmer's Calendar," which enriches each month, is almost the richest jewel. The New York farmers and householders may find here valuable advice and directions. Turn to November, 1903, for example. The weather is to be "cool, generally fine." The farmers in this town will find Mr. THOMAS's suggestions just as useful for this November:

"This is the month to prepare for winter by banking the cellars, protecting the water-pipes, and seeing that everything is in the best of condition to make things as comfortable as possible during the cold weather."

Not enough "soddin'" is done. Hang the front gate; clear the leaves out of the eaves and water spouts; see that the wood house is full; bank the coachman and footman with furs and see that the chauffeur lays in a stock of winter underclothing and is made as com-

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fortable as possible. Also, remember that "pullets that were hatched in March or April, when eggs were cheap, ought to begin to lay now." They ought, but they won't. Every farmer should have an incubator. The "help" must have eggs for breakfast whether the rest of the folks do or not; and you must be careful to provide eggs enough for the Christmas nog. If the pullets have been refractory, there is all the more reason to stock the canvasbacker. As the cold weather draws near be solicitous about the temperature of your Burgundies. You can't expect a self-respecting butler to stay in a house where the Burgundy is too cool and the champagne not cold enough.

Once more into the calendar:

"It will be easy and pleasant work for the boys to husk the corn when not at school; they will not need to play all the time."

Here Mr. THOMAS is a little old-fashioned. Pray, when are the boys to play if they don't play all the time? Scientific farmers now raise self-husking corn. Thank heaven, our boys needn't be husking corn, "picking over" apples and potatoes and so on. The country has improved since 1792. Give a German for the boys when they come home from college for the Thanksgiving recess. Meanwhile, consider Mr. THOMAS's axiom, that "it is always best for both boys and girls

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to give to their parents a helping hand." In 1792, and for a good many years afterward, it was the fashion for parents to give a fervent helping and correcting hand to their progeny. There is an electric spanker somewhere, but it is a mere curiosity and toy of fancy. The days of the helping parental hand are gone.

One more piece for our Manhattan hawbucks:

"This is usually a good time for digging wells and ditches."

If Mr. THOMAS will pardon the familiarity of the phrase, he "can bet his life" it is! He ought to come and see the amount of ditching that is going on in this village now.

Septimus Winner of the "Mocking Bird"

Fame is a fickle jade, too, and seems to delight in hiding from view the world's greatest benefactors. Here is a new instance. Sunday, in Philadelphia, SEPTIMUS WINNER died at the age of 75. We will wager that not one reader of THE SUN in ten thousand till then had ever heard of SEPTIMUS WINNER; yet he composed musical works that were more famous, more universally sung, and doubtless more generally enjoyed, than anything the great masters have done, or the composers of modern popular tunes have turned out. He wrote "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "What is Home without a Mother," and a lot of other tunes that

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had their day, and a pretty long day, in the war-times. But look for SEPTIMUS WINNER in the biographical lexicons and the dictionaries of musicians and you won't find the name.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird," — what a part that song has played in American civilization! Who is there that has not sung or tried to sing it? A melodious tune with apparent difficulties that made a goodly show, but were easily overcome and did not bring down disaster at the high notes, like the "Star-Spangled Banner." Hear Brudder BONES warble it at his end of the minstrel line in the solemn hush brought on by sentimental song in the audience and on the stage. Listen to the chorus:

"Listen to the mocking bird. (*Whistle obligato.*)

Listen to the mocking bird. (*Ditto.*)

The mocking bird is singing o'er her grave.

(*Bones and tambo pianissimo.*)"

Give BONES what name you please, we think of BILLY MORRIS, and the old days come back again.

But this is no mocking bird of the stage alone. At church sociables, in the district schools, with the college glee clubs, it was the show piece. The musical young man when he called on his best girl sighed for "Sweet HALLIE," and took comfort in the mocking bird's singing o'er her grave. Every one sang the song,

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every one liked it; it was, and we fancy still is, as much of a "folksong" as the United States has turned out.

It does not appear often on programmes now. The college seems to have dropped it, more's the pity, though they stick to the "Suwanee River" and the "Quilting Party," and the ragtime performers perhaps think that comparison might be odious. We fancy, though, that the "Mocking Bird" still gladdens the hearts of school children and is still a home song.

All honor, therefore, even if it be posthumous, to SEPTIMUS WINNER and his "Mocking Bird."

Tristram Brown, Cobbler

The case of Mr. TRISTRAM BROWN, of Georgetown, Mass., is interesting to those of us who find this a pretty decent sort of world and have no objection to staying in it for a time. Mr. BROWN was 91, Tuesday. As a man of experience in the matter of birthday anniversaries, he made no great hullabaloo about the day. These occasions are very pleasant when the candles in the cake are not too numerous. There comes a time when even men are shy about mentioning them. In early-middle and late-middle age they are generally voted to be a nuisance. Those mediæval persons are acutely afraid of growing old. Perhaps the trouble is that they have premature fears that they will not live to be old. Youth is over in a streak. Comparing himself with the youngers, the man of middle life may

feel patriarchal. When he has passed the eighties he may have a modest pride in his constitution and begin to nurse the honorable ambition to live to be a hundred. No birthdays between 40 and 80; after 80, unobtrusive announcements of each birthday; that is a judicious rule. If you are old, as foolish people and calendars count the years, at least have the credit of it and do your part in illustrating the survival of the fittest. But aside from the gratification of making another point in a difficult game in which you are sure to lose at the last, a birthday anniversary need not be much to a patriarch. We cannot believe that METHUSELAH was in the habit of giving birthday parties after he had made his second century. These are the toys of girls and boys.

Well, to come back to Mr. TRISTRAM BROWN. He "spent the day as usual in his little cobbler shop on Main Street." He obeyed the voice at eve he obeyed at prime. He is a New Hampshire boy by birth, and learned cobbling in the New Hampshire town of Warren in 1827. He has worked at his trade ever since. How many of the brethren of St. CRISPIN can equal that record? Seventy-five years on the cobbler's bench! Where are the deans of the other trades? Can any one of them beat the record of Cobbler TRISTRAM BROWN of Georgetown? If any, speak.

What a picture of honest, laborious, useful life! Seventy-five years he has been sitting in his little cobbler

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shop. We can hear the sound of his hammer, tapping, tapping, and see the pegs between his lips. The room is fragrant with the smell of leather. No doubt the sages of the village there collect. Cobblers absorb much wisdom. They have high foreheads, as a rule, we think, and are usually reitcent, thoughtful men when the effervescence of youth is over. For some reason young cobblers are, or used to be, skilled baseball players if they take to the field of summer evenings. The old-fashioned cobblers whom boys loved to watch had such an air of mystery about them and were so quick and skilful at their business that they were well thought of by their juvenile observers. To be sure, the blacksmith was necessarily the greatest man in the world except a railroad engineer; still the cobbler was looked up to. If sedate and musical he played the bass viol; if frivolous, the fiddle.

Mr. BROWN has lived in the same house for sixty-one years. His shop is in sight of it. The good, old-fashioned habit. The doctors were always telling their patients and their friends to have plenty of change of scene, plenty of amusement and relaxation; to diversify their industries, so to speak, keep out of ruts, devise new pursuits and interests, and so prevent life from growing stale and the arteries of perception and emotion from hardening. And that's the way to live long and to be young, the learned leeches tell you. A good way, but not the only one, nor always the surest

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one. TRISTRAM BROWN changes from shop to house and from house to shop, and pegs away for seventy-five years. There is something cordial and attractive in the picture of this uneventful, tranquil life. We like to fancy that even Death has bowels and relents, and waits as long as he can before calling at that peaceful door. May TRISTRAM BROWN score his round hundred, at the very least, before pegging out.

The Retirement of Signor Moretti

MORETTI's restaurant closed for good yesterday. The increase of the excise fee and an illegal deficiency in the number of bedrooms in his hotel forced the old gentleman to throw up the sponge. But he was born to be unlucky. From East Fourteenth Street to Twenty-first Street, to Thirty-fourth Street, Fate has pursued him. Many of his old clients are dead. Most of the rest have forgotten him. He swam beyond their ken when he departed from Fourteenth Street, so long his home and the lyric capital of the town. More than forty-five years he has been an artist. Many of us who now live on the memories of our stomachs and have long forsworn the mystery and the peril of *table d'hôte* dinners and foreign messes, will salute MORETTI with sympathy and regret. So disappears another monument of simpler and homelier times. In his golden prime the lobster

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palaces had not arisen and the hotels had not learned to sacrifice comfort to splendor.

There comes to the nostrils the peculiar, musty odor of MORETTI's, up dingy stairs on the south side of East Fourteenth Street. Every *table d'hôte* place used to have a bouquet of its own. A blind man could tell a French from an Italian restaurant, and Moretti's from all. He was a patriot and many an Italian exile and revolutionist tasted his food and bounty. Of the pictures on the walls we now recall only the Gentleman King, with his inexpressibly bristling and ferocious mustachios. GARI-BALDI must have been there, but Victor EMMANUEL is stamped upon the memory, so many other Italian gentlemen, tremendous of mustachio, used to frequent the place, twirl the spaghetti with incredible dexterity and toss it in, past those hirsute hedges. Spaghetti and powdered cheese! Were there ever anywhere such vast platters of spaghetti, tender as first love, sweet beyond comparison, a dream and a delight forever? Certain old dodders talk about the spaghetti that is, or was, served at a certain tavern in Hoboken. We have taken the ocean-voyage to that beer-girdled city, but the spaghetti was only meritorious. Spaghetti like MORETTI's will never be found again on earth. As for those agreeable men of straw, the flasks of Chianti — ah, youth, youth! all heart and still unconscious of a liver, why art thou gone?

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For our satisfaction that Time is an imbecile and a jackass.

MORETTI used to say he never made a cent on the dinner which he served for a dollar. To recompense himself he depended upon his wines and cordials; but his diners were largely Latin and frugal, and the characteristic odor of his rooms was not that of burning money. He gave too much for dinner and everything was good. He gave you a real succulent half chicken, for instance, not the mummy-and-haircloth of the ordinary ordinary. He prepared kidneys in many excellent fashions, and especially a miraculous sauté. Most *table d'hôte* dinners have their uses as a means of chastening and disciplining. They teach humble resignation and faith in the unknown. MORETTI's dinner was acceptable from start to finish. In those days people did not feed upon upholstery, orchestras, marble, and onyx.

JENNY LIND, little PATTI, and broad PAREPA were assets of that modest establishment. Tenors with all their music in them, copious sopranos, impresarios, managers, sub-managers, a whole world of song and box-office, played the knife and fork, especially the former, in MORETTI's. In those days a tour in Fourteenth Street reached all the way from La Scala to Covent Garden. Did they pay as well as they ate, those melodious customers? Who knows? MORETTI never seemed to care. He never cared for anything.

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If you were satisfied, all right. If you were not, so much the worse for you. Don't trouble yourself to come again.

There were all sorts of customers, but we choose to remember MORETTI's operatic friends. Most of them are gone. There will be as good to take their places, but MORETTI's spaghetti will remain sole and unmatchable. We can see him in his shirt-sleeves, smiling in his happy-go-lucky way, greeting his friends at the tables, taking a little glass of maraschino, perhaps. If he likes you, he may sit down with you; and then he will be pretty sure to send out for mushrooms, asparagus, strawberries, something utterly out of season and likely to cost more than you will pay for the dinner. "Old" MORETTI? What the mischief right has MORETTI to be old? We don't believe it.

A Hero of Other Days

We are of a forgetful generation. We cannot keep in our memory the name of one in a hundred, or even one in a thousand, of the marked characters of our age.

The two foregoing sentences have been written within view of a Texas paper, which tells of the transfer to the new owner of the saddle which, over fifty years ago, belonged to the once famous warrior, SANTA ANNA, and which was captured by his proud young American foeman, after he had unhorsed him in battle.

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As we read about the lion-headed saddle in the Texas paper, we had this thought: How many of the boys of to-day could tell us all about SANTA ANNA, that fierce Mexican revolutionist, dictator, generalissimo, castle-stormer, serene highness, conspirator, abdicator, and exile, of whose hoity-toity career our grandsires used to tell stories in the years of the war for the liberation of Texas? How many of the boys can tell us about his feats of arms against the Emperor ITURBIDE, and afterward against the Spanish invaders, and subsequently against BUSTAMENTE and GUERRERO, and next against Col. DAVID CROCKETT and Col. BOWIE (of the knife) and Col. TRAVIS, and finally against Gen. TAYLOR and Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, and onward to the time of the second Mexican empire? How many can tell even about his wooden leg, not to speak of his ups and downs?

SANTA ANNA was one of the extraordinary men of the century, about whom Americans had occasion to know a lot during the twenty years after 1836; but we guess that the Americans of this generation have pretty nearly forgotten him. The boys ought to ask their grandfathers about him, if their grandfathers were born in the United States.

As for his war saddle, which has just been transferred to a new owner, it is heavily mounted in gold; it is gorgeously embroidered; it has a high horn, bearing a lion with silver eyes; its trappings are rich and heavy;

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it was captured by SAM HOUSTON in a horseback combat, while the bullets flew thick and fast around.

The Mexican War was the most romantic of all the wars in which our country has been involved. What we especially desire to say here upon this occasion is, that American boys should study history.

An Old Stage Driver

Among the many ambitions of youth, not the least meritorious and lofty is the desire to drive a stage. To view the rest of the world from that sublime box seat, to be allowed to guide those somewhat shabby steeds, to have the joy of cracking the whip, to throw packages to the ground, to cast out a wise oracular word now and then to the fortunate being who is privileged to share the box seat, — why, a stage driver's life is the life for an active lad. A stage driver is almost as great as a highwayman, and decidedly superior to a robber in a cave. And the boys are right. Most stage drivers are or were great men. There was never another school for philosophers equal to the old Broadway 'bus drivers. There was never in war or circus a finer or more resourceful set of men than the stage drivers of the Far West. Down the canons of memory they are always clattering tremendously, with Indians or road agents in hot pursuit and a terrible *bang! bang!* bursting from roof and body of the creaking old coach. Ah, those were great days, now extinct as the buffalo,

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or living only in Buffalo BILL's Deadwood coach; and it is said that he is going to retire from the show business and give the coach to a museum.

We are reminded of these things by seeing that BEN TERRILL, once a stage driver of merit and credit, is dead in Kansas. He drove stage in Colorado, Indian Territory, Arizona, and Kansas. The more horses, the merrier. He loved to shake up his passengers when he came to a bad place in the road, which was sure to be bad enough in itself. Then and there he would drive like mad. The stage would tilt. The horses would rear and tear. A little pleasantry of the profession. TERRILL knew his business. At a tournament in Denver he won the prize offered to the driver who could "cut a figure eight in the smallest space and keep the stage right side up," not necessarily its habitual posture.

Thirty odd years ago TERRILL left Colorado and began to drive stage from Wichita to Fort Sill, I. T. Then he went to Arizona, where he speedily became a big chief. Some gentlemen of the road tried to hold up his stage and failed. The people made him Sheriff in compliment to his valor and coolness. He was a good Sheriff and familiar with gun play. He was also a prudent citizen and accumulated some \$50,000. But he had to leave it. Some gentlemen in the outlaw line proved too many for him. He retired from Arizona. He had come to it under equally exciting

circumstances. In 1879 he was superintendent of the stage line from Wichita to Fort Sill and Fort Reno. That stage company had the mail contract. When the contract expired, a new company was organized which underbid the other one. The new company got the job. The night before it began work, the horses at the stations on the route were stampeded. They were never recovered. The energetic and humorous TERRILL was suspected. At Wellington, Kan., where he was, the citizens met in the town hall and decided to hang him. Disapproving the plan he left the town and State.

The reminiscences of a shrewd and forcible character like TERRILL would be mighty interesting reading, as Uncle HORACE GREELEY used to say. Before many years the class of men to whom this old stage driver belonged may seem about as remote as the cave dwellers.

Herbert Spencer on Organ Grinders

In looking over the latest volume of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, we notice he maintains that people should not encourage evil by giving money to an organ grinder in the street, who plays badly. Yet Mr. SPENCER must have observed in the course of the seventy-four years of his life how hard it is to lay down a rule of human conduct that is applicable in all cases. In the upper parts of this city, for instance, there is an aged, short,

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lean, bearded, battle-scarred Italian organ-grinder with a wooden leg, whose body is decorated with Callabrian rags, who is always accompanied by a withered, glittering-eyed old crone that may have been his wife for a half century, while she, wearing a face of solicitation, carries the tin cup, looks up at the windows, and rewards with the sweetest of smiles any one who gives her a copper. The hand-organ, which must have been in the family for generations, is cracked in half its joints; it has a sternutatory habit, and is worked by one who evidently has little knowledge of art. The music is cacophonous. Yet, when the couple appear and he takes the red and yellow cover from his hurdy-gurdy and strikes up a festive tune; when she, with anxious and solicitous expression, gazes around and aloft, all the people within hearing seem to become happy. The householders throw open their windows to catch the sound and see the spectacle; the boys and girls rush out into the street, play around the aged pair, dance to the music, and are filled with glee. Happiness is in the air; kindness seems to blossom in the soul.

HERBERT SPENCER wouldn't give the old chap a cent, because he doesn't know how to play, and because his hurdy-gurdy isn't as good as Mr. SPENCER thinks a hurdy-gurdy ought to be. The boys and girls don't agree with Mr. SPENCER; the white-aproned maids at the basement gates don't; the folks looking

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out of the window don't. When the organist turned up on one block, the other day about four o'clock in the afternoon, a lot of boys and girls caught sight of him, ran to meet him, and caracoled around him merrily as he stood still to play. At the end of the second tune one boy took a cent out of his trousers pocket and put it in the tin cup of the old woman, who smiled at him as if she were his fond grandmother; three other boys followed the example, and two of the girls ran into the house to get a cent for the music. Money was thrown from several windows and there must have been twelve or fifteen cents in the treasury when, after ten minutes of crank turning, the aged organist hitched up his wooden leg and, accompanied by his devoted helpmate, hobbled off to try for luck elsewhere. The music was inartistic, and even wild, but the crowd liked it.

Wouldn't our philosopher have been vexed if he had been there? He would have raised his stick at the boys, told the maids at the basement gates that they ought to be sweeping the house, and talked severely to the people who were looking out of the windows. Everybody was happy when the organist got through with his tunes, but everybody would have been miserable before the philosopher got through with the organist, even if he had not smashed the hurdy-gurdy.

We stand up for the philosophers at times, but we also stand up for the boys and girls, for the white-

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aproned maids, for the people at the windows, and for human nature.

The Little Church Around the Corner

The Rev. Dr. HOUGHTON has sent out a circular letter to "the parishioners and friends of the Church of the Transfiguration," which has an interest for the whole community, and more especially for all men and women who honor a devoted minister of the Gospel.

The Church of the Transfiguration is endeared as "The Little Church Around the Corner" to the theatrical profession particularly, and generally to everybody to whom the sublime principles of Christianity appeal with the force which they must always exert in the world.

Dr. HOUGHTON, its Rector, is a clergyman to whom the heavily laden go with an instinctive confidence in his obedience to that pure and beautiful law. We are told that he confesses more sinners, and they are the worst sinners, than any priest in New York, the Roman Catholic priesthood excepted. In the Episcopal Church he is known as the strictest of Churchmen. Nothing can change him from his convictions. But in his humanity Dr. HOUGHTON has no restrictions. Only his sense of duty holds him in restraint. There is no place so vile that he will not go to it as a minister of religion, and there is no outcast so abandoned that his

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soul does not see in him ground fit for the cultivation of a rich spiritual crop.

We are surprised, therefore, when we read this circular, so modest and so self-effacing, from which it appears that this clergyman is hampered in his efforts by a small deficiency of pecuniary means. For forty-four years, he tells us, he has been conducting services at the Church of the Transfiguration, and he makes grateful acknowledgment of what seem to be petty gifts for its continuance and enrichment, petty considering the great benefit his ministrations have bestowed. He rejoices over the introduction of "a surpliced choir" as a fruit of private generosity. Of the organist and choir master he says with enthusiasm, "may nothing tempt him elsewhere, certainly during the present rectorship"; for throughout the circular there appears a foreboding of the evil day (long may it be off!) when this minister of CHRIST will have ceased from his labors. Speaking of the "early celebration of the holy communion at seven o'clock" in the morning, he says that "in the natural order of things, there cannot be many more anniversary opportunities for such communion" with him as a fellow-participant.

Yet Dr. HOUGHTON sends out this circular because "the treasurer of the Church," The Little Church Around the Corner, "has written to me that somewhat over \$2,000 is required over and above the present year's income," and simply for the running of the re-

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ligious services of a house of worship that he truly describes as "a church which is open to all comers from morning to evening the year round," and which, we may add, extends its pious offices to every spiritual wayfarer and rebel. Of this small deficiency, too, "\$1,000 is now due for arrears of salary to the Rector," Dr. HOUGHTON himself.

It is a shame to the public that this good man has been compelled to issue such a circular. Twenty-three hundred dollars! Give him twenty-three thousand!

A Terrible Danger to Navigation

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, which starts upon its invasion of England to-day, is much older than most other institutions in Massachusetts. It is really coeval with Harvard College, which, while founded as the college at Newtown in 1636, did not receive until two years later the name by which it is now known; and it was in 1638, if we are not committing an anachronism of the most heinous description, that the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company began to witch the world with uniforms and valor. For more than two hundred and fifty years this able organization has paraded and been preached at, and has lived upon the fat of the land; and it is now going to take possession of England, which is in real and serious danger of famine and thirst. The campaign promises to be the greatest in a great history.

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The Ancients will have a steamer of their own, which will carry little besides them and their uniforms and provisions, partially solid and more impartially liquid, and a few bushels of poker chips. New mirrors and trying-on rooms have been inserted, and the promenade deck will be used exclusively as a review ground for the company's whiskers. Gold, silver, velvet, marble, onyx, diamonds, and daisies have been freely used to decorate the boat which bears the invaders, and the ocean will be perfumed, minimized by the liberal application of Medford rum, and in other ways made as little disagreeable as possible to the temperament of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery.

A good voyage to these engaging martialists. They deserve it well. A more elaborate and splendid collection of warriors has never warred. At the same time they propose to exhibit during the journey to England one habit which must be severely condemned because it means a serious danger to navigation. Every bottle emptied by them is to be primed with an autograph sentiment by a member, corked again, and committed to the mercies of the deep. Now, the addition so made to the sentimental and the coming literature of the world would be in the highest degree improving and important. In the matter of improving an important sentiment, the Ancients will compare favorably with any other ornamentals of autograph albums; and they will be particularly sympathetic and impressive when

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they freight the bosom of the deep with their contributions. Yet the thing should not be done. If necessary, international proceedings to prevent it should be instituted. To block up the whole Atlantic with bottles would be a grave danger to the safety of other navigators and travellers for pleasure. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company should not be allowed to throw its relics into the brine. The Atlantic must be kept open. A fleet of transport steamers should be employed to carry the glass and the fine sentiments of Boston, enjoying itself on the high seas.

A Day of Triumph at Capua

We acknowledge with proper gratitude the receipt of an invitation to be present at the celebration of the anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, on the first Monday in June. Our regret is softened by the reflection that the Company has a celebration or an anniversary every afternoon and evening. It is nearly two hundred and sixty-one years old, but the members regret that it is not vastly older. It should have been coeval with the discovery of iron or the invention of wine. It should and would have celebrated worthily everything that has happened since. As it is, history is several thousand years ahead of the Company, but the Company is spurting to make up for lost time. At present it allows few events to slip by uncelebrated.

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The labor of the day must be great, but the veterans perform it cheerfully. On the first Monday in June, military guests will report to the Chief of Staff at 8.30 A.M. Civilian guests will be received at the State House at 9.30, and thence escorted to the church, where the annual sermon will be delivered. Thence to the Mechanics Hall, where the annual dinner will be served early in the afternoon, according to the Boston fashion. Thence to the Common, where the newly-elected officers will receive their commissions from His Excellency ROGER WOLCOTT. Then night and other stern duties of the banquet board. A fine old institution is the Company and thoroughly well preserved. It is the oldest military organization in the United States, we believe, but its antiquity brings it less veneration than its constitution.

Let us look at an earnest Ancient as he goes through his task on the first Monday in June. He is up and dressed early. Then his programme is something like this: 7 o'clock, morning draught; 7.15, coffee and rolls; 7.45, "light breakfast," samp and milk, ham and eggs, pork and beans, codfish cakes, mince pie; 8.30, arrival of military guests, morning cocktail, anchovies, sardines, Swiss cheese sandwiches, radishes, extra morning cocktail; 9.30-12, march to church, sermon, march back to hall; 12 o'clock, regular twelve o'clock light lunch, game pie, veal and ham pie, cold ham, cold roast beef, champagne, apple pie; 1.30, shoe horn, appetizer,

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first dinner, including *pâté de foies gras*, corn beef and cabbage, roast lamb, roast pork, sweetbreads, champagne, rhubarb pie and champagne; 4 o'clock, election punch; 5 o'clock, second light lunch, Medford wine, olives, Roquefort cheese, Brie cheese, doughnuts, pumpkin pie, Kentucky wine; 6 o'clock, six o'clocker; 6.30, second banquet, consisting of everything there is in the Parker House; 11 o'clock, fatigue light lunch, champagne, Cambridgeport crackers, champagne; 12 o'clock, regular midnight "collation"; 1 o'clock, night cap, scrambled eggs, mutton chops, apple sauce, strawberry shortcake, apollinaris, bottled beer, nightcap, doch-an-doris.

And so to bed to dream of battle and banquets.

No Such Man as Col. Abe Slupsky!

A prolonged sojourn in the European capitals is not a tolerable excuse for questions like this from a live American citizen:

"To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: During the last year I have been in Europe. At last I am again home. Will you tell me about SLUPSKY? Who and what is he? Is the name pronounced Sloopsky or Slupsky, to rhyme with Pupsky; or has it the Holland sound of *uy*, as in DERUTTER? If of Dutch ancestry this latter may well be. Is he a full Colonel, or only by brevet? Was he in the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Indian Wars, the Mexican War, the War of the Rebellion, or

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is he in the Salvation Army? Is he Champion of boarding school, or day school, or Sunday school, or riding school, or singing school, or swimming school Reform?

“AMOS PERKINS.

“29 Park Row, February 16.”

Still more astonishing is the remark which came to us yesterday, written in a bold hand across the face of an envelope, on which there were two cents of postage due, subsequently paid by this office:

“*Sir*: You are deceiving us! Mr. STAIRS says there is no such a person as COL. SLUPSKY.”

If Mr. STAIRS means that in this nation of sixty-five million souls, Col. ABE SLUPSKY's name and fame are unrivalled and unique; that there is only one satisfactorily equipped and universally recognized representative of School Reform; that all other pretensions to leadership are audacious and ridiculous; that the eyes of all friends of School Reform in every State, county, and township of the Union are fixed upon Col. ABE SLUPSKY and him alone; that never in the world's history has a splendid reputation been more suddenly achieved, and with less personal effort; that the fame of Col. ABE SLUPSKY shines to-day super-eminent like VENUS in the western sky, barring considerations of sex; that his name is a household word everywhere, and the musical symbol of hope to thou-

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sands upon thousands of hearts that beat warmly for School Reform; if this is what Mr. STAIRS means when he says there is no such person as Col. ABE SLUPSKY, then Mr. STAIRS is right.

There is no man like Col. ABE SLUPSKY, no name or fame like his!

The Colonel is Not a Candidate

The constant mention of Col. ABE SLUPSKY's name as a candidate for President has at last drawn from the champion of School Reform a characteristic letter to the *Truth and Sunday Eve* of Bloomington, Ill. Col. ABE SLUPSKY leaves no room for doubt as to his sentiments:

"I am not a candidate. *I state that fact positively after mature deliberation.* And yet, if I am elected, I will serve to the best of my ability. School Reform and not silver, tariff, or McKinleyism is the great national issue. If my name is presented before the Minneapolis Convention, I shall try to be exemplary and deserve all the high encomiums and panegyrics the orator may pronounce upon me.

"Yours truly,

"COL. ABE SLUPSKY.

"St. Louis, May 14."

This confirms the authoritative announcement made several weeks ago by THE SUN, that Col. ABE SLUPSKY was not a candidate, and that his honored name would

not be presented to either of the National Conventions with his knowledge and consent. He states these facts positively, and after mature deliberation. That is enough; what he says about serving, if elected, and endeavoring to live up to such eulogy of his private character and statesmanship as may find expression at Minneapolis, is only the conventional compliment of a public man to the dignity of the high office and the customary recognition of the duty of citizenship. But Col. ABE SLUPSKY is not running this year for President.

We respectfully request our friends of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and of the *Buffalo Courier* to put this manly letter in their pipes and smoke it.

The Cleveland newspaper printed a fraudulent and forged document signed "ABE SLUPSKY" and representing the great leader of School Reform as intriguing for votes at Minneapolis, and flippantly discussing his prospects of the nomination. Our esteemed contemporary in Buffalo went even further and declared its belief that Col. ABE SLUPSKY is a myth, an ideal, a creature of the imagination, with no existence beyond his name.

Col. ABE SLUPSKY is no myth. He is a physical entity, with a full, rich, vigorous organization, every part of which throbs with devotion — we may almost say consecration — to the cause of School Reform.

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Where does the Hon. Dink Botts come in?

A simple request for information, printed in THE SUN a few days ago, is bringing out a lot of hokosophy, hokology, and hokiana, but, as we trust, no hoaxes.

Some of the statements concerning HOKE's career, which are furnished to us by persons who have known him from away back, cannot be published without impairment of the dignity and beauty of HOKE's attitude at the rising of the curtain. This is enough to say on that subject.

We turn with pleasure to such honest tributes of admiration and esteem as this, from Mr. H. L. SPRIGGS of Athens, on the Oconee River:

"You ask, 'Is there really such a man as HOKE SMITH, or is he only a fake and a Georgia phantasm?'

"Yes, there is a HOKE SMITH. He lives in Atlanta, and is a bosom friend of the Hon. DINK BOTTS of Lumpkin County, Georgia.

"It was DINK and HOKE who carried the day in Georgia for the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND. Now, why shouldn't HOKE come in for a part of the spoils of the late victory? Why, I ask?"

We reply, HOKE should come in. If his political services are as alleged, his selection for high office is logical, reasonable, just, Jacksonian, and Democratic in every way. We honor Mr. CLEVELAND for recog-

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nizing, in his appointment of a Secretary of the Interior, the fundamental principle of practical politics: The spoils to the victor.

But how about DINK? According to Mr. SPRIGGS it was not HOKE alone that carried Georgia for Mr. CLEVELAND; it was DINK and HOKE. Where does the Hon. DINK BOTTS of Lumpkin come in? Shall HOKE be taken and DINK left in the cold?

Plain Words to Pod Dismuke

We find in our esteemed contemporary, the *Atlanta Monthly*, the following interesting item of personal intelligence:

“Mr. HOKE SMITH will carry with him a large number of letters received during the past two weeks, both of congratulation and application for office, to which it has been impossible for him to give any attention.”

It seems clear from this that letters have been addressed to the person or peculiarity or dream now known to all the world as HOKE SMITH. This, of itself, is not as conclusive as we should wish. There are notices that begin “To Whom it May Concern.” Notoriously, some of the most uncertain and shadowy of all human documents begin with “Know All Men by These Presents.” Many letters published only in our waste basket are signed “Pro Bono Publico” or

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“Civis Americanus.” Although we have steadily defended the authenticity of Mr. HOKE SMITH, we cannot approve and attempt to establish him by doubtful or spurious documents. The persons now striving to obtain board at Washington on the strength of letters to “HOKE SMITH” should be treated with the consideration due to suspicious characters.

We do not care to dwell upon the subject, but in all fairness a word of kindly caution is due to some of the Hokists. Thus, when we read in the *Atlanta Monthly* that “POD DISMUKE is pursuing the Hawaiian Consulate,” we are sorry for POD DISMUKE. Until HOKE is lowered from the realm of fancy to the realm of fact, POD DISMUKE will pursue Hawaii in vain. How does anybody know that there is any such person? Until HOKE is absolutely verified, DISMUKE cannot be started.

Besides, until the Hon. DINK BOTTS decides between a Post Office and a diplomatic mission, gentlemen pursuing Hawaiian consulates should subside. After Col. BOTTS, the Hon. SIMPSON KERSHAW has the call; and Uncle PELEG BABB has, we understand, a cinch on the consulate at Chinchilla. POD DISMUKE is too precipitate.

Col. Potsdam Sam's Papers

We find in our esteemed contemporary, the *Washington Post*, a piece of information throbbing with

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instant interest for all students of diplomacy and mythology:

“One of the heavily backed applicants for the mission to Persia is Mr. STANHOPE POTSDAM SAMS of Georgia, private Secretary to Governor NORTEN and a gentleman peculiarly fitted for the position to which he aspires. His endorsement consists of a pile of letters seventeen inches thick. The missives bear the signatures of nearly every prominent man in the State of Georgia, among them the Hon. POD DISMUKE and the Hon. DINK BOTTS.”

We suppose that if the whole country were searched through with the back hair comb of Queen MAB, a better man than Col. POT SAMS could not be found for the Persian mission. At the same time we should hate to see Col. SAMS start for Teheran. The Shah is an expensive chap to know, as Gen. WINSTON and Mr. S. G. W. BENJAMIN, who have held the office which Col. SAMS seeks, can testify and have testified. The Shah and his haughty henchmen and proud porters have a way of giving presents and expecting something ten times as good. If the Shah should give Col. SAMS an Arabian steed or a recipe for sherbet, for instance, Col. SAMS would be expected to reply with a horse railroad or a steam yacht. Collections are slow and expenses high, and the salary of the American Minister is not more than enough to fee the barbers that teach his mustachios the old Persian upper

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twist. Col. POT SAMS could find a much more lucrative post than that of Minister to Persia. If, however, he wants to go to Persia, not for his own sake, but to do good to the Shah, who would strive to hold him back from such a purpose? If anybody can reform the Shah, Col. POT SAMS is the man.

Col. SAMS's papers are complete, with one exception. A single signature is wanting. That signature added to the signatures of the Hon. POD DISMUKE and the Hon. DINK BOTTS will make Col. SAMS's application irresistible. Indeed, it is not certain that a majority vote is not sufficient. Do not POD and DINK constitute a quorum?

Three Great Politicians

Less than a week ago the *Atlanta Monthly* reported that POD DISMUKE was hunting the Hawaiian Consulate, and now it reports that he is "after the Havana Consulate." POD DISMUKE must be made to name his poison. A person, if such a person there be, who roams from Hawaii to Havana, must necessarily seem an errant and intangible spook. As BRONNAIS said:

"POD, HOKE, and DINK,
All dreams, I think;
DINK, HOKE, and POD,
Name-cells most odd,
They melt, they vanish into smoke,
DINK, POD, and HOKE!"

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But it is hard to believe that these old friends are merely children of air and figments of gossamer. DINK especially. We plead for DINK.

The Honorable Everybody

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Eastern Ledger*, displays a regrettable ignorance on this rhetorical question:

“We would like to know what entitles a man to the prefix ‘Honorable.’ What political office or other preferment carries with it this title, which is fast falling into disrepute by its indiscriminate bestowal?”

The title “The Honorable” has not fallen into disrepute. Owing to the sound precept and example of THE SUN, that title flourishes without disrepute and without envy. As we had the honor to say long ago, the true principle to follow is that every man in the United States has a right to be called “the Hon.” Equal rights to all, special privilege to none. Whatever irritation has been produced by this harmless phrase has been caused by the attempt to restrict its use. Thus the *Eastern Ledger* would use “the prefix before the names of members and ex-members of Congress.” Less severe restrictionists are willing to include members of State Legislatures or at least of State Senates. Irregularity of usage has sprung up. A

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Supervisor, a Selectman, an Overseer of the Poor, a Common Councilman may be "the Hon." in his "home paper," and be clipped of the distinction by the newspapers of other places. The Hon. TOBE SCRUTCHINS may lose part of his glory when he leaves Texas. Nay, he may be simply TOBE SCRUTCHINS, Esq., when he reaches Galveston, and plain TOBE SCRUTCHINS when he comes to this town.

These deviations are to be deplored. The safe rule is that from the President of the United States to the Secretary of the Anti-Imperialist League, from Ambassador to Great Britain to Minister of International Affairs in a Stoke Hole, the title "The Honorable" belongs to everybody. Any narrower plan would be unjust to democratic-republican equality and to the kindness of the public. The bauble may be bestowed freely and freely worn. There are tender consciences that reject it, and nobody has to use it against his will. If, however, it is bestowed upon him against his will, he has no remedy, for he has received no injury. He might as well complain of being called a "Mister." The title is as general as the casing air and sits as lightly. Its value is not diminished by its commonness, for it has no value. It is not a thing of beauty or even a cockade. It is simply a habit, a formula. There are persons to whom it gives satisfaction. For their sake it should be retained. But it must be put within the reach of all.

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In defending "The Honorable" we mean to put no slight upon "Professor." Although Prof. VON HOLST and Prof. BILLY SUMNER and some others have brought the appellation into discredit, and several professors of the art of corn-cutting have thrown their professorships away in consequence, "Professor" is still about as valuable as it was before. It implies, however, a special skill or knowledge, or want of them, and cannot be open to all comers as its more catholic brother is.

Hurrah for Brother Bill!

Judging from the evidence up to date, Emperor WILLIAM'S Meteor II is a marvel. She has made a show of the Britannia and the other cracks of the Royal London Yacht Club. It is needless to mention, in connection with the first race, the Meteor put them out of it. It is probable that she is a great improvement on Valkyrie III, and if she really turns out to be very much superior to that craft she might give the Defender a hard tussle.

Her victory in England was received in true English fashion. Not a steam whistle, not a single salute, and not one cheer greeted the victory of the German Emperor's yacht. Cheering, band playing, firing, and whistling were all reserved for the defeated Britannia.

The German Emperor has a chance to pick up a grand revenge for the treatment which his representatives on board his boat have received from the hope-

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lessly ill-mannered English. Let him send the Meteor over here, or, better, come in her himself, and race for the America's cup. Certainly we would do our utmost to defeat him, but, if he should succeed, we would cheer him heartily for winning a trophy which the English have been vainly trying to capture for more than forty years!

And what a splendid reception the Emperor would receive in this country! How the lager would flow! And how the steamboats would blow! And how the guns would roar! There would be no whining about marine processions by him, and no blubbering about bedevilled ballast and bob-stay boats. Skipper BILLY is a sportsman with plenty of sand. Consequently we take him into our strict confidence: and, whispering into his ear, we advise him to challenge for the America's cup.

Hairpins

The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are known to all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in *American Medicine*. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it "to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage," and as a curette for scraping away soft material. And no doubt the women doctors can do a great deal more

with that most gifted and versatile of human implements. Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. It keeps civilization together. In the hands of girls entirely great it is much mightier than the sword or, for that matter, the plough. What is the plough but a development of the forked stick, and what is the forked stick but a modification of the hairpin? If there was any necessity, a woman could scratch the ground successfully now. In fact, there is no work or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men, don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is doable can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or a picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awl, a gimlet, or a chisel, a paper-cutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, caulk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing,

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reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes, sew, knit, and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.

If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line she would build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male surgeons are doing the best they can; but it is not to be believed that they have mastered the full mystery of the hairpin.

Something Wrong in Boston

We are sorry to have this article appear soon after Christmas, but the sacredness of truth must be maintained. No time is so hallowed and so gracious as to cover the work of woe that is about to be done, if it has not been done already, in Boston, a settlement of intelligence, a castle of culture.

There is a proud and beautiful building in Boston. Bulfinch did it. It is a parthenon surrounded by a gilded gas house, and to those who love it it is the supreme architectural achievement of the world.

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Even the limited or prejudiced persons who deny its charm cannot forget the joy of its associations. To go to Boston, to view that dome with an eager eye, and to perspire with the pulchritude of it and the deeper thought that one doesn't have to live in Boston, is not the least of pleasures in a world that persons of fair digestion regard with a certain amount of attachment. As a matter of fact, the dome is a hollow fraud. Mr. BULFINCH, who has had the distinction of having an eminently parochial street named after him, was not lucky enough to have designs carried out, and the State House, with its feeling Dutch name, is not all that it might have been. But it has its merits. There is or was in it the Sacred Codfish, a palladium that fell from heaven plash into the Frog Pond in the days when Boston was an eminent seaport. This Codfish is almost human and quite superhuman. It could wink. It had learned to say *cultyur* and *literature* and *leftenant*, beside the other things that are said in Boston. There was a silver bathtub in which it used to tipple when the Boston nine got a game. It used to leap into the air when Gov. GREENHALGE appeared with his blue knit thinking cap on. It was sprinkled with champagne whenever the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company had a feast. All the thinkers in the legislature revered it. It would wag its tail at a good thing and drop dead whenever a bore was up.

They have been "fixing up" the State House.

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Evidently some idiot is in charge. The Sacred Codfish is not to be included among the treasures of the restored State House. The Law and Order people say it drinks too much. The A. P. A. says it has a Hibernian countenance. All the same, it was the best thing in the State. It was the most venerable institution there except Harvard College and GEORGE MARDEN of Lowell. It is gone. It has been torn down. It is nil. So falls the codfish aristocracy. So fades a glory unmistakable.

Beef And

The proprietors of certain bean palaces and buckwheat divans in this town are trying to raise the price of the food served in those magazines of "quick lunch." They summoned all the masters of such establishments to meet and consult last Monday. Critters of all kinds are high. The fashionable restaurants have revised their tariff schedules, and increased duties. Shall not the quick lunchers be made to pay a larger scot?

This question thrills millions. Day and night cheap and filling stuff is eaten by the ton, by the thousand tons. The cows upon a thousand hills can't yield milk enough, the pigs in a million styes can't furnish ham enough, the Wheat Belt can't turn out flour enough for this constant trade; and the sound of the grinding of the coffee mill can never be low. Crullers enough to make a four-doughnut line around the

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world are swallowed every day. The daily pie belt would reach to Orion's from Park row. If the beans tucked away every day in New York restaurants were built into a pyramid, the base of that pyramid would reach from BATTERY DAN FINN to West Hurley, and the apex would graze the snout of the Greater Bear. If the oatmeal consumed were poured in a continuous stream, it would be wider than widest Amazon, longer than the Mississippi plus the Volga plus the Orinoco plus the Shrewsbury, and deeper than the Hudson. If the bread were piled loaf on loaf it would make a perpendicular wall 4.11x44 running from Macomb's Dam to Deaf Smith County, Tex. If the eggs were made into egg nogg, there would be enough, with suitable spirituous addition, to keep the whole world, with the exception of the Republic of San Marino and Indians not taxed, as full as Christmas for three months, three weeks, and four days. Sure, henless eggs must be in great demand and the incubators working overtime. If all the dabs of butter were stood on end, we might know whether MARS is red-headed or not, for there would be a greased pole for his subjects to slide down on.

So much for statistics. For the victuals and drink in these places nothing need be said. They are known to all or nearly all. They are stored in a million insides. They are sold now in glittering halls where onyx marries marble and everybody wants to marry

the sweet cashier. The lords of these lordly hasheries are able to ask what prices within reason they choose. People must eat, and theirs are now most of the places there are to eat in. But there are still earlier homes of food which are dearer far. Not magnificent or gaudy, but full of homely comfort and served by stalwart and humorous waiters who don't give a rap who's who, but are as true democrats as can be found. The keepers are rich and democratic. The clients are not to be seduced by splendor. The genial ghost of OLIVER still haunts the subterranean spaces where more than one generation has fed fat. The cry for "sinkers," "beef and," "ham and," "draw one in the dark," "coffee just right," and so on, still rings day and night. Nothing changes, and prices will not go up until the world goes up in convulsion.

Thee, too, JOHANNES MEEHANUS, friend of man and sport, imperturbable dealer of beans, exact divider of beef and ham, we sing thee and thy illustrious uncle, whom those that knew not in the flesh know in the paint. Not until thou hast forgotten horses and wisdom; not till thy waiters have donned evening clothes; not until Handsome BILL turns homely, will thy rate for "beef and" and its relatives be screwed up. And there are others, many others, piles of others, humble but healthy. The friends of "beef and" have no fear.

"The Bend"

A part of this city which is full of interest to the old inhabitants, and in which there have been many tragic incidents and things of mystery, and the density of the population of which has been much harped upon, will soon disappear. It is Mulberry Bend, often known as the Bend. Instead of the crooked block of timeworn rookeries there, there is to be a small park.

A last look at the old Bend may be worth the while of those of our citizens who take an interest in the city's history. The scene there the past three or four days, when its many thousands of denizens were in the hub-bub caused by the breaking up of things, was marvellous to behold. There was a chance for an artist of genius to paint a vast picture as rich in colors as any ever painted of any scene in the Orient. He could certainly have put upon his canvas ten thousand figures, most of them Italians, Jews, and Huns, among whom were sprinkled members of all the other races of the earth. Not in Damascus or Beyrout could an artist have found a more striking spectacle for his brush, or for as many as ten brushes and as many paint pots. A spectacle of the kind in Paris would have attracted a score of artists, some of whom might have made pictures that would glorify the walls of the Louvre. But we don't believe that a single New York painter has been seen at the Bend since the revolution

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of last Thursday, when the tenements were auctioned off, in the presence of the swarm of their tenants, at neat prices running from \$1.50 upward, not far upward.

The spectacle at the Bend has not been all gruesome, but has often been merry enough. The people were not all of forbidding aspect, far from it; there were men of Alpine form and port, women who would touch the fancy of a Turk, children pretty as any ever born. There must surely be artists here who possess eyes that can see other subjects than Gen. BENJAMIN HARRISON or even the Hon. GROVER CLEVELAND.

Long before the locality of the Bend acquired the name it has borne in later times, it was a pleasing spot, hilly, well-wooded, and well-watered. Near it was the beautiful Collect, upon the waters of which JOHN FITCH first made trial of his invention of a steamboat with a screw propeller. It is interesting, at this moment when preparations are in progress to put a small park in the place of the Bend, to recall the fact that nearly a century ago a visionary citizen projected a park in which these same lands were to be included. He brought upon himself the ridicule of the wives, who were unable to conceive that the city of New York would ever stretch upward to such a remote point in the north.

Bald Heads as Railroad Signals

The singular sensitiveness of the prophet ELISHA to the remark of the little children, who said to him as he was going to Beth-el: "Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head," must have struck every thoughtful reader of 2 Kings ii. 23-24. That forty-two children should be eaten up by two she bears for this reproach must be regarded as a parable, as a warning to children to be respectful to their elders. Living in the open air in a world as yet uncursed by the tall hat and the "derby," the pastoral patriarchs and the prophets must have kept their locks well. The almost universal custom of shaving the head as a sign of mourning may have given baldness an unpleasant connotation in the early days. If such a prejudice there was against the bare poll, more humane or scientific conceptions now prevail. Sages have demonstrated or asserted that baldness is a mark of high civilization, a badge of intellect or rapid transit living, and that the hairless age of man has come or is on the way.

A bald head of the right order of architecture is a sublime spectacle and has been the good fortune of many. It imposes upon the eye and mind of many. It is invaluable to a young professional man. There are men perspiring with prosperity the cause of which is nothing less than the earliness or the grandeur of their bald heads.

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There are few more majestic objects in nature or art than an artistic bald head. Seeing such a splendor, you feel that there was less jest than truth in EDWARD FITZGERALD's fear lest the great high dome of his friend JAMES STEDDING should be mistaken by ships in the Channel for the Cliffs of Albion.

Beautiful and useful as this decoration of genius is, we have not been prepared for its new and brilliant application in railroading. Consider the case of PETER WALKIRK:

"An hour after PETER laid him down to sleep on the railroad bridge that spans the Columbia River, a Great Northern express, speeding to make up lost time between Spokane Falls and Northern division, came bowling around the curve leading to the bridge. The engineer had a vision of his train going over the bridge like a hunted cat along the fence, when the glare of his headlight suddenly picked up something white and glistening on the track dead ahead. It glistened and shone and menaced, and the engineer, fascinated, reversed his engine and brought the train to a standstill ten yards from the shining patch of white, which as the train became nearer had become brighter still. Then he went out to investigate and found the bald head of PETER WALKIRK looming up like a beacon. He was still asleep. He was awakened and brought to St. Paul, glad that he is alive and bald."

There is absolutely no reason to believe that this hero, this life-saver, had been dallying with the cup

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that beers. He had the right to be sleeping and to go to sleep, and he forgot to consult the time table before he went to bed. His innocent error has been the means of discovering a new system of signalling. The red flag must be hauled down. It is useless in the fog or darkness, whereas a bright bald head is a perpetual searchlight and pillar of fire.

Solomon

“Could a really wise man, such a man as SOLOMON, for example, be elected President of the United States?” asks a Jewish correspondent of ours who does not like the candidates now in nomination.

We reply at once that SOLOMON could not be elected because in truth he was not a wise man, but wicked and foolish. He would not be an available candidate for any party. Even our correspondent would hate to vote for him. If SOLOMON were living now, and if he pursued the career with which his name is associated, he would have no standing in respectable society. All virtuous Israelites, honest Christians, and square infidels would wish to vote against him if he were running for high office. He was a man of vicious life, grossly vicious; he oppressed the people, squandered the public funds, governed his country badly, levied taxes in the most reckless way, corrupted society, and violated the commandments openly, even the commandment against murder, while yet he was a

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boy. All the facts of his history are given in the Bible.

If he were up for President in our times we should struggle to defeat him; and though our confidence in our defeating power is not now rampant, we believe that we could do it. It is true that he built a temple, a palace, and other gorgeous edifices in Jerusalem, but he built them with the blood of his subjects. It is true that he talked very wisely, but he acted most foolishly and wickedly. We would not oppose him because he encouraged the worship of MOLOCH and other false gods, for in this country a candidate's religious views are not brought up in a Presidential campaign; but we should stand out in relentless opposition to him on account of his bad politics and his profligacy. No SOLOMON for us! The brave yet patient Jews suffered terribly under his yoke, and he left his country in a shocking condition.

We therefore tell our Jewish correspondent who wants to know if SOLOMON would have any chance of election to the Presidency, that he would not.

The Unknown Millionaires

The bequests of more than two million dollars to different colleges by the will of the late Mr. FAYER-WEATHER furnish a striking example of the possession of great wealth by a man little known outside of his immediate business and comparatively small social

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acquaintance. As the will makes other bequests than those to these colleges, and also establishes several trusts, and as Mr. FAYERWEATHER was not a man to exaggerate the value of his property, his estate must exceed \$3,000,000.

He was one of many men in New York of quiet and almost secluded lives, the great extent of whose wealth is only revealed to the public when they come to die. Sometimes even their business intimates can do no more than guess the amount of their property before it is taken from them by death. They are known as rich men within a narrow circle, but how rich, whether counting their estates by millions or hundreds of thousands, few if any can estimate even approximately. The manner of a man's life, the state he keeps up, may furnish no indication whatsoever of the size of his fortune. He may live in grandeur and yet die actually or comparatively poor, his expenses consuming his possessions. He may live unostentatiously, perhaps even frugally, and yet for that very reason his wealth may accumulate so rapidly as to put him among the unknown millionaires at his death.

Certain newspapers have printed of late lists containing the names of the people in New York whom they suppose to be millionaires, with estimates of their assumed fortunes. These lists are remarkable both for those they include and those they omit, and also for both their exaggeration and their undervaluation

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of the estates as to which they pretend to give information. A large part of the men are not millionaires at all. Some of them are not even rich men, but dying now would leave embarrassed estates, with liabilities greater than the assets, or, at least, very small fortunes, according to the standards of wealth in these days. Others are really worth very much more than the published estimates, as anybody at all familiar with the fortunes of New York well knows. The actual millionaires left out of the list are also more numerous than the real millionaires included in it.

Mr. FAYERWEATHER was a leather merchant in the Swamp, and long had been recognized there as a man of great business sagacity, probity, and large wealth, of a simple and unostentatious life, and of modest personal tastes and requirements. But even in his own trade he was not supposed to be as rich as he really was, and the papers to which we have referred never thought of including him in their lists of millionaires, real and supposititious. Yet he was an example of many men like him who are still living in New York, but whose very names have never been heard by those journals which profess knowledge when they display ignorance only to those who are better informed as to the true facts.

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"His Excellency"

Mr. JOB A. COOPER, Governor of Colorado, has sent to Gen. HARRISON a telegram in regard to the depredations committed or said to have been committed by certain Utes from the White Rock reservation. Gov. COOPER addresses his communication to "His Excellency, the President," and styles Gen. HARRISON "Your Excellency."

The *Evening Post* of Saturday prints letters from Dr. HORATIO SOUTHGATE, a retired Episcopalian Bishop, and Dr. EDMUND D. COOPER, rector of an Episcopal church in Long Island City, asking Gen. HARRISON to retain in office the gentleman whom Mr. CLEVELAND made Postmaster at that place. The request of these distinguished divines was not granted, and a Republican Postmaster was appointed.

It could not, perhaps, be expected that Gen. HARRISON would attach great importance to the petitions of clergymen who insisted in conferring upon him a title which does not belong to his office. "As I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with your Excellency," writes Dr. SOUTHGATE, "let me say, by way of introduction of myself, that I am an aged and retired Bishop of the Episcopal Church, formerly Bishop at Constantinople."

Doubtless, Bishop SOUTHGATE's residence at Stamboul dulled to a certain extent his remembrance of the

proper forms to be used in addressing the President of the United States. But Dr. COOPER has never been, as far as we know, a missionary in parts of the infidels, and he should have known that it is incorrect to write as he did, to "His Excellency BENJAMIN HARRISON, President of the United States." If Dr. COOPER ever has occasion to write to the Governor of Massachusetts, he can put in as many His Excellencies or Your Excellencies as he wants to, but he ought not to dress the President in borrowed robes.

The President is as much entitled to be called His Serene Highness or Most Illustrious, High-born Court Councillor, or Groom of the Posset, or First Parasol Bearer to the King of Siam, or Worthy Second Assistant Pipe Lighter to H. M. King Cole, as to be called His Excellency, yet the practice of giving him that title seems not to diminish; and when we find a Bishop of Constantinople, a learned Doctor of Divinity, and the Governor of a State yielding to the error, it seems worth while to protest against it. Of honorary Colonels and Judges there is no end, but the post of President of the United States is too great to need tricking out with tinsel.

Thanksgiving

Every man knows to-day his own reasons for thankfulness or for lamentation over his lot, but that the vast majority of the people of this country, taken

together, are now in a happier and more prosperous condition than ever before in their history, and than any other people in the world, is easily proved.

This Republic is at peace, except so far as it is stamping out the embers of the practically extinguished fire of insurrection in the Philippines. The task has been pushed through during the last month, with the aid of necessary reinforcements, and with a loss to our troops that is comparatively insignificant. All England is in mourning because of the terrible slaughter in South Africa, and the direful prospect is that the killing and wounding have only begun. With us, the end of sanguinary warfare in the Philippines is close at hand if not already reached.

The business prosperity which began to set in as soon as the American people had vindicated so splendidly the financial honor and integrity of the Nation in 1896 has since steadily gathered force and is now extending to every form of industry and enterprise. Wages are high and the home and foreign demand for our products is great beyond precedent. The promise of a long continuance of this prosperity is brighter than in any past period.

We are approaching the year of a Presidential election, yet there is none of the alarm as to the coincident and consequent disturbance to trade and financial conditions which the near arrival of such a contest has usually excited. Practically the main issue to be met

is already settled and the interests of the people dictate the decision so plainly that no doubt of the result impairs the confidence with which the future is regarded by the markets and exchanges. The prospect, therefore, is of a Presidential campaign in 1900 which will interfere with the progress and prosperity of the business of the Republic to a far less degree than any past contest of the kind, though more than fifteen million electors will cast their ballots in November, 1900.

The condition of the people as to health and security is better than ever before. Because of advances in medicine and surgery and sanitary protection and precaution the average of life is increasing. Science is steadily extending to all society blessings and privileges once obtainable only by the few, or not even possible to them. The rich are not growing richer and the poor poorer, as demagogues and social charlatans assert, but throughout our society there is a levelling upward. Luxuries once confined to princes are now within the easy reach of everybody. Rags and tatters have disappeared from our streets. Drunkenness is decreasing.

If, therefore, a man dismisses from consideration ills which may be peculiar to himself and looks abroad over society, he will find abundant opportunity for rejoicing and hope for the American people as a whole. It is preparing to enter upon the second century of its national existence happier, more united, more prosperous, more powerful in the world than ever before

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in its history. Thus it can look ahead into the twentieth century with far greater assurance of progress and improvement in all the arts and blessings of civilization than mankind has had at any previous time since first man began to contend with the forces of nature and the obstacles to his highest possible development.

The Day We Venerate

It was a happy circumstance, in choosing a day for annual observance in honor of the dead of the Civil War, that no anniversary of a great battle was selected. Presumably the 30th of May was originally fixed upon because the characteristic feature of the holiday is the decoration of the graves of the soldiers, and about that time, in the greater part of the Union, the season of the spring flowers is at its fullest. But fortunately also there comes no reminder of any sanguinary field, the bitter remembrances of which might alloy the feeling of national pride that befits the occasion.

With four successive years of a conflict so incessant, we do not find the record of the 30th wholly free from hostilities. But it chanced that the opening battles of the summer of 1861, both in Virginia and at the West, occurred in June, and also that in succeeding years none of the bloodiest battles were fought on May 30th. A cavalry skirmish at the East and a minor conflict at the West occurred on that day in 1862, and

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there was some fighting between Grant's army and Lee's on the Tolopotomoy in 1864; but in the former year the great Battle of Seven Pines began on May 31st, and in the latter the bloody assault at Cold Harbor occurred on June 1st. For 1863 the chronicle shows no battle on May 30th.

Thus it happens that the day is singularly free from the records of tremendous engagements such as can be found during the weeks preceding and following it. So, too, it is not the anniversary of any great capitulation, since the surrenders of LEE and JOHNSON were made in April, and those of TAYLOR and KIRBY SMITH respectively on May 4 and May 26. At the South, we find Decoration Day for Confederate graves celebrated a little earlier in the month, as is natural, since the flowers come in their greatest abundance earlier there. But save for that reason, so far as the choice of the day is concerned, the 30th of May might well be observed simultaneously in all parts of the Union, and as typical, too, not of the conflict that occurred between brothers, but of the peace and fraternal reunion that followed.

Indeed, it was really well along in May, 1865, that full assurance was first given of absolute peace. There had been talk of prolonging the struggle by guerilla operations west of the Mississippi; and while that would have been madness, yet it was only with the capitulation of the last organized Confederate Army that all sem-

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blance of resistance to the national authority ended. Thus, this day may well recall rather the happy ending of the war than the woes of its continuance.

Even the gala features of the holiday which, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, naturally become so marked, contribute in their own way to make it an occasion of rejoicing rather than of regretful remembrances, as it was so largely in days gone by. The sight of gray-haired veterans marching in faded uniforms and under battle-torn flags, and with bent figures, and still strewing graves with flowers, serves to keep the day true to the memorial solemnity which must and should still characterize it, and to impart to its celebration a tinge of sadness. Yet to the younger generation it is a day rather of festivity than of sorrow, and of national pride rather than of personal bereavement. Even to them, however, it fulfils its mission as the celebration of a peaceful, reunited land.

The Star-Spangled Banner

An inspiring incident occurred on Saturday last at the football game between the Annapolis and West Point cadets on Franklin Field in Philadelphia. The Annapolis players had been cheered when they dashed upon the field and they were tumbling about awaiting their rivals' appearance, when the band that had come with the sailor lads began to play the Star-Spangled Banner. At once every cadet within sound of the

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music, whether sailor or soldier, stood at attention and uncovered, as he was bound to do by regulation. Every other military man present obeyed the instincts of his training immediately. Then all present followed this example and the assemblage of nearly 25,000 people stood in silence and in attitude of respect until the stirring sounds ceased. It was an unusual feature of a great athletic contest and probably a more impressive scene was never witnessed upon such an occasion.

The criticism has been made, with some degree of justice, that the people of the United States are sometimes lacking in their show of respect for national symbols. Apparent indifference in pose and manner when the national air is played or sung, or when the national colors are displayed, is shown too frequently. People of other countries are not so neglectful of the proprieties in this respect as those of the United States. Travellers and newspaper correspondents have made frequent mention of the fact that even in Cuba it is a common sight to witness hundreds, or sometimes thousands, standing uncovered at the close of an evening concert in a plaza when the American national air is played by one of our military bands.

Probably the impression, altogether too general, that this country has no real national air is the cause, to a large extent, of this condition of affairs. The Star-Spangled Banner, however, is officially our national air or national hymn and there should be

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little excuse for popular ignorance of that fact. Still, how few persons there are, comparatively speaking, who know the words of KEY's song! Within recent years the schools of the country have sung them regularly and in many cases daily. As a result, there are few of the rising generation of Americans who do not know the words. Unfortunately, the children are not always taught to stand when they sing this hymn or hear it played. The fact that we are not a military nation may explain that neglect, and also the further fact that the great majority of the people have not been taught to uncover as the flag is carried by in processions or displayed upon formal occasions.

The incident on Franklin Field reminded the American public, in a spectacular way, of their duty and privilege when the Star-Spangled Banner is played or sung.

College Yells

The *Topeka Capital* insists that "Eastern college yells are conventional, monotonous, and solemn, as becomes that staid and somnolent section," and it lauds "the variety and ginger" of the Western college yells. It gives the place of honor among these to the "yell" of the University of Kansas:

"Rock chalk!

Jayhawk!

K. U!"

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Our Grasshopper contemporary, regards this as "a model historically, geologically, and euphoniously." Well, it is a short and explosive cry, and may be supposed to answer the great and wise purposes of a college "yell," to set off the superiority of the lungs of the yellers and to strike terror and amazement into the ears of the hearers. As Indians become rarer, the undergraduate warwhoop grows more interesting as a sort of survival; and properly trained parents will take their children to hear it. They are queer bits of patter and howl, many of the college "yells," and a visitor from Corea, for instance, would probably wonder among what wild tribes he had fallen if he went to a football game. "Savages fighting on the ground; mad men yelling unintelligently from the benches," might be his mistaken description.

The college "yell," fired in regular volleys, may seem monotonous and solemn to those who are not firing. At games, it is intended to have an encouraging effect on the friend and a depressing effect on the foe, and to bring victory. In part, therefore, it belongs to magical rhymes, and its potency must not be judged by mere volume or well-delivered fire of sound. Yelled promiscuously as an expression of the majesty and might of a college and the prowess and wisdom of the undergraduates of that college, it is the song of a war chief who also has magical powers. Now, as a charm or incantation, the University of Kansas "yell" or even

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the concise Cornell chant, too often profanely parodied, of "Cornell, I yell, yell, yell!" cannot be compared with the cry of the Kansas University of Ottawa:

"Rola! Bola-O!
Rola! Bola-U!
O, U! O, U!
Rola! Bola-O, U!"

There you have charming or compelling magic, be it white or black. The new Ruskin College at Trenton, Mo., and the Success Club of Kansas have a "yell" which seems to be a combination of the magical and explosive forms:

"Mineral, vegetable, animal, man!
Stop! No.
Kingdom corporate, on we go!
Fire!"

Prof. HUGO GEHEUL of Spundlock-on-the-Main is now in this country collecting material for a monumental work on American yells. Valuable and exhaustive as the Professor's book will be, there ought to be a Society for the Study of American College Yells.

V

OLD AGE, YOUTH AND CHILDHOOD

Life's Cape of Good Hope

EVERY healthy man ought to live to be a hundred years old. So says Dr. VACHER of the International Institute of Statistics. Unfortunately, the majority do not live so long, but we are told that it is their own fault. However, it is at least consoling to find that, according to carefully prepared statistics, the live chaps of to-day are six years better than their fathers and grandfathers who lived at the close of the last century. In other words, the average of human life is six years longer than it used to be in the good old days.

Dr. VACHER gives seventy-three as the average figure for those who have rounded the rough and dangerous points of certain periods in life. After passing these points men have comparatively easy sailing in the Indian summer of their existence. At the end of the last century the savant, DUVILLARD, and others, who figured in a fashion somewhat similar to that of Dr. VACHER, fixed life's average limit at sixty-seven.

But we must not misinterpret these figures; they cannot be taken as the general average, which is extremely low, on account of the high death rate of children and young persons approaching the dangerous period of twenty. But, all things considered, it is fair to presume that the men who at the present time has reached the age of thirty, without contracting any serious malady, has a chance to reach the age of seventy-three years; that is to say, he has added to his possible score six years more than his grandfathers had; and all this in spite of trolleys, cable cars, and scorchers! The reason for this is simple enough. It is to be found in the wonderful advance of medical science, which is rolling back the epidemics which ravaged the world one hundred years ago.

In this country just now, according to the testimony of those who remember, men of fifty and sixty are far more vigorous and better preserved than their predecessors of the same ages who lived forty or fifty years ago. Here in the city of New York we can boast of hosts of wild young fellows who have turned the half century, and many of them do not appear to be over thirty. And our girls, bless them in their beauty, are far taller and fatter than the old-time belles of the Bowery.

Our athletes, too, have smashed the old records all to pieces. We can run faster, box harder, march longer, and row better than our grandfathers ever could; and we are still improving.

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Perhaps the most surprising fact of all is that the average height and weight of the soldiers in the colossal armies of Continental Europe to-day are equal if not superior to the standard that was required in the smaller armies of the last centuries, for which the recruits were carefully picked from among the most able-bodied in the population of each country.

Surely we are great fellows!

The Folks that Last

The editor of the *Boston Post* has that wicked disbelief in centenarians of which the late Mr. WILLIAM J. THOMS was long the exponent. There is this difference between the two infidels. The English unbeliever had a love for paradox and a contempt for parish registers. The Trimountain doubter sees that long life in Boston is not desirable. So he pooh-poohs longevity, denies it so far as he can, seeks to show that centenarians are myths, lies, or liars. Does the census record any inconvenient number of old folks in the United States? Well, most of them are colored and not to be trusted as to their age. In behalf of the Two-Hundred-Year Class we resent these attacks upon a deserving industry. When a man or woman takes the trouble to live to be a hundred or more, it is mighty small business to find flaws in the dates. Probably only about one centenarian in a thousand is spread upon the record. They are quiet people, living

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in out-of-the-way places, most of them; and they die as unostentatiously as they have lived. So most of them escape notice.

Some day there will be a weekly paper called *Long Life* or *Longevity*, which will make a complete record of secular lives. Surely human life ought to be as well treated as real estate or the stock market. Meanwhile, we shall throw out a long-life line once in a while to encourage our pupils. A Mexico City despatch to THE SUN last week told of the death of the Hon. REFUGIO HERNANDEZ PONTOLOGON, said to have been the oldest Mexican. "The records of the parish in the State of Guanajuato show that he was born in 1779. He lived for one hundred and thirteen years in the same house." There is no reason to believe that he was the oldest inhabitant of Mexico, which is a very healthful country, but we give him honorable mention. In the present rudimentary condition of the science of viability, one hundred and twenty-three is a respectable middle age. We hope to live to see the time when it will be regarded as a disgrace to die before you are one hundred and fifty.

Mrs. LINUS ACKERMAN, of Brookdale, near Bloomfield, N. J., shows a proper understanding of the elastic nature of youth. She is ninety-seven and has that little juvenile recreation, the whooping cough. She says she wouldn't mind it if it didn't keep her awake nights. Ultimately, one hundred will be con-

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sidered the natural season of the whooping cough. As civilization advances, the period of infancy will be extended.

Mrs. ALICE O'CONNOR, of Jersey City, was one hundred and three last week. Her children are infants of seventy-seven, seventy-five, and sixty-three. Peevish boys who think that an affectation of pessimisim is a mark of intellect need to hear the verdict of the woman who has lived a long life and finds it good:

"I can truly say that I am extremely happy and have no fault to find with anything."

That is the wisest and sanest philosophy we have ever read; and no bilious and bookish theorick has any right to dispute it. Our novices ask, "How do you live to be one hundred and three?" Have no fault to find, is the important part of the recipe. Mrs. O'CONNOR adds these details:

"I ate everything put before me. I didn't have any choice, and if other persons did the same they would live to be as old as I am."

There is your diet and health food for you, you unfortunates who exist according to weight and measure, take your temperature every hour, and worry yourselves into your graves by trying to live on schedule time, an

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eye on your watch and a finger on your pulse. Hear the quiet boast of Mrs. ALICE O'CONNOR, fortunate among women:

"I never had a pain or an ache that I can remember."

Before the class in longevity is dismissed we must wave a friendly salutation to our old friend, Uncle COON WITHERS, of Clay County, Mo. Uncle COON is the acknowledged patriarch of a county in which ordinary patriarchs are looked upon as freshmen and expected to be seen and not heard. He has been a little under the weather, but our esteemed contemporary, the *Liberty Advance*, gives the good news that he "has so far recovered that he can chew his regular allowance of tobacco daily." Ordinarily we are no friends of tobacco eating, but we can't help wishing well to those fine old Missouri self-amending constitutions, those cheerful seniors whose first sign of convalescence is a loud call for a "plug" or "hand" of "terbaccer."

Curriculum and Social Stimuli

When we were mere boys, boys had to do a little work in school. They were not coaxed; they were hammered. Spelling, writing, and arithmetic were not electives; and you had to learn. In these more fortunate times, elementary education has become in many places a sort of vaudeville show. The child

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must be kept amused and learns what he pleases. Many sage teachers scorn the old-fashioned rudiments; and it seems to be regarded as between a misfortune and a crime for a child to learn to read and spell by the old methods. Vast and fruitful intellects have devoted themselves to child study and child psychology. "Visualized" reading and other great inventions have come in. Sociology, the widest-armed of sciences, is sociologizing tremendously; and as a result of all the improvements, there is a race of gifted pupils more or less ignorant of the once-prized simple elements of ordinary education; and new "factors" are turned out by the sociology factories every day.

We approach these "factors" in humility and ignorance. They seem to be magnificent and unknown gods, not lightly to be scorned by believers in the creed outworn. The *Journal of Sociology* is a shrine where we love to prostrate ourselves. The proudest he in Christendom ought to be glad to grovel before so mysterious a divinity. We "spring" an examination on Little JOHNNIE when he comes home from school and find that he can't spell "cat" without a picture of pussy before him or that he spells it "mew." We pat him on the head and give him a penny and tell him that he will live to be President or editor of the *Journal of Sociology* some day. Then we gird up our loins and furbish our spectacles and consult that oracle of occult science and oracular pedagogy. Here is a piece

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on "A New Factor in the Elementary School Curriculum." We are collecting "New Factors." The catalogue will not be more than three times as large as the combined Directories of Manhattan and Brooklyn. As we think of our misspent, unhappy youth, which knew not the joy of New Factors, twice a day, the salt tears fall.

But the Newest Factor is waiting. Bring it in. We thought we had jogged or trotted along, but we never knew what the curriculum was. It "represents the social factor in the educational process"; and it is a correspondent as well as a representative. List, list, oh, list!

"It corresponds to the stimulus, the individual factor being represented by the response."

To put this concretely: The apple which Little JOHNNIE priggged and ate last night was the stimulus. The colicky howl which he emitted at 3.37 this morning was the response, and we were the individual factor that ran for the doctor. Now for another draught of the sincere milk of sociology:

"Since stimulus and response are but two phases of one activity it is evident that the complexity of the stimulus bears a direct relation to the complexity of the response. That which constitutes the stimulus in a given case is not the external object itself, but the object functioning with reference

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to an individual. Whether an object functions as a stimulus in a given situation depends upon its relation to the attitudes of a child."

Any parent who has seen the electric spanker will agree that its function as a stimulus depends upon the attitudes of the child; but it is not generally known that "these attitudes, which are largely a product of remote social activities, determine, within fairly definite limits, the nature and complexity of social stimuli."

How many parents know their business? How many of them could get even 10 per cent in an examination in simple and complex stimuli, response, attitude, and functioning?

For 'Tis Their Nature To

Against the curious discovery, or invention, made by the Mosely Education Commission, of the "feminization" of American schoolboys under the tuition of schoolmarms, may be set these words of Prof. GEORGE A. COE of the Northwestern University in praise of the strong fist:

"There are many advantages to the child resulting from his quarreling and his fighting with other children to a limited extent. It gives him self-reliance and other essential characteristics of much benefit to him in the battle of life."

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Many friends of peace and arbitration protest against the stimulation of juvenile fighting blood. No doubt, as the world wags toward the millennium, youthful Tolstoys will spring up in the little red school-house and the big brick one. There will be courts of inquiry, of arbitration; and this savage exercise of "punching" JOHNNY DOE'S head and "smashing" J. S., Jr., of Dale, in the face will be given up. Perhaps the reform will have to come from the top, as reform came in Japan. Till the "old man" ceases to glory in his physical prowess, young Hopeful may be excused for sharing the same passion.

Indeed, what chance would a non-resistant boy have? "Nature," at least the habit of unnumbered ages, is unconquerable in him. He must assert his Ego, guard himself and lick the other fellow. He is playing unconsciously his necessary part in the unending drama of the survival of the fittest. The healthy brutality of growth is fermenting in him, and fighting is an exercise interesting in itself. On the whole the rules of the game must have been improved considerably since the world was weaned. Probably a cave-boy had no scruples in sneaking up behind his little mate and knocking his brains out with a hunk of flint. Gentler habits have come in. Boys seldom bear malice long; and, in one sense, at least, their battles are truly Homeric. None of those Greek and Trojan bullies could boast more. The proportion of fight to

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talk is ridiculously or salutarily small. Great cry and small confusion.

Mothers may not agree with Prof. COE, but most fathers know that, with whatever stern threats they may warn their sons against fighting, they have a secret joy in those battles. Nor ought a lad to be flogged at home for trying his hand at school on a problem of heredity.

To keep a boy from fighting is no more difficult than to keep water from running down hill. Juvenile pugilism hardly needs Prof. COE's encouragement, nor will it unclench its fist for any amount of discouragement. In fact, without it what is Boy? The judicious papa will seek to guide it into scientific methods.

In all our wanderings in the forest of sociology and the mazes of child study, we have not found any guide-board to two great truths which every observer of boy-battle has noticed again and again:

1. Why does the other boy always "begin it"?
2. If a boy gets a black eye, why is the boy who "gave it" to him invariably bigger than he and apparently a giant?

Thus we ask, but knowledge lingers.

The Choice of Absalom

An anxious parent does us the honor of consulting us in regard to an important topic of household economy:

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"To the Editor of *The Sun* — Sir: My eldest son (20) is infatuated with baseball. I have told him time and again that he is foolish and throwing away a career. It is my wish that he enter the service of some great corporation and work up to a big salary. Can you suggest any way of influencing his choice?

FATHER.

"Cincinnati, January 9."

No man begins to know his business as a father until he acquires a little diplomacy. What's the use of telling a boy that he's foolish? He won't believe you. You only stiffen his resolve into pigheadedness and convince him that you're a fool yourself. Fathers need to be meek. Since the world began they have been brow-beating their progeny. It is generally admitted that civilization is increasing. Each generation is better than its predecessor. Consequently a son knows, or ought to know, more than his father.
Q. E. D.

The boy may be right. Boys are numerous and their number is somewhat in excess of that of the big salaries. A Nantucket fisherman once explained to us that "everybody orter have \$50,000 and not a cent more." We are willing to admit that every salary ought to be not less than \$50,000 a year; but there are difficulties in the way of immediate realization of the theory. The young Cincinnati might fail to "work up to a big salary." Besides, how do we know that

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corporations are to be permitted to continue their wicked and soulless existence? Consider what a wealth of wind is now blowing against them; and then consider the remarkable financial possibilities of the baseball profession. Consider the case of the Hon. J. P. DONOVAN, who may be known personally to the young Cincinnati. Mr. DONOVAN has about made up his mind to give up baseball for commerce, but he seems to have reconsidered his resolution. According to despatches from St. Louis, he will "continue to manage the St. Louis National League baseball team during the coming season at a salary of \$9,000, a contract for that amount having been signed with the ROBINSONS." Now, \$9,000 for a season, just a part of the year, seems a fair compensation. There is no reason why Mr. DONOVAN shouldn't engage in commerce the rest of the year, if he wants to.

There is money in baseball, papa, and your ABSALOM is no fool.

The Improved Baby

The chief experts in child study and infant psychology are men. The amount of valuable advice and directions given to mothers by good, motherly men is surprising. Whenever there is a Congress of Mothers, Dr. GRANVILLE STANLEY HALL and Dr. HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE are sure to unload stores of mother lore upon their listeners. Such is the unfailing wis-

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dom of men. The infants of to-day must be old before their time. Much is expected of babes to whose welfare so many great masculine minds are contributing.

DR. H. C. CARPENTER lectured at a meeting of Philadelphia mothers the other day. He told them "How to Take Care of the Baby," and he showed that usually the baby is far from well taken care of. Mothers are not serious enough:

"'Don't play with the baby.' Nothing could be more injurious to the infant's nervous system than to excite it with the customary entertainments with which fond mothers and admiring friends bore the helpless victim. It is a common error to imagine that because the child responds with a wonderlook, a laugh, or even a shriek of apparent delight, that it is being amused. Quite the contrary — it is not only being plagued, but is sustaining, in nine cases out of ten, an irreparable injury."

Why are there not more SHAKESPEARES, BACONS, MABIES, and CARPENTERS? Because most babies are irreparably injured. Baby's intellectuals are not properly and systematically developed. He may seem to be enjoying himself when he coos and crows and shrieks with apparent delight, but he is not. He is pained. In isolation and aloofness he is trying to study his surroundings and the psychology of his nurse and relations. They will not let him think.

They interfere with the growth of his mental processes. They turn him away from his lofty cogitations by their impertinent and trivial endearments. They warp his nature from its solemn bent. They kill his mind. Let him grow and meditate. He has the floor. Give him the opportunity to develop himself.

“Don’t talk baby talk,” says Dr. CARPENTER. Certainly not. Why should a baby understand broken, any better than whole, English? Why will mothers use that strange nursery Chinook, “Did um shakum dady,” and so on? The man’s vocabulary is shrunk on account of this habit. His bump of language is flattened. Long words for Little Ones; that’s the talk. “JOHN HENRY, my valued progeny, I shall discourse to you for a few moments on the subject of the Conservatism of Energy.” “MARTHY ANN, let me dissuade you from your fruitless conation to ingurgitate your rattle. The impenetrability of matter is one of the earliest subjects which should engage your attention.”

“One should avoid telling young children such exciting stories as ‘Jack the Giant Killer.’” Explain, if you choose, that it is absurd to suppose that Jack or anybody else would kill giants. Giants get large salaries. They are too valuable to kill. Don’t tell stories of any kind. Read the *Gazetteer* to Baby. It will calm his nervous system and give him much statistical and geographical information.

Sociology

What is more interesting than a new baby in the household? Why, two new babies. Hence the exceeding interest that attaches itself to twins. A mature person in the family may be interesting, or may not be. Two mature persons may be jointly and severally uninteresting even though they be twins. This fact seems to be overlooked by some of our esteemed contemporaries, who search up and down the earth for mature twins, senile twins, and records of departed twins. Even the advent of triplets, quadruplets, and, as in recent instances, of sextuplets and septuplets, is held to impair in no degree the popular interest in twins of all ages. There is no limit to the space which is at the service of anybody who may choose to write about twins; the more words concerning any two persons whom an accident of birth has made twins, the better. This may be fair journalism, but we doubt it.

We are moved to these observations by the story of an esteemed New England contemporary concerning two old ladies. The story is put forth as bordering on the impossible, yet every word of it is vouched for. According to the account in question, these ladies were born twins nearly seventy years ago, and from the day of their birth wonder upon wonder has marked their careers. We are solemnly informed that they grew up twins, and, after an allowance of time in which to arrive

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at a full comprehension of this statement, we are told that they were wooed and won and wedded as twins. In due time they reared families of children, and still they remained twins. The children passed through the ordeal of teething and had chickenpox, mumps, and measles. In the course of these trials did the devoted mothers cease to be twins? Not much, if we may believe the averment which our esteemed contemporary makes with every appearance of good faith. In the course of years grave afflictions came to these estimable ladies, and in old age they find themselves with only the remnants of their once numerous families about them; but, incredible as it may seem, they still are twins. The writer who unearthed this remarkable case inclines toward the belief that these two old ladies will remain twins until one of them dies, and even seems to favor the supposition that the survivor will continue to be a twin until she, too, is no more.

It is not the purpose of these remarks to make light of twins. The birth of twins is always an event. To those immediately interested it is little less than two events. The twins themselves are for a time the focus of unusual family and neighborhood interest, but they should not be condemned to live the lives of freaks, and in their old age be written about as if they were the man with an india-rubber skin or the negro with two sets of ribs. As the family and the neighborhood finally recover from the emotions consequent upon the

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advent of twins, so should the twins themselves be permitted ultimately to enjoy whatever peace would come to them as ordinary and separate individuals. We believe that the great majority of living men and women who were born twins, and are undeniably twins at the time of the present writing, are with us in the demand that they be no longer treated as freaks by newspapers in search of something abnormal. Perhaps there should be a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Non-Infant Twins.

VI

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Ten Short Poems

AN interesting though perplexing task for the fancy of erudition is here proposed:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: Will you please name the best ten short poems in the English language?

“H. D.”

Before the choice is attempted, we must agree what poem is short. Compared with the great epics, *Comus* and *Sohrab and Rustum* are short. Compared with the latter, *Lycidas* and the *Pied Piper* are short. If these four were eligible they would have to be among the ten. *Allegro* and *Blenheim* are shorter still. But interpreting our correspondent's wishes by his words, we will choose from the truly short only. In so doing, it will be well to say that, to prevent the list from being swamped by SHAKESPEARE or MILTON, we will take but one poem from each. Again, that one will be chosen somewhat arbitrarily, without prejudice to its rivals. With these preliminary explanations we venture upon selection:

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Sonnet:	Sonnet:
When in Disgrace, SHAKESPEARE.	When I Consider, MILTON.
Bannockburn, BURNS.	Hohenlinden . . CAMPBELL.
The Tiger, BLAKE.	Brahma EMERSON.
Pibroch of Donald Dhu, SCOTT.	At the Church Gate, THACKERAY.
Bugle Song, TENNYSON.	Gunga Din . . . KIPLING.

The list of others, running from more unalloyed sentiment to more intense and purely distilled poesy, is by no means brief. But looking among the short poems bearing the divine stamp of poetic genius, for the vivid, the picturesque, the lyrically complete, the intellectually impressive, and the passionately inspiring, the ten given above are certainly very powerful claimants for their places. And what a marvellous lot they are!

The Poetry of the Day

When the ingenious Mr. GOSSE discussed in a contemporary magazine the other day whether verse is in danger or not, he may have been seriously concerned about verse, or he may have been merely writing a magazine article. There must be a certain number of magazine articles published every month, and it is a

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fact which any intelligent person can verify in a few moments, that of the entire number a certain percentage are written because the writers had something on their minds, and the rest because the editors had space to fill. There is plenty of know-how, though, about writing magazine articles, and clever people who keep themselves employed at it get so skilful that it is often hard to tell from their articles whether they have really felt the opinions they express or not. Mr. GOSSE's screed about poetry is one of that sort. If his article is merely an article, it's not worth while to worry over it. If he really has fears about the continuance of verse, let him abate them. Verse will go on, not necessarily because there is a demand for it, but because of the relief it affords to the producer. Circumstances that cannot be put to any other imaginable use can often be made fruitful of a poem of a meritorious and marketable quality. To be jilted by a girl is a sore trial, but the soreness is lessened, and even in some cases transmuted into chastened elation, when the experience has been cut up into proper lengths, duly rhymed, and possibly sold for publication.

Confession is good for the soul, and there is something about poetry which especially fits it to be the vehicle of confession. When the sufferer writes down in plain prose, "I did so and so, with such and such results, and felt thus and thus about it afterward," he is too frank, and his candor is likely to bring him

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more ridicule than sympathy. But when he puts his feelings into verse they become impersonal, and if the verses have merit enough, any man who has the same set of emotions is ready to adopt them as the fit expression of his own feelings.

Mr. GOSSE argues that one obstacle to the production of fresh poetry of a high order is the competition of the old poets, whose writings continue to be kept in stock by booksellers and crowded upon the public. There is something in that argument, but not very much. Those who like variety are as ready to take new poetry as to venture on new fashions in frocks or trousers. That the old poets should survive is an advantage to the new, since poetry is in a large measure an acquired taste, and whoever has browsed among the ancients is more likely to keep nibbling at the moderns.

The danger to our mind is less that the older poets will catch all the trade than that they may presently fall into such neglect that it may be thought necessary to modernize them. That has been done already for CHAUCER and SPENSER, and why not for GOLDSMITH and GRAY? Think, for example, how vastly the contemporary popularity of the Elegy might be increased if it was done over, according to the present taste, into stanzas something like these:

“There’s lots of jewels finds sea room
At depths too great to sound;

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An' any 'mount of posies bloom
When no one's peekin' round.
There's lots of men wears cowhide boots,
Pulled over blue jean pants,
Who oughter gone to Congress, but
They didn't get

no

chance.

"So 'taint for you high fellers
To scoff at them as lack
High moniments or funerls, with
A proper line of hacks.
Such fixins' don't much matter to
The feller as they plants,
And want of them may only mean
He never got

no

chance."

Some readers may prefer the original lines, beginning "Full many a gem," in all their tame simplicity; but their taste will be a good deal at variance with contemporary fashion.

The Great Browning Color Mystery

Much attention has been aroused by the Great Browning Color Mystery. The Boston women wear red hats at Browning readings and celebrations.

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“What,” in the words of the *Boston Transcript*, “is the subtle connection between red hats and the reading of Browning?” This is the Great Browning Color Mystery, and the Browning societies of Chicago and Salt Creek have been eager to pry into it. The scholars of the latter metropolis are doubtless pondering deeply and modestly upon the difficult problem. Meanwhile, with the precipitancy of raw youth, Chicago assumes to settle the question at once, which is probably a good deal more than Mr. BROWNING could do were he still breathing the vital air. The official explanation of the Cook County Browningians appears in the *Chicago Herald*. The Young Culture Giant of the prairies keeps to the conclusion and avers that “red is the Browning color.” Mr. BROWNING, as the explanation explains, is a natural colorist. “Intensely fond of color and instinctively true in tone, he is always simple, truthful, rich in his sense of hue, and modest, reticent, and suggestive, like a true artist, in its depiction. He is not a Pre-Raphaelite, yet he is especially natural and truthful in color. He takes color, with loyal and unqualified love and admiration, from nature. His tone is always impressionistic. He sees nature, not through the limits of a palette, but in the wonderful glow and depth of the sunlight. Therefore the basis of all his coloring is gold. The color, apart from tone and atmosphere, to which he most inclines is red, the great dominant of the major com-

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mon chord of gold." In plain words, he likes to blend red and gold, but doesn't want red where red is not put by nature. This assertion would seem to show that he liked red heads but not red hats; and, if true, is fatal to the Chicago unravelling of the Great Color Mystery. "His red is not without a secluded moral significance." He uses blue with gold, "but only on a vial." Throughout his works "the ground of tone is gold; the favorite color is red, with gradation to yellow, black, or the various hues of the rising or setting sun."

This is very ingenious, but, unfortunately, the argument breaks down by proving that the poet was practically color blind. "He acknowledges that he is not sure whether a certain curtain is blue or green." He admits, we may add, that he doesn't know red from yellow. In noting that the Boston women's hats remind them of the "Red Cotton Night Cap Country," the Chicago investigators touch without knowing it upon the core of the mystery. There is a good deal of evidence to show that, if the book means anything, which is somewhat improbable, it is an attack on Boston. For instance: "The born Norwegian breeds no bile" is a plain allusion to IBSEN. "That monster with a belly full of blare" refers not, as some have contended, to a certain Tubby Reformer in New York, but to the Great Organ which used to be in the Boston Music Hall. "That nullity of cultivated minds" is a

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sneer at Boston's blankness of overstrained intellect. "How came you to be born here with those lungs, that liver?" is a hit at the east wind and pie. "And who can doubt that these lines are addressed to the Orotund Omnio-sciolist, JOSEPH COOK?"

"Ignorance,
Historical and philosophical,
And moral and religious, all one couch
Of crassitude, a portent of its kind."

And what are the following lines but a dig at a feminine type for which Boston is famous?

"Maid mature
And dragonish of aspect."

"And spinster JEANNE, with megrim troubled much."

Then "the pretty votive-statue thing" is the CASS monument, and so on. We hope we have said enough to create a presumption that the Red Cotton Night Cap Country is Boston. Whether BROWNING's favorite color was red or elephant's breath is of no importance. We could easily show, if the game were worth the candle, that his favorite color was not red. Suffice it to say that in the "Red Cotton Night Cap Country" the poet represents himself as being in a White Cap country, possibly Indiana, and he asks himself, "Why

not Red Cotton Night Cap Country, too?" And, "Ay, to find your Red Desiderated article." Where-upon he writes what he calls a clear and simple poem, probably about Boston.

Here, then, is the Heart of the Great BROWNING Color Mystery. It is a deeper mystery than Chicago thinks. We know that the BROWNING women of Boston wear red hats. That fact in itself affords no clue to the seeker after the Heart of the Mystery. But, starting with the extremely probable hypothesis that Boston is the Red Cotton Night Cap Country of which the poet says:

"Or there, or nowhere else,
Will I establish that a Night Cap gleams
Of visionary red, not white for once?"

we come to the conclusion that all *Boston BROWNING Women wear Red Cotton Night Caps!* Without touching upon forbidden arcana, we respectfully submit that this is the solution of the Great BROWNING Color Mystery. Red hats at the BROWNING show; Red Cotton Night Caps at a later hour. Doubtless facts will be elicited by our hypothesis that will substantiate it:

"Some future enterprise shall give the world
Quite as remarkable a Night Cap show."

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Justice to Chicago

In the wonderful speech of advice and encouragement which Dr. DEPEW delivered to Chicago on Thursday night there is one passage in particular which will attract the attention of the whole world of letters. Our greatest philosopher carried to Chicago a piece of literary news of prime importance:

“Three years ago in London at dinner I sat beside ROBERT BROWNING, the poet. He said to me: ‘Of all the places in the world, the one which from its literary societies sends me the most intelligent and thoughtful criticisms upon my poetry is Chicago.’”

This testimony is conclusive. The witness as to Mr. BROWNING’s real opinion of Chicago criticism is unimpeachable. Dr. DEPEW’s sense of hearing is perfect, his apprehension of the exact value and meaning of words is not surpassed, his memory is as tenacious as steel, and his unsworn and even unsupported assertion of a fact is as good as gold. There can be no doubt in any mind that the late ROBERT BROWNING did indeed confide to Dr. DEPEW, under the rose and over the soup or the saddle, his intimate conviction of the superiority of the Chicago interpretation of difficult passages in BROWNING’s own poems, as compared with that supplied by any other town on the planet. This is great news for Chicago, but depressing

intelligence for Philadelphia, Boston, London, East Orange, Bristol, Chestnut Hills, Huddersfield, and many other towns on both sides of the wide Atlantic. Even Syracuse, which, in addition to making a specialty of hot breakfast cakes for the railway traveller and chloride of sodium for the continent, possesses the oldest BROWNING Club in America, is nowhere in the contest. The award is final. The laurel wreath passed up from Elysium, we may almost say from the hands of the departed poet himself, by the politeness of Dr. DEPEW, rests firmly on the brow where it belongs.

Hereafter no rendering of BROWNING, no new interpretation of his probable meaning, will be worth two cents until it has been tested and approved by the thoughtful and intelligent BROWNING critics of Chicago. This may seem harsh to ambitious students and self-complacent critics elsewhere, but so it has been decreed by the seer and the singer whose eyes are closed and whose voice is silent.

We confess that we had not always regarded Chicago's contributions to BROWNING criticism as of the supreme importance which the poet attached to them during the period when his private estimate was known only to himself and Dr. DEPEW. Perhaps we have been influenced by the sneers of jealousy and literary rivalry. No matter now. BROWNING is dead and DEPEW has spoken. We hasten to apologize to Chicago, and extend to her BROWNING Clubs our

cordial and sincere congratulations. In return, the least they can do will be to tell whether the poem called "Sordello" has a meaning, and if any, what.

Chicago's Browning Voluntaries

Every admirer of Chicago will be glad to know that even in her dithyrambic joy over the Fair she has not lost sight of those literary aspirations and that curiosity of cultivation which are represented and embodied in her DANTE Clubs, her BROWNING Societies, and her SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., Fiction Circles. While in her streets the loud hurroos of her citizens were cutting triumphantly through the smoke, and flambeaux were conquering the night, and the trombone to the cornet spoke and Mayor CREGIER to both, in Recital Hall a band of earnest women and children, aided by an occasional man, were honoring the memory and extolling the works of ROBERT BROWNING. The Rev. JENKIN LLOYD JONES presided over the service. "Is it not a good meeting," asked Brother JONES, "where the poet talks through other voices and makes the message doubly valuable?"

The message was made doubly valuable by the fact that the meeting was in part a BROWNING experience meeting. "Every other number on the programme, as Mr. JONES conducted it, "writes the BROWNING reporter of our esteemed contemporary, the *Chicago Tribune*, "was 'voluntaries.' Whoever was moved

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by the poet's spirit would speak a line, or a poem, or a quotation, long or short; and the faces of the admirers of the poet grew radiant with joy as they heard the familiar and revered words. A children's BROWNING class of about twenty-five occupied seats in the upper rows, and began the 'voluntaries' by a poem recited in chorus, for which the ladies rewarded them with rich applause. There were some recitations and musical numbers. Mrs. WILLIAM HALL sang two solos, and the Lotus Quartet gave a sailor's song."

The Rev. DAVID UTTER spoke of "The Man and His Gifts." Mr. UTTER "attributed to BROWNING a command of language equalling, if not surpassing, all who have spoken in the English tongue." This praise may seem a little strong to the Chicagoese, who can appreciate the command and force of language displayed by the Hon. CHARLES BELVIDERE FARWELL when he tries to express his opinion of the Hon. BENJAMIN HARRISON. Mr. UTTER averred that BROWNING's works could not shame their author "on the planet JUPITER." Indeed, why should they if Cook County has put its *imprimatur* on them?

Rabbi HIRSCH considered "The Poet as a Missionary." FRANK GILBERT lauded BROWNING's philosophy. Prof. BRADLEY of Evanston viewed "BROWNING as an inspirer." Both in the voluntaries and the involuntaries the celebration was rare and radiant. Particularly gratifying was the congratulation sent

by Prof. FREEMAN of the University of Wisconsin, who "confessed that, although he occupied the chair of English literature, he had been deterred from reading BROWNING until a year or two ago, but since then he has found a heaven where he expected nothing." It is pleasant to think of the crowing and clapping of hands among the children's BROWNING class of twenty-five in the upper rows, when they heard that the distinguished professor had lately joined the class. What philosopher will dare to say that in the fat and fruitful future which awaits Anemopolis, these BROWNING children may not be of more service to the development of the humane arts in her than the Auditorium, the big Orchestrion to be put in it, or even the Cannedmeateries?

The BROWNING Voluntaries should be made a part of the Great World's Fair.

Pegasus in Pound

Many students of contemporary American literature believe that Indiana is now its centre. Nowhere else in the United States is the output so rich and various in quality or so filling in quantity in proportion to population. Names like WALLACE, RILEY, TARKINGTON, MAJOR may be said to be on every lip and on many bill-boards, and there are other Indiana authors who are not much less famous and revered. What lover of American poetry does not know by heart the

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works of Mr. JAMES BYRON ELMORE of Alamo? He cultivates a farm as well as poetry. He also cultivates independence. Booksellers, those proverbial grinders of the faces of poets, are not allowed to come between him and the profits of his Muse. He sells his books from door to door. Thus he shows himself to be a true descendant of the old minstrels and rhapsodists, the travelling men of song.

Far different from them, however, he is a solid citizen. He has a stake in the soil. His itinerancy is but an avocation or a whim. His most pleasing poems, if not his greatest, are bucolic or idyllic. In the spring thousands of Hoosiers take his "Ode to Sassafras" as a delightful substitute for "Spring medicine" or (cursed?) "Sarsaparil." Read a stanza and be cheered and cured:

"In the spring of the year, when the blood is too thick,
There is nothing so rare as a sassafras stick;
It cleans up the liver and regulates the heart
And to the whole system new life doth impart.
Sassafras, oh, sassafras,
Thou art the stuff for me,
And in the spring I love to sing,
Sweet sassafras, of thee."

We defy anybody to read the last four lines without remembering them forever. They have the true haunting, magical melody. They are much better

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than any other kind of medicine. Yet in the opinion of some members of the Indianapolis ELMORE Club, "BESSIE, the Belle of Alamo," is more satisfactory. Here begins a fit:

"BESSIE, the belle of Alamo,
She never flirts with transient people
Or swings on the gate for show,
But lures by charms becoming
The Belle of Alamo."

It may be said that BESSIE, the Belle of Alamo, is necessarily a more attractive subject than sassafras, no matter what the merits of the latter may be; but isn't the poet's genius shown to better advantage in his triumph over the uninteresting theme? We are not saying that "BESSIE, the Belle of Alamo, she never flirts with transient people," is not wonderful verse, full of murmurous music and a sovereign charm for insomnia, but

"Sassafras, oh, sassafras,
Thou art the stuff for us."

The news columns of the *Indianapolis Journal* are incorrect in describing Mr. ELMORE as "best known as the poet-historian of the wreck on the Monon that so tangled up the plans of TOM MIACO'S burlesque company, the members of which were passengers on the wrecked train." It is in the poem in which that

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wreck will go down through the ages that Mr. ELMORE so impressively says:

“And in among the wreck I see
A man that’s pinned down by the knee,
And hear him calmly for to say,
‘Cut, oh, cut my leg away.’”

Mr. ELMORE will go down the ages with his “Love Under the Mistletoe and Other Poems” in his hand; and “Cut, oh, cut my leg away” is in his first and imitative manner, an unconscious reminiscence of “Take, oh, take those lips away.” Sassafras and BESSIE of Alamo are his greatest and most original works.

Prosaic and common people are too likely to have a prejudice against poets whom they call visionary and flighty. Will it be believed that Mr. ELMORE’s own brother, JAKE, is having him prosecuted for breaking the Sunday law by tapping his sugar trees on Sunday? But right beats spite. The admirers of JAMES ELMORE have no doubt that he will be vindicated. No Justice or jury will belive that so sweet a poet is obliged to tap sugar trees on Sunday or any other day.

The Singer of Sassafras

Since the lamented death of J. GORDON COOGLER of South Carolina, Mr. JAMES BYRON ELMORE of

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Alamo, Ind., has been generally accepted as the most original and unhackneyed of American poets. To have written the lines

“Sassafras, oh, sassafras,
Thou art the stuff for me,
And in the spring I love to sing,
Sweet sassafras, of thee!”

is to have taken out a policy of immortality. The appearance of a new volume from the study of the singer of sassafras is an event of universal public interest and is gratefully recorded here. Its title is “A Love in Cuba and Poems.” The prose tale, “A Love in Cuba,” we leave to the consideration of persons who are able to bear the sight of JAMES BYRON ELMORE in plain clothes and without his minstrel’s robes of purple and gold. We can imagine a tideless sea, a moon without phases, oysters without lemon juice, Tom sans Jerry, BRYAN without speech; but we cannot and will not think of the COOGLER of Crown Hill without the laurel and the harmonicon. His portrait shows the meditative, artistic, poetic eye, somewhat like that of Fra ANGELICO in SIGNORELLI’S fresco in Orvieto Cathedral. The nose is straight, well proportioned, in good measure, the nose of the sharp seizer of all the perfume of the world. The mustache is deep, heavy, vibrant, like the music of its proprietor. The ear is small, finely moulded, a receiver of melodies and harmonies.

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In short, his every physical trait shows as clearly as his every best-known intellectual trait has shown that he is a maker and singer. "A Love in Cuba" may be the highest flight of the fiction of the century. Without regret we turn away from it to the truly ELMOREAN lines on "Tumble Weed or Tickle Grass":

"Now the mound is moving upwards
From its hasty occupants,
And a tuft is moving upward
In the hunter's buckskin pants.
He will grasp it in his fingers,
For it tickles as it crawls;
In his fright he does not linger,
For his heart does then appall."

Contrast with the fine simplicity of this or of

"If you want some pictures taken
That are good and that will stay,
Don't forget the fine art gallery;
There they make them every day."

the large majesty of "An Apostrophe to Ocean":

"How canst thou all these myriads keep,
And feed the nautilus in the deep,
The narwhal of the Arctic shore,
The sea lion with his awful roar,
And many a fowl and sea-flown bird
That brave COLUMBUS led and lured?"

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COLUMBUS was not braver than the rhyme of the last two lines. More in the manner of WILLIAM BARNES of Dorsetshire is "The Country Fair," one stanza of which we cannot refrain from giving:

"Once the Poland China hog
Had spots about of white,
But now he's round just like a log,
And black as pitch at night;
He has almost a perfect form,
As good as I have seen;
He is my pet upon the farm,
And makes the money teem."

At the Farmers' Institute Mr. ELMORE pays the automobile this superb compliment:

"And now we ride without a sound
In a carriage with rubber tire;
'Tis equal to Elijah's bound
Heav'nward in a chariot of fire."

The sweet breath of nature is odorous in almost every one of Mr. ELMORE'S poems. As you read

"Come with me and we will ramble
In the wold which nature tunes;
See the children play and scramble,
Hunting edible mushrooms,"

it is difficult to resist the temptation to kick away the inkstand, put on your hat and rush outdoors. A

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remarkable book; and we are especially pleased by a photograph showing Mr. ELMORE in the act of reading his verses called "The Monon Wreck" to a group of poetry lovers at Hemlock Lodge. In the group is the Hon. C. B. LANDIS, Representative in Congress of the Ninth Indiana district. His noble face is all attention, but it is sad to see so ample an abdomen on a friend of the Muses.

The Anacreon of Alamo

When we signed a contract to read nothing but the works of Indiana authors for thirteen years, the magnitude of the task was not fully known to us or we might have been appalled. There are legions of Indiana writers. Indeed, every Hoosier village has its poet, its novelist, its "dialect story man," its historian and its critic; and many of these never take their hands away from the typewriter, a machine which is more to Indiana than harp, organ, piano, mandolin, banjo, spade, shovel, hoe, rake, planter and harvester. Yet the labor we delight in physics pain. Flowers of compensation spring up along our path by the Wabash. Kindly faces greet us. We hear hymns and sweet sonnets arising. And if the Hon. GEORGE WASHINGTON SAYLER takes us down to Tartarus in "SKID and I," the Hon. JAMES BYRON ELMORE, "Sassafras" ELMORE, lifts us to the empyrean on his flying machine. It is an honor to get this letter and its precious

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enclosures from that lord of loftiest song that o'er
the others like an eagle flies:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: I am putting out a new book and will send you one as soon as out. It will be a beauty; I am sure you will like it. I thought that THE SUN was named for its shedding of light, so I have written the following lines which I send to you in honor of your most valuable paper.

“JAMES B. ELMORE.

“Alamo, Ind., August 21.”

We know the new book will be a beauty and we like it already. We were born to like it; and as we plod along at our daily chore and stent, inexpressibly cheering are the words that come to us from Alamo. And why should we be more modest than the modesty of nature? When a “son of lightning, fair and fiery star” like JAMES BYRON ELMORE, gleams and flashes at us, shall we not acknowledge the compliment with thanks? List, oh, list:

“THE SUN upon the world doth shine.
It lubricates like sparkling wine
And casts its light o'er sheens of gold;
It draws the mind like rubies old;
It is the essence of joy and light
And fills the heart with things bedight;
It is a lamp unto the souls
And gleams with treasure to the goal.

Weird and strange it finds me late
Peering still through the Golden Gate.
Gleaming and sparkling from its height
Its streams of beauty adorn the night
And leave to earth a treasure fine.
I love to drink its precious wine.
It passes on still o'er the sea,
And yet its treasure is left with me.
Long live thy light, O shining orb!
Thy work is for a thirsting horde.

“JAMES BYRON ELMORE.

“Alamo, August 21.

“P. S. Think not the muses with vanity swell,
They only sing and do it well.”

Now we begin to be as proud as SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother, would have been if she had had the luck to be alive when BEN JONSON built her into rhyme. Mr. ELMORE is not as exact as he usually is, however, in saying that our “work is for the thirsting horde.” We shine on, and for the just and the unjust, and work for the Dry and the Wet. But away with these merely personal reflections. Come ROMEO, come JULIET. Mr. ELMORE sings “The One I Love”:

“I love a girl nice and sweet:
She's a pudding I could eat;
She's the apple of my eye;
I could kiss her on the sly.

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“She is like a rosebud gay;
She is but a flower of May;
She has stole’ my aching heart —
I felt it throbbing to depart.

“She, sweet darling, young and true,
Soon returned and claimed me too.
She so queen-like and sublime
Soothes a loving heart like mine.”

The proudest she in Christendom might deem it an honor and a pleasure to soothe such a heart. We wait impatiently for the book of puddings and apples. If our health continues to behave itself, we mean to gather rosebuds while we may and remember the Alamo.

The Long Island Laureate

Time is an ass. The mathematicians calculate that MARK TWAIN is 67. The Innocents were causing alarm along the Mediterranean in '67. Our failure in that expedition was the Poet lariat, and in thirty-five years we have corroborated that opinion and predilection. Our amiable and honored old friend, BLOODGOOD H. CUTTER, known to glory and affection as the Long Neck Lyrist, the Farmer Poet, the Long Island Laureate, continues to be a maker and singer. S. MARK of Hannibal is more gifted in the matter of hair and plays a better game of billiards;

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but as a zitharist, a smiter of the curving lyre, he is but a boy compared to our CUTTER. TWAIN can make speeches. CUTTER can make verse *Trahit sua quemque voluptas*; everybody has his own way of amusing himself.

We like to see the architecture of a man's life regular and not composite, to find the voice obeyed at eve, obeyed at prime. Now Mr. CUTTER has bought the old court-house building and put forth a plan for turning it into an old ladies home. We can't help borrowing a stanza or two:

“The court house building that I bought,
To preserve that I think we ought;
It is a relic of the past,
A long time, too, I think will last.

“It is a building firm and strong,
And shingled, too, last very long.
'Bout forty rooms it does contain,
Many in it they could sustain.

“To ladies, dear, I will suggest,
A plan, then, if they think it best
To have here an old ladies' home,
When destitute can freely come.”

The old instinct and the old forms! TWAIN is a child of 67. CUTTER is a youth of 85. A long time, too, we think, will he last. We expect to find him

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writing at 95. If he has given it up at 105, we shall be surprised and disappointed.

The Author of "Mary Had a Little Lamb"

The most familiar poems, those of the reading-book and the school speaker, the verses that are learned in childhood and linger in the memory of old age, are essentially anonymous. Many of them are the productions of men and women otherwise obscure or known to fame only as the authors of those pieces. Poetry of a high artistic sort, with the ethereal and indefinable charm of much of SHELLEY'S and KEATS'S and of some of the choruses in SWINBURNE'S "ATLANTA in Calydon," for example, is treasured in comparatively few minds. Verses of a much humbler sort are known to millions of people and belong substantially, both by their popular nature and by the extent of their diffusion, to folk-poetry. Many of them are everybody's and nobody's. It is no wonder that disputes as to their authorship arise, even in the case of poems of modern date. Inventions and discoveries seem to be made almost simultaneously by a number of persons. Why shouldn't the same thing be true of our poetical finders, our troubadours and *trouvères*? Besides, it is said to be common for a poet to have a feeling that the verse he has just composed is old, centuries old; that he has read or heard it somewhere. So a poet who reads verses that he likes and would like

to have written may come to believe that he did write them. We suggest to Mrs. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX that this is a satisfactory explanation of certain idiosyncrasies of Col. JOHN A. JOYCE.

Now, if we all had to stand up, as many of us used to have to stand up in school or Sunday school and "say" a verse, what verse or poem would drop from the lips of most of us? Hard to say. Some of Mother GOOSE's melodies, perhaps, or "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." But we are by no means sure that "MARY Had a Little Lamb," wouldn't stand at the head of the poll. It would surely be near the head. The poetry is pretty well banged out of most of us as we grow up or down, but this idyll of MARY and the Little Lamb is hard to forget. In the Stock Exchange and the stock yards, where little lambs are welcome, the poem must be remembered. Testy old fellows have it filed away somewhere on the bottom shelf of their consciousness. We are much mistaken if it is not the favorite poem in Kansas City and a thousand other cities. It has been translated into nobody knows how many languages. It may be called a universal poem. Naturally its authorship is "claimed" for this man and that woman. In other words, MARY and her little companion bound in lambskin have reached the dignity of anonymity and universality. Like the purse, the poem: 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands. In these springlike days in

the country are the little chaps and lasses singing in rings:

“On the carpet here we stand, (*thrice*)
On the carpet here we stand:
Take your true love by the hand,
Give her a kiss and send her away,
And tell her to come some other day.”

Who wrote it? Who wrote “Oats, peas, beans and barley grow, barley grow, barley grow?” and a hundred other ditties? To such honor “MARY Had a Little Lamb” is come. Everybody wrote it; nobody wrote it. Tale after tale unfolds, recounting with admirable particularity the circumstances under which the work was written. But we see no reason to doubt the assertion of a competent authority, ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON, who takes the orthodox view. In an article in the *Philadelphia Ledger* she describes the career of Mrs. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE, a New Hampshire woman who was for forty years an editor of a once famous publication *Godey's Lady Book*, and is vaguely familiar to us oldsters. Here is the story:

“In 1827, Dr. LOWELL MASON was induced to lend his musical talents to Boston, and while there gave especial attention to the training of children in vocal music, this being the first attempt to introduce singing lessons into the public schools. In order to make his singing lessons attractive, Dr. MASON requested Mrs. HALE and other writers to furnish him

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with verses suited to the capacity of children and of a kind to interest them. In response to this request Mrs. HALE, ever ready to lend a hand in any good work, composed a series of little poems for children, which were set to music by Dr. MASON and sung in the schools of Boston, and afterward throughout the country. Among these were the well-known

‘If ever I see, on bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,’

and the world famous ‘MARY’S Lamb.’ Even if this latter and best known poem were not founded upon an incident in the writer’s own childish experience, it was unquestionably inspired by her familiarity with and her affection for domestic animals.”

Mrs. HALE was a novelist, a philanthropist, the friend and advocate of a national Thanksgiving, the enemy of “lady” and partisan of “woman.” She did much in her long, useful life (1788-1879); but “MARY Had a Little Lamb” is her best remembered achievement. So fantastic is Fate. And MARY’S “Lamb” is not allowed to rest quietly in its owner’s flock. Thieves break into that fold and steal. Such is the penalty of writing a popular poem.

Eeny, Meeny Poetry

Now when the windows are up, toward nightfall, you may hear some of the wonderful, mysterious and far-diffused poetry of childhood, the works of Eeny,

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Meeny school, chanted by lively young rhapsodists.
For example, the classic

“Eeny, meeny, miny, mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers, let him go,
Eeny, meeny, miny, mo.”

There are variants such as “If he asks to let him go,
Make him holler ‘Miny mo!’ ” Invention is not absolutely dead in the case of these hallowed counting-out rhymes, to our thinking among the most curious products of the human mind and possessing in their frequent unintelligibility, their deformation of phrases or words once having a meaning, and their strange refrains, the characteristics of ancient and even magical song. Obviously they are built up from the refrain, and so they are very near to the origin of poetry as some writers see it. And they are much more filling and satisfactory than most of the more aspiring and sophisticated verse. They stick to the memory like leeches. How can we forget such a masterpiece as

“Eeny, meny, mony, mi,
Tusker, liner, boner, stri,
Huldy, gurdy, boo!”

The “boo!” comes out like a cannon ball. The collectors and students of this hide-and-seek poetry

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have a wide and pleasant field; and all their labors, like those of the masters of the vast wealth of popular tales and ballads, throw a brilliant light upon the essential unity in diversity of the human race.

MISS ELEANOR BROOKS PEARSON of the Stanford University, an amateur of children's games, has been hearing the Indianapolis children count-out, and comparing their rhymes with the older versions. Take this vigorous reading of a noble poem:

“One-ery, two-ery, ickery ANN,
Phillison, phollison, NICHOLAS, JOHN;
Quevy, quavy, English navy,
Stinkum, stankum, buck!”

The final line may be a little too SWIFT-like, but what a rattling gait the stanza has! The American version is an improvement upon the English original quoted by Miss PEARSON:

“Winnery, ory, accory, ham,
Phillisy, phollisi, NICHOLAS, jam,
Queby, quorby, Irish MARY,
Stickory, sank, sock!”

Phillison, phollison, NICHOLAS, JOHN: we are almost ready to back that line against any other in the language. From what wellhead come these mighty bucketfuls of sound? And here, in what is called

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“the most popular jingle of all” in Indiana, LEWIS CARROLL seems to be speaking:

“Eeny, meeny, miny, mo, crackafeeny, finy, fo;
Opitoojer, popitoojer, rick, bick, ban, do.”

Opitoojer, popitoojer—O, the grand words! Where do the children get 'em? In Louisiana the jingles have equally grand words, such as “ominoucha,” “popitoucha,” words with a bewitching, bedevilling suggestion of bayous, alligators, and the KALEVALA-HIAWATHA metre. In other parts of the South there are such treasures as “appaloochee,” “popatoochee,” which sound remarkably like the names of Alabama rivers. From the Pacific Coast, Miss PEARSON brings this chant, “altogether unknown in the East,” worthy to be known everywhere:

“Ching, Chong, Chinaman,
How do you sell your fish?
Ching, Chong, Chinaman,
Six bits a dish;
Ching, Chong, Chinaman
Oh, that is too dear;
Ching, Chong, Chinaman,
Clear right out of here!”

Michigan is said to be the parent of this alliterative quatrain:

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“Boilika, bublika, devil-a-pot,
Boilika, bublika, hellika, lot;
Boil black blood of big black man,
Boilika, bublika, Kuklux Klan.”

This seems somewhat artificial, conscious and mature. It is scarcely up to the standard of the Eeny, Meeny school.

The Senator and the Hymns

We like to think of the Hon. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR as a sort of college of the humaner letters. He is about the last of the old-fashioned lawyers, the men who loved literature and history, were deep in the Year Books and the old reports, with a relish for all the antiquarian and strange lore of their profession. They quoted CICERO and HORACE, were strong in English poetry, and had an imaginative and a sympathetic touch and taste denied to most of the bigger money-making lawyers, essentially men of business, of to-day. Since the death of his kinsman, Mr. EVARTS, Mr. HOAR is the most notable representative of a brilliant type, the kind of lawyer that Mr. SHERIFF SCOTT, for instance, would have been glad to sit up all night with.

Various knowledges have soaked into Mr. HOAR; the phrase is homely, but expresses tolerably a thorough, unconscious and unpriggish cultivation. One of his specialties is hymns. He could “line out” with

any clerk or parson that ever lived, and pour you forth hymns as copiously as the late Dr. FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE used to pour out German poetry. As a Puritan and a Yankee of the straitest descent and sect, Mr. HOAR loves the old-fashioned hymns. They are almost a document of genealogy to the true New Englander. He can't pass a buryin' graound without hearing that cheerful lay of "China," "Hark, from the tombs, a doleful sound, mine ears, attend the cry!" The bare, white, green-blinded meetin' haouse, the stiff pews, the thick, squatty, shabby hymn books, the oblong, dog-eared song books with the music; the lazy clock that never reminded the painful preacher that time was short and his "discourse" intolerably long; the "sheds" where the rude forefathers of the hamlet ate their mince pie and cheese and tempered criticism of the sermon with swappin' horses; the buzzing of the flies and murmur of the palm-leaf fans; the shiny glacial summit of the deacon in his dress coat; the girl three pews ahead to the left whom you couldn't keep your eyes off; the kick in the shins or jab with a pin given or taken — well, we may be sure that when Mr. HOAR hears a hymn he is a boy again in the meetin' haouse in Concord. And "Federal Street" is not a street to him. It's a tune.

He knows the hymns, good, bad and indifferent, the metres, long, short, common and particular. He is deep in the Bay Psalm Book, STERNHOLD and HOP-

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KINS, TATE and BRADY, "WATTS and select," as well as the work of more artistic singers like HERBERT and KEBLE. He is good authority on hymns, and the opinion which he gave in a letter read at the woman suffrage festival in Boston the other night has weight:

"Is there anything more cheap and vulgar than the national anthem of our English brethren, 'God save the King'?"

"O Lord, our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all!"

"England, I hope, knows better now. But she has acted on that motto for a thousand years."

The words of "God Save the King" are feverish and foolish enough, considered as literature, but the spirit of them is Old Testament commination, of the patriotic aspiration, of the national feeling of every people. "Hurrah for ourselves and damn our enemies": so we might translate crudely, but essentially, every national hymn. England will have to fall lower than her worst enemies expect before she will cease to "act on that motto." When patriotism is supplanted by world-patriotism, then order your ascension robe.

The tune counts and the words are nothing. The

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Rev. Dr. SMITH's words to that same tune, here called "America," are poor stuff as poetry. There is no heaven-born genius in Mr. KEY's "O, say, can you see?" and the main merit of "Yankee Doodle" is that it is the only tune that some ears can swear to. The force and value of these national airs are found in the lines. How many of us know two stanzas or even one stanza of the "Star-Spangled Banner"? Yet the songs are as representative in their way as the flag is. The history and the hopes of the American people, all they have been and are and will be, the national solidarity and pride, are in those familiar airs. The emotion of a whole nation is latent in them. In times of peril they will move crowds to tears. However deficient as poetry, they are the symbols of an irresistible sentiment and they transcend all poetry in their appeal to the national imagination. Almost doggerel, if you choose, but doggerel with heroic and epic potentialities.

So with many religious hymns, writ with little skill of songcraft, simple of thought, ragged of rhyme, justly subject to the contempt of TRIGGS; but they have a noble or pathetic meaning to many of us. Some quiet corner of our youth lives in them still. They speak to multitudes the sacred language of faith and hope. Poor poetry, some of them, but tremendous symbols.

Splendor and Poetry in Chicago

The Charity Ball in Chicago is brilliant, not merely as a fashionable and eleemosynary occasion; it is endeared to all lovers of poetical description and romantic poesy. Mr. SYLVANUS F. BILL, the poet of the Auditorium, emerges once a year from that too strictly preserved retirement in which he has long been engaged in writing a poetical directory of Cook county and fills the *Inter-Ocean* with the splendor of pageantry and the honey of music. The Chicago Charity Ball of 1895 was held at the Auditorium on last Thursday night, and Mr. BILL described it with his usual wealth of adjectives and luxuriance of passion. His exordium was full of might and magnificence:

“Like a grim, impenetrable fortress of mediæval times the Auditorium looked before the moon swung out like a silver lamp in the midnight sky, and cast around the gray tower and austere walls the soft, transforming tissue of its woven beams. Far out over the frozen waters of the lake gazed the deep windows from under their arched brows of fluted stone, as the great monument of Chicago’s power flung out a challenge to the Eastern world. High in air, the tower, like a mighty forefinger, was pressed upon the changing pulse of Boreas, while the quick voice of the telegraph reported the condition of the weather to the listening town.

“Clouds hung like a frown upon the building’s granite brow, but its heart was filled with melody and beating with

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human sympathy and kindness. The Charity Ball was on! And as the music swirled on through the great arches, twinkling with the lights that jewel the roof, and fluttering like bright-plumaged birds among the boxes of ivory and gold, the feet of the mimic armies advancing and retreating fell into rhyme, young voices into sweeter cadences, the scowl on the face of the bending sky melted in laughter, and as the hours with golden feet slipped by,

“‘Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the beautiful stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.’”

Mr. BILL, too, swirled in music through the great arches, twinkled and fluttered, and advanced in cadence. We seem to see his eyes glittering beneath fluted eyebrows, and his pencil press like a mighty forefinger upon the paper that throbs with the quick-coming thoughts. As he whirls like a strain through the south tunnel, we hear with him “the words of the poet-architect of the building:

“‘The utterance of life is a psalm,
The symphony of nature.’”

The jewels flash, the laces glitter. The great procession comes:

“Stately dowagers in velvet gowns, with white hair piled high under diamond tiaras, and debutantes with diaphonous

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draperies, soft locks brushed back from untroubled brows, and a rose tucked over one pretty ear; Youth and Age, meeting and courtesying, and when the solid line broke up and swept in small detachments into the graceful combination of the dance, it was like the shattering of a rainbow or the sudden separating of a mosaic, whose parts, fitting into an exquisite and harmonious whole, were yet complete as single jewels.

“Palmetto leaves from the bayous of the South, palms from the islands of the Indies, were knotted with orange-colored taffeta cloth of the Orient; but did not need tropical foliage to suggest the beauties of Araby. Dark eyes and midnight tresses were there, and girls as fair as the *peri* who stood at the gates of paradise.”

The Hon. N. K. FAIRBANK goes by with simple but beautiful side whiskers, such as CUPID or a young angel would be glad to have for wings. Peris of paradise and naiads of the lake-side pass by in bright ranks and to stately measures. Supper is had, and now comes the inevitable end, thinking whereof the Hon. SYLVANUS F. BILL is splashed as to his tender nose with drops of vague regret:

“The lights in the windows of the town pale into day; the dancers of the night sink into sleep; the brilliancy and charm of the Charity Ball are a dream of the past, and

“In frost-broidered garments the hushed earth is swaying
Out in the firmament’s cradle of blue,
And now are the daughters of Music essaying
‘For the God-child, Creation, a slumber song new.’”

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The poem has been written and the proof has been read, but the first flushes of the dawn illuminate the pensive lineaments of SYLVANUS F. BILL as he sits by the great rose-window in the eighth story of the *Inter-Ocean* building. The pajamas of blue and gold glitter in the first smiles of the morn. The ivory slippers on the poetic feet in the casement are touched with a tender glow. The tired elevator boy is softened. The newsboys point with reverence to the window where SYLVANUS F. BILL is dreaming, his red Turkish night-cap pulled over his godlike waste of brow. It is sunrise in Chicago!

The Social Prince of the West

Is the social sceptre of the West passing away from Chicago? The glittering halls of the Auditorium, to celebrate which the *Inter-Ocean* keeps a specialist at an enormous salary (for Chicago), have seen many gorgeous social events, and the Garden City newspapers break out with fearful and wonderful eczemas of illustration on the day after the gorgeous events occur. We all know the inspiration of the Chicago reporters, and the mystic lists of "Messrs. and Mesdames." Chicago put much earnest thought and print into her social chronicles, and there was a time when we should have said that she was the social woolly queen. But we have now heard from Detroit, and our opinion is changed. On last Thursday night Detroit

had a Charity Ball. On Friday morning our esteemed contemporary, the *Detroit Free Press*, published an account, written by its own staff of poets and historians, of this interesting function. It was splendid and it was uncommonly "tasty":

"In the outset it was a success from a financial view, because of the very large attendance; secondly, from the artistic view, because of the splendor of costumes and of feminine beauty, and of the tasty arrangement of the decorations; thirdly, from the view of the social princes and princesses, because of the thoroughly cosmopolitan atmosphere which marked the evening's festivities — nobody envied his neighbor, for all were too earnestly bent on having a good time."

To describe the "tasty" forms and features of the social princesses is a tough job, and the syndicate of poets and chroniclers give it up. But the clothes can be heard distinctly:

"The beauty of the ladies was fairly indescribable. It was almost above description. It was rich, varied, healthful, and animated, with the coloring and sparkle of care-free brains and happy souls. It was admirably set off by the richest of brocades and satins and silks, cut in the latest modes, and worn in a manner that at once challenged the attention and admiration of the beholder. Then their grace, their vivacity, their admirable self-poise and good-nature — all of these helped to make up the essence of their beauty, and that beauty

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it was, the presence of which crowned the success of the evening."

To be happy, "tasty," care-free, beautiful, and to wear challenge clothes, what more could fortune send even to the varied and healthful social princesses of the City of the Straits? And the men in their unpretending but cosmopolitan way were not unworthy of their station as social princes. "The gentlemen will, of course, need a word or two of commendation; they were devoted, gallant admirers, present to anticipate every wish, to bestow every necessary attention, and they did their parts well." Whether the attire of the men challenged admiration and attention we are not told. The attempt of one of the social princes of Detroit to introduce scarlet waistcoats and green silesia shirts has, we are informed, been discountenanced by conservative Detroit princes. But there was no need of glorious raiment on the part of the princes. It was a great night for Detroit, even without redness of vest:

"The dancing was good, the absence of the unskilled and awkward was most marked, and precision and grace were the rule. The scene at 10 P.M., when the festivities were at their highest, was as of a beautiful panorama of color, of flashing eyes and rapidly moving figures. *The lights cast their shadows before and behind, and their weird and restless tossing and swaying to and fro as they followed the movements of their*

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creators wrought in the fancy a picture of supernatural, splendid gayety.

“The guests began to arrive as early as 8.30 o’clock. Half an hour later they were streaming in and filling the reception rooms and hallways with their expressions of friendly greeting and conversations. About this time the orchestra commenced an overture, which was followed by three other opening numbers, the guests meanwhile entering the hall and taking their seats or moving slowly about the room in pleasurable anticipation of what was to come. Half an hour later the opening number, a waltz (the promenade was dispensed with), *was begun, and in a moment the canvassed floor was a whirling maze of dancers.*”

We will bet a daric to a dime that Ilium, Persepolis, Palmyra, Babylon, Nineveh, let alone Chicago, never had a canvassed floor that was a whirling maze of dancers, or saw such weird and restless tossing, such supernatural, splendid gayety. And then the decorations were sweet and truly festal. Simulacra of Japanese umbrellas were used with beautiful results:

“Three representations of the Japanese umbrella hung from the centre line of the ceiling lengthwise to the room. They were made of white bunting, with ribs and wires of pink tissue paper, in small ribbons, and an edging of green laurel leaves; from the centre, to which the wires radiated, branched a cluster of yellow incandescent lights; where each rib touched the rim it met a yellow light, and from the very peak inside hung three lights which shone through red globes. The umbrellas

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were separated each from the other by fine strings of fine cut pink paper, which arched across from one gallery summit to the other. The gallery pillars were wrapped with white painted canvas, and encircled spirally by strings of laurel. The gallery edge was draped with white bunting, and long strings of laurel stretched from end to end, crossing and forming shield-shaped spaces, these in turn filled in with wreaths. From the upper portion of each wreath sprung upward an arch of white bunting with laurel edges. The flags of the nations hung on the outside above the wreaths. Commencing at the summit of the arches and projecting outward twelve feet were long sheets of bunting and strings of leaves which filled in an otherwise vacant space lengthwise of the room."

What but the indescribable beauty of Detroit could have borne up in the refreshment room, which "had a yellow effect"? Yet in that yellow café were our old friends, seen and heard now so seldom, the groaning tables:

"Though they had stout legs these tables groaned beneath the weight of choice eatables which, through the agency of a corps of light-footed colored waiters, eventually found their way to the palates of the guests. The supper room was opened at 11 o'clock, and was constantly patronized thereafter. Many began leaving the ball at 12 o'clock, and at two the hall was nearly deserted."

Deserted? Ah, no. The taste of the tasty arrangements, the smell of the choice eatables, the grace of

the gallant cavaliers will not desert those halls, those glittering and tasty halls. This Charity Ball of Detroit will long be famous in the records of the Social Princely Society of Detroit; and where is old Chicago now?

The Auditorium Poet

If there are persons who care for neither grand opera nor grand poetry, to such we do not now speak. We address those who love both, whose souls burst into flame at the great word that sings itself, or is sung by a person employed at a large salary for that purpose. The discovery of a poet doesn't happen every day, and when it happens, due record of the fact should be made. The poet now discovered, or rather re-discovered by us, is SYLANVUS F. BILL of Chicago, long known in the West as the Auditorium Poet. For seven or eight years Mr. BILL was the special poet and staff singer of our earnest contemporary, the *Inter-Ocean*. In a noble poetic prose whose free neck bore no degrading collar of metre he sang of the Michigan Gothic chairs of the Auditorium and the palaces of Prairie avenue, the coming of great actors or singers, the opening of ice-cream emporiums, or whatever other event in the impetuous life of that metropolis moved him to song. He was the greatest of occasional poets. Then, like WARING in Mr. BROWNING's poem, he disappeared. We don't know whether illness or travel

or long, lonely meditation has occupied his later days. Enough that he has returned, bringing sheaves with him. The first article in the northeast corner of the first page of the *Inter-Ocean* of last Tuesday revealed the Auditorium poet in his best form. The lions were full of passion and pæan, and SAPPHO singing with the nightingale. Eagles and pin wheels, Roman vistas and Roman candles, pinions and paradises, pops and gurgles; why, the man never made a louder report. It was the real stuff. The first chant is this:

“The battlement that crests the Auditorium tower was lost in the arcana of the night, but through the brilliantly illuminated arch-casements at its base flowed a stream of people. It was the inaugural of the third season of Grand Opera in this palace of the people, and the lenten time gave no shadow of its presence as forbidding gayety in a royal service of song. An endless chain of carriages rolled within the bands of light, and left beneath the long crystal porte-cochère that spread like a great wing over the pavement the chivalry, the loveliness, and the plainer but more potential factors that are prominent in the throbbing life of Chicago. If the scene without was interesting as seen in the half-lights and darkening shadows, it was intensely fascinating as it burst forth in the full bloom in the brilliantly lighted corridors, and the long vista of the foyer. The scene in the body of the house renewed again the roseate visions of past glory, as the long line of boxes filled with fashion, and the great parquet, took life, and the sweep of the vast balcony became animate with faces. Even the more modest gallery, and equally interesting ceiling-

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piercing family circle, were crowded with those who came to enjoy the music for itself alone, as it came sweeping upward through golden arches from the trumpet shaped proscenium."

If Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD were alive to see this unmistakable specimen of the grand style he would make a palinode to Chicago. Then Mr. BILL delivered little poems fully equal to the masterpieces we have quoted. The audience, he said, was "just like a great big white rose." It was "a huge garden of living beauty," "a flower of an audience that gratified, though it surprised, the onlookers from the East." The opera was "FAUST." For the next night the opera was "CARMEN." Could Mr. BILL equal his first great verse? People waited feverishly for Wednesday's papers; and Wednesday's chant, compared with Tuesday's, was as chloroform and fire compared with dish water:

"The witching lamps of nightfall again blazed *Salve* above the arched entrance of the Auditorium; again the stately parade and the procession of the people passes through the portals, and lends life to the imposing picture within. Not as ultra-fashionable possibly as the audience of the first night, but quite as imposing and dignified in all the substantial elements that give Chicago a proud preëminence among the great centres of the world, the vast assembly again gave the signet of its appreciation to the season."

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Be good enough to nose these garlands for the *Carmen* of the evening:

“She comes from the south of France, but the winds that drift over the Pyrenees must have given her something of the Spanish ease to illumine the creation of a character flexible and fascinating with the siren element in song, the tigress in action. In personal appearance she fills the eye; tall, dignified, svelte, sumptuous in figure, she has a picturesque, graceful carriage, with a trace of orientalism in life movement. Her chin is well-defined as Hebe’s, features clean-cut and remarkably mobile, a mouth small, with a Cupid’s bow in curve, and wonderful eyes, dark as night, that fill with fine fire, dilating with passionate intensity of emotion, furnishing a remarkable range of expression to a beautiful and characteristic face.”

Mr. BILL crosses to the French side of the Pyrenees to inform us that *Carmen* “captured the audience *cœur et main*.” We leave Mr. SYLVANUS F. BILL with his foot on the base of the Pyrenees, and his wing and scream above their boldest summit.

Dithyramb Dick in the Very Heart of Music’s Capital

The other day we had the honor of introducing to a grateful public a poet of fire and tears, an authentic maker and singer, the Hon. RICHARD J. HAMILTON, “Dithyramb DICK,” of the *Hagerstown Mail*. Even in the too brief anthology which we published, the

splendor of his multi-colored Muse was evident. His poetic fever is not tertian or quartan or intermittent. It is permanent. Most poets have their bad days and their good days. Their inspiration is irregular and sporadic. They cannot work by the week, the day, or even the hour. Dithyramb DICK can. He does. Every number of the fortunate newspaper of which he is the editor contains poems freed from the shackle and crank of metre, but poems none the less or rather all the more; poems that fly and sing. He writes poetry as methodically as ANTHONY TROLLOPE wrote prose. Probably he is unconscious of his gifts. He doesn't cackle every time he has a new poem. He doesn't flutter and cluck as some song birds do; as Mr. EDWIN MARKHAM, for example, clucks and flutters over that dreary old nest-egg, "The Man with the Hoe." DICK gets out his paper and his poetry, goes to bed like any other regular citizen, and is not kept awake by the sparkling of his aureole. Societies have been formed for the study of the works of poets not half so meritorious.

To-day it is our happiness to go with Dithyramb DICK while he plays the part of a musical critic. But why say "plays the part"? He is music, and music is he. The poetry of sound and the sound of poetry are two lovely berries growing on one stem. Organ and flute, soprano and basso, harmony and melody, are but sympathetic and complimentary forms of Dithy-

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ramb DICK. Come in with him, then, to the entertainment given by the New York Ladies' Trio at the Hagerstown Academy. Miss CARLLSMITH, the contralto soloist, is singing — or is it Dithyramb DICK?

“Her personal charms and attractiveness of manner are auxiliary hosts of might, and her bright smiles are of truly poetic haunting fervor. She pleased all who heard and saw her, a double charm not of the Macbethian witch savor, but of the Titinian realm where love and light and melody dwell forever more. A skilled musician of such a height of art as rarely heard equalled here, Miss CARLLSMITH is nevertheless a student always and a modest worshipper at the shrine of art. She sees the Parnassian hills crowned with the golden bees of Hymettus, and she climbs on up in the golden reaches of her great voice as gracefully as a swallow sheers the liquid air, and does it all with a becoming unostentatious modesty that will not leave her even when crowned, as we hope she may be, the regnant queen of song.”

So hope we all of us, but for the moment we can have eyes and voice only for Dithyramb DICK climbing on up in the golden reaches and sheering the liquid air. He is the god of the Parnassian hills, the regnant king of song. And now he is going to the opera of “IOLANTHE.” There his trembling strings are touched, and all the music in him begins to play and sing:

“Melodic curves of divine intensity vaulted aloft, mirroring the perturbations of music's soul and painting the struggle for

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subliminal expression upon the airy fabric of voice dreams. Ecstatically, yet orderly, the chorus rang its accompaniment, dashing the serene waves of its cloud-capt visions right up to the ultimate bars of human reach. The audience was sympathetic and enrapt, hanging with dramatic fervor to the meticulous inspiration of the passionate verve of the sinuous yet irresistibly direct and coördinate harmonies, which passed oft the ivory gates and scored their triumphs in the very heart of music's capital."

Serene waves, cloud-capt visions, ultimate bars, meticulous inspiration, passionate verve, coördinate harmonies, Dithyramb Dick! Now, grander, sadder, sweeter than before comes the final and consummate strophe:

"Surging about them was the glory of the chorus and through all ran the ceaseless diapason of illimitable seas up-yearning to harmonic heights, with under-murmur of far innumerable birds in immemorial song; and yet above, ever and anon, the haunting lilt of seraphic melodies that danced and foamed on the topmost crest, and flared in fine purity of utter flames."

The Hon. RICHARD J. HAMILTON is the revolving light that flares across the illimitable seas of song. He is the ceaseless diapason. He is the murmur of innumerable birds and a bird of innumerable murmurs.

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Fall Concert in Pilduzer Park

It is our duty to try to check once more the torrent of visitors that is rushing into Hagerstown. Their enthusiasm is praiseworthy, but it is inconvenient. Yesterday was Springfield Day, and 1,144 pilgrims, headed by Gen. SAMBO BOWLES, perhaps the most illustrious disciple of Dithyramb DICK, presented an address to that prince of poets. When nearly 1,200 persons go to the Maryland shrine from a comparatively small city, the multitudes now treading on one another's hides and the grass in Pilduzer Park are easily imagined. It is our advice to all DICKITES, whether they are members of DICK clubs and societies or not, to keep away from Hagerstown for the present. It seems impossible that the crowd should not thin out by late spring.

Meanwhile do not disturb the master as so many thoughtless and intrusive admirers are doing. Do not vex him in his bower in Pilduzer Park where he meditates the perfect song. "Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon nightly dew fed," it mellows, trembles, falls. The squirrel forgets his cache. The sparrow and the cat listen delightedly. The jackass in the paddock emits his longest, sweetest note. The man with the scarlet poll and uncompromising chin beard who is sweeping the path weeps visibly and swallows a section of navy plug in his vain effort to hide his agita-

tion. The master has rubbed the lamp, the slaves obey:

“The autumnal air, vibrant and potent, comes marching over the yellowed and wan grasses with the rustle of aërial chariots — at first slow, then quickened as with sportive engagement it meshes the late and shivering flowers with intricate enlacery of frost; soon it lifts itself on wider wing and wrings from the orchard trees a storm of red and golden apples, and then with vehement pinion, lean and alacritous, it rushes into the dulling forests and stirs the heavy oaks to resonantal hymns.”

The driver of the mail cart smiles from out the intricate enlacery of his frosty “Galloway sluggers.” The park laborer wrings the red storm of his chin, wet with honest brine. Vibrant and potent, the chariots of the Funkstown and Shoatesburg trolley line come marching. With vehement pinion, lean and alacritous, the black and midnight crow rushes into the dulling forests of Pilduzer Park and stirs the heavy croaks to resonantal hymns. Here begins another fit:

“It showers through all animate creation its keen arrows to slay the last clinging memories of the burning summer, and leaves them dead one by one on their high places, twisted and lorn like warm desires, suddenly transfixed by the chill of death. Clutching the scarlet leaves it hurls them slantingly to their long home, and with delicately tripping fingers uptilts those fallen and sear and sends them skurryingly in dis-

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ordered flight, little irresolute Fears fleeing a Relentless pursuit."

Clutching his scarlet poll, the park laborer twists and tears hair after hair and furls them slantingly. Remembering that there are no birds in last year's nest, DICK's good gray cap, WALT WHITMAN, slays a sheeny sparrow. With delicately dripping fingers the driver of the mail cart uptilts a can of beer. Two boys who have been stoning the squirrels are sent skurryingly in disordered flight, little dears fleeing a relentless pursuit in the shape of a pock-marked policeman. *Favete linguis!* Shut up! Canto Three is trembling on the lips of Dithyramb DICK:

"Gaunt and ribbed, it spirals aloft into the paths of the stars and scours the sky and then headlong descends in broad curving sweeps to ravin the green and saffron-tinted vales and slopes, passing and re-passing, the imperative breath of coming winter; it huddles the leaden clouds into rough heaped banks east and west and between rushing in wide rebound from side to side billows all the cooling void with long skirling moans and thin, high-circled wailings; then, as the dying day shudders to its close, it leans toward the West and the pallid hills, pressing, deep panting and insatiate, out to where the Sun, like a blood-red rose, hangs on the furthest rim of earth wistfully low and passionately still."

The crow spirals aloft and scours the sky. Over the green and saffron-tinted slopes of Pilduzer Park, WALT

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WHITMAN rushes with long, skirling miauls and high-circling wailings. The squirrels huddle in rough-heaped ranks. The jackass shudders in the close. Deep-panting the mail cart horse kicks in the pallid fills. The driver, insatiate, wistfully low with a passionate "still," hangs on the furthest rim of the can. The leaden clouds are lighted with the blood-red nose of the man with the blood-red poll. Ah, Dithyramb DICK!

"Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?"

The Poet of the Bogs

The *Nashville American* is booming the Hon. WILLIAM RODERICK MOORE of Memphis as the legitimate successor of J. GORDON COOGLER, the lamented laureate of South Carolina. "When greedy death with jealous hand plucked from the reluctant and protesting earth J. GORDON COOGLER and stilled forever his tuneful lyre," sobs our poet-loving contemporary, melted by just regret, "many of us felt that the South had lost her sweetest singer." All of us felt so, but while there is one fibre of emotion and wood-pulp left, there will be, as Mr. DOBSON sings, "more poets yet." From the heights of Hagerstown and the bowers of Pilduzer, Dithyramb DICK, the supreme son of song, pours illimitable music:

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“With echoes as of eagles Aeschylean and SAPPHO singing in the nightingale.”

Mr. DICK may be classified by pedants as a border poet, but the South should claim him as jealously as it claims POE. Great was COOGLER; MOORE, “the Poet of the Bogs,” is gifted; but DICK is a world-poet and beyond competition. EMMA EAMES visited the bower in Pilduzer the other day. Music met music. Before putting any money on the Memphis MOORES, the *Nashville American* should commit to memory Mr. DICK’s chant and carol to the Yankee singer:

“I, who am a poet —
Of a maimed lute,
And who sings here, tied to bitter dust and frustrate lays,
Still my querulous pipe may I lift
To you, the consummate artist with the Song,
And beautiful among women,
You, the legatee of ISRAFIL.
The sweetest in voice of all GOD’S creatures,
Sovereign of rapture articulate,
Of the lulling of reeds by soothing streams,
Of all lullabies and ancient even-songs,
Of all the capricious notes of wood and field,
And martial stirrings of shields and swords, of plumes and
trumpets,
And empress of all the triumphing swerves and soarings of
larks,
Of all the songs of all delights, blown perfumedly

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About the world;
The breeze of salt-crested seas on free strands,
The woe-worn legends of banished kings,
Love ditties and the swan-songs of sundered hearts,
And the sensuous high-clashing vocables of joy and
 rage
Laugh rapidly in your voice.
To what compare you ?
Did not the Day,
Abashed, demur,
Tentatively putting forth a rose and then a violet ?
While the sun, clouding itself, was ware
Of a greater radiance.
And all the birds were mute from envy and despair;
Comparisons, rivals! what are they ?
When beauty, art and music blend —
But the Night, subtle as old Egypt,
And shrunk back into the bowl of dark,
Unveiled in partial contrition,
In silence and shy confidence,
VENUS, the Evening Star,
A sister, songless sister, of you.”

COOGLERS and MOORES, SAYLERS and ELMORES, all skalds and songwriters, have to take a back seat in the choir. Compared with DICK, they are as a squash-pipe to BACH, as a mouse's squeak to the music of the spheres. Yet the Poet of the Bogs is meritorious enough in his way. His most famous stanza murmurs like the dove, and a gentle languor drips from its two

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feminine rhymes, while manly decision sparkles in their masculine followers:

“In their days of adolescence
He would often in her presence
Press his tempted manly arm around
Her VENUS, willing waist.”

“In her presence,” mind you. Even in the heat and fury of his imagination the Poet of the Bogs is exact. The tempting waist is there, physically present, and the tempted arm does its duty. What memory of “strange, forgotten, far-off things” is revived in these wonderful lines?

“In their days of adolescence
He would often in her presence.”

From some subliminal chamber flashes that other divine distich:

“On January second,
It was generally reckoned.”

Mr. MOORE's perfect stanza sings itself. The last two lines are really one linked sweetness, one long candypull, one deep jar of honey. But Mr. MOORE will have to build more than a four-liner to prove his fitness to stand among the bards sublime. ABEL SINKENZOOOPER, now of Mexico, Mo., and beloved in

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the Southwest as the Silver Singer of the Ozarks, has painted this same familiar scene of adolescence in words which may be put by the side of or above those of MOORE of Memphis:

“ My ELLA, O my ELLA, with your feet of CINDERELLA,
With your wood-dove's gentle eyes, —
My ELLA, O my ELLA, O may I be your fella ?'
Snow-soft, she cooed: 'Thou may'st';
My arm flew round her waist.”

Noble lines! The substitution of “fella” for “feller” may be justified under the terms of Mr. SINKENZOOPER's license. Can MOORE of Memphis tie these lines?

Virginia's Sweetest Orator

The world has heard too little of late from the sonorous lips of Gen. CHARLES THORSMOUTH O'FERRALL, Governor of Virginia. It may be that the unfortunate failure of Governor GREENHALGE of Massachusetts to present himself at the oratorical contest which had been arranged to take place between him and the Governor of Virginia in October last has left upon the mind of the latter official a consciousness of superior eloquence, and that, therefore, he has not cared to exert his great gifts as a weaver of gorgeous sentences. It may be that since his intrepid and masterly advance upon the pirate oyster dredgers of Chesapeake Bay he has felt

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that, after all, his vocation was action and not speech. At any rate he has produced less than his admirers could wish. But we all know that his silence was voluntary and not forced. The springs of that sparkling verbiage remain unexhausted and inexhaustible. In a speech of welcome to the members of the Scotch-Irish Society of North America at Lexington last week, the Governor rose without an effort to his wonted height and glow of expression. He purred with poetry and rocked with emotion. For instance:

“Mr. President and gentlemen, to this valley so full of interest to you I welcome you. Its hills and dells, its green meadows and golden fields, its dashing torrents, rippling streams, and crystal fountains, all have a tale to unfold to you, which must fill your souls and moisten your eyelids. To this valley whose people, in the language of a lamented son of Rockbridge, have never, in their annals, been known ‘to spit fire nor eat dirt,’ to this valley immortalized by the exclamation of the Father of his Country, when touched by the recital of an incident of womanly devotion to the cause: ‘Leave me but a banner to plant upon the mountains of Augusta, and I will rally around me the men who will raise our bleeding country from the dust and set her free,’ I welcome you.”

In celebration of the glories of the Old Dominion Governor O’FERRALL has hitherto unfolded some of his most splendid pages of oratory, but seldom if ever has he been more historically effulgent than in the following purple passage:

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“To every spot of this old Commonwealth of colonial relics, revolutionary landmarks, grand traditions, spotless fame, and unsullied honor, whose mountains tower like memorial columns to her dead, great and good, whose rivers murmur the names of her illustrious sons almost as numerous as the oaks in the forest, whose autumnal winds, sweeping through her woodlands, roll a ceaseless requiem to her departed worthies, and whose feathery songsters warble their sweetest lays over the turfy mounds of her heroes, statesmen, warriors, orators, editors, poets, and philanthropists, who have ‘crossed the river,’ I welcome you.”

And the whole country welcomes him as he rolls his ceaseless requiem and warbles his sweetest lays. Where is old GREENHALGE now? GREENHALGE’s injudicious friends should hold their peace. Can he produce, or has he ever produced, anything equal to Governor O’FERRALL’S best? Will anybody not a New Englander have the temerity to assert that GREENHALGE’S “Oration at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Sconsett Town Pump” can compare with even the average of Governor O’FERRALL’S addresses? GREENHALGE has good action, but has he the poetry? Can he thrill, and make to shiver and weep? Provisionally the Governor of Virginia gets the medal.

Words that Laugh and Cry

Did it ever strike you that there was anything queer about the capacity of written words to absorb and con-

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vey feelings! Taken separately they are mere symbols with no more feeling to them than so many bricks, but string them along in a row under certain mysterious conditions and you find yourself laughing or crying as your eye runs over them. That words should convey mere ideas is not so remarkable. "The boy is fat," "the cat has nine tails," are statements that seem obviously enough within the power of written language. But it is different with feelings. They are no more visible in the symbols that hold them than electricity is visible on the wire; and yet there they are, always ready to respond when the right test is applied by the right person. That spoken words, charged with human tones and lighted by human eyes, should carry feelings, is not so astonishing. The magnetic sympathy of the orator one understands; he might affect his audience, possibly, if he spoke in a language they did not know. But written words: How can they do it! Suppose, for example, that you possess remarkable facility in grouping language, and that you have strong feelings upon some subject, which finally you determine to commit to paper. Your pen runs along, the words present themselves, or are dragged out, and fall into their places. You are a good deal moved; here you chuckle to yourself, and half a dozen of lines further down a lump comes into your throat, and perhaps you have to wipe your eyes. You finish, and the copy goes to the printer. When it gets into print a reader sees it. His

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eye runs along the lines and down the page until it comes to the place where you chuckled as you wrote; then he smiles, and six lines below he has to swallow several times and snuffle and wink to restrain an exhibition of weakness. And then some one else comes along who is not so good a word juggler as you are, or who has no feelings, and swaps the words about a little, and twists the sentences; and behold the spell is gone, and you have left a parcel of written language duly charged with facts, but without a single feeling.

No one can juggle with words with any degree of success without getting a vast respect for their independent ability. They will catch the best idea a man ever had as it flashes through his brain, and hold on to it, to surprise him with it long after, and make him wonder that he was ever man enough to have such an idea. And often they will catch an idea on its way from the brain to the pen point, turn, twist, and improve on it as the eye winks, and in an instant there they are, strung hand in hand across the page and grinning back at the writer: "This is our idea, old man; not yours!"

As for poetry, every word that expects to earn its salt in poetry should have a head and a pair of legs of its own, to go and find its place, carrying another word, if necessary, on its back. The most that should be expected of any competent poet in regular practice is to serve a general summons and notice of action on the

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language. If the words won't do the rest for him it indicates that he is out of sympathy with his tools.

But you don't find feelings in written words unless there were feelings in the man who used them. With all their apparent independence they seem to be little vessels that hold in some puzzling fashion exactly what is put into them. You can put tears into them, as though they were so many little buckets; and you can hang smiles along them, like Monday's clothes on the line, or you can starch them with facts and stand them up like a picket fence; but you won't get the tears out unless you first put them in. Art won't put them there. It is like the faculty of getting the quality of interest into pictures. If the quality exists in the artist's mind he is likely to find means to get it into his pictures, but if it isn't in the man no technical skill will supply it. So, if the feelings are in the writer and he knows his business, they will get into the words; but they must be in him first. It isn't the way the words are strung together that makes LINCOLN'S Gettysburg speech immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little, plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle.

VII

ENGLISH

Spell as You Please

WE have received the first number of *Our Language*, a monthly periodical issued by Mr. FREDERICK A. FERNALD, "at 1,778 Topping Street," New York. 1,778 Topping Street is, we believe, on the south side of Oudamou place, Utopia square, and *Our Language* "iz designed to be a help for those who wish to increase their knowledge of the English Language" as it is spelled in that part of the world. "English orthography," says Mr. FREDERICK FERNALD, "iz universally condemned by philologists az failing of the one purpose of orthography, which is to represent the sounds of speech, and az being, because of this defect, a constant stumbling-block in the way of etymological research. *Our Language* wil strive to keep always in accord with the best authority in all respects, but in the matter of spelling the best authority iz not the common usage. The spelling employed in this paper, wherever it departs from what iz customary, wil be that which haz the united endorsement of the ablest

philologists, but where agreement haz not yet been attained among those who are best acquainted with the subject, the conventional spelling wil be adhered to. In order that *Our Language* may become what it purposes to be, it must hav the co-operation of those whom it seeks to serve. All who recognize the value that a journal fulfilling the above stated aims would hav are earnestly solicited to giv this paper their support. Treat it az such a journal and it wil speedily become such."

Treat spelling as reformed and perhaps it will speedily become so. The Hon. ELLIS H. ROBUTZ of this town and Utica, the Hon. JOSEF MEDIL of Chicago, Dr. SAMYUEL BOWLZ of Springfield, and other spelling reformers, are invited to join the "Leag for Short Spelling," an organization composed of thoz "who will plej themselves to spel *hav*, *giv*, and *liv* without the silent *e* in their personal correspondence, and to help the Spelling Reform in other ways az opportunity offers." The Secretary of the Leag is Mrs. E. B. BURNZ, 24 Clinton Place. The Leag, however, seems to be much less radical in its treatment of English orthoepey and orthography than is Mr. AUGUSTIN KNOFLACH, the inventor of Sound-English, which was originally designed for the benefit of foreigners, but has now been adapted to native use. Mr. KNOFLACH asserts in *Our Language* that by means of his system a boy of six is able in a few weeks to "read litl stories

speld in Sound-English. He iz then shown the same stories in the present orthography, with which hiz eyes become familiar in a surprisingly short time; after which he iz splendidli equipped for taking up any ordinary First Reader and for taking the idiosyncrasies of prezent spelling at their true value." Mr. KNOFLACH's attention should be called to the fact that "he is shown the stories" is not Sound-English. Sound-English is sounded in this way:

"In Sound-English, I giv every vowel sign its Latin sound. The length of a vowel iz indicated by doubling it, as *mill* (meal), *paam* (palm). For the *u* in *sun* I use the letter *o*, which often haz this value even in the prezent spelling az in son, done, love, etc., and for the *a* in *wasp* I use *q* (*wqsp*), az there iz no longer eni use for this character, its prezent value being expressed by *kw*. The reasons that led me to prefer *q* to a vowel sign bearing a diacritical mark, such az *o*, were that diacritic marks are not found in all printing offices, or not in sufficient quantities, and that typewriters az a rule are not provided with letters bearing such marks. I retain the digraphs, *sh*, *zh*, *th*, *dh*, *ch*, and *ng*. My system also indicates accent. Hwen the accént does not lie on the long silabl it iz marked by doubling a consonant, az *biginn* (begin). Hwenver the accent lies on the first silabl, I leave it unmarked, az in *histori*, unless it iz already indicated by a long (doubled) vowel, az in *aarteri* (artery), or unless another silabl contains a double vowel, in which case the consonant of the first silabl must be doubled to indicate the accent, as in *libbereet* (liberate).

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We kweschun if a boi of six cud master this system in six muntz. Mr. KNOFLACH gives the opening sentence of MACAULAY's History of England in Sound-English:

"Ai perpos tu rait dhi histori uv inggland frqm dhi akesshon uv king jeemz dhi sekond daun tu e taim hwich iz widhinn dhi memori qv men stil living."

This is very interesting spelling, and looks like a cross between the Ormolum, the Welsh Bards, and Mr. JOSHUA BILLINGS; but it must be a trifle difficult to acquire.

Mr. MELVIL DEWEY, the librarian and spelling reformer who seems to be trying to make himself the University of the State of New York, writes from the Regents' Office at Albany to Mr. FERNALD of "New York Siti" that "our great lack iz just such a paper as you outline to jog the memory of the meni who believe in better spelling, but who forget their duties in the pressure of other matters." If *Our Language* fills a great lack, it is sure to succeed. As far as spelling is concerned, however, the thing needed is to spell correctly. That is difficult enough already, and the spelling adopted by *Our Language* is not likely to be any help to persons whose spelling is rickety.

The Case of the Word Programme

Our learned contemporary in Albany, the *Times-Union*, asks us a question concerning spelling reform, so called:

“On the subject of ‘the new spelling book,’ proposed by the FUNK & WAGNALLS Company, THE SUN gives a very judicious and interesting editorial, with which, in the main, we heartily concur; but we must ask THE SUN why write ‘programme,’ as it does in the article in question, while continuing to write diagram, anagram, epigram, and monogram?”

A gradual, natural movement for the simplification of English orthography has been in progress for many centuries, and it is yet going on. It is very slow, but it appears also to be very sure; and we have observed that impatient reformers who want to get ahead of it, or to crowd it along faster, usually make themselves ridiculous.

We respectfully decline to join in any combination or agreement intended to force the natural process of evolution.

It is quite possible that the destiny of programme is to become program by universal usage. Many good writers and not a few influential newspapers write and print this word program; and it does not shock the eye so much as it did formerly. This indicates that a change is coming. Indeed, the later dictionaries, such

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as the Century and the Standard, already are giving the preference to the shorter form. Nevertheless, the preponderance of good usage still favors programme; when the balance has come to be for program we shall adopt that spelling if we think best.

Some men take up one little freak of reform, some take up another; but if all men were to take up at once all the freaks, the result would be confusing.

Analogy is of no special consequence, for if you once begin to reform English spelling by analogy, you cannot consistently stop until your written thoughts look as grotesque as a page of Yellowplush.

For the present, therefore, we shall write programme while continuing to write epigram, diagram, and monogram; just as we shall write damn (on the rare occasions when it is necessary to write it at all) while continuing to write ram, sham, and clam.

An Invitation Declined

Once again our friends FUNK & WAGNALLS, the indefatigable reformers of spelling, come around with an invitation and an appeal to us to join the noble band of those who are pledged on their honor to mutilate the English language.

As is the case with Prof. MOLEE's more ambitious project of linguistic reform, the FUNK & WAGNALL scheme contemplates progress by successive steps, and

it is only Rule 1 to which we are at present asked to subscribe. This is very simple:

“Change final *ed* to *t* when so pronounced; and, if a double consonant precedes, drop one of the consonants.”

Under this rule, words like wished, dismissed, fixed, inked, and hopped, become, respectively, wisht, dismiss, fixt, inkt, and hopt. There are a few exceptions to be observed, and these will be much harder to remember than the rule itself. A printed list furnished by our friends shows that nearly five hundred words of this class are affected by Rule 1. We cannot see that any considerable saving of time would result from the observance of this rule, and suppose that it is only a starter, by means of which it is hoped (not hopt) to toll on the subscribers to further enormities.

The pledge now for the second time presented to us to sign is conditional upon the adoption of Rule 1 by “three hundred editors, authors, teachers, or prominent business men.” It appears that after ten months of effort the promoters of reform have secured the signatures of only 209 persons of the sort described.

Let us see how the system would work. Take this passage:

“He pressed her to his bosom and asked her to be his bride. Without a word she suddenly bussed him on the mouth.”

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We can never consent to a reform which would make this read:

“He prest her to his bosom and askt her to be his bride. Without a word she suddenly bust him on the mouth.”

We must again decline.

Had Rather

A correspondent who has been misled by some member of the noble race of grammarians and pedants here records a common delusion:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: I noticed in ANTHONY HOPE, I think, the expression ‘had rather.’ Should not this be ‘would rather’? The mistake is common and should be rebuked by THE SUN.

“M. A.

“New York, March 25.”

The “mistake” indeed is common in English literature. Does our correspondent forget what the author of the Eighty-fourth Psalm says in the King JAMES version?

“I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

“Yet in the Church I had rather speak five words with my understanding,” says I. Corinthians xiv. 19, “that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.”

Who does not remember in "JULIUS CAESAR":

"I had rather be a dog and bay the moon
Than such a Roman."

BRUTUS "had rather be a villager." Master SLENDER "had rather than forty shillings I (he) had my Books of Songs and Sonnets here." HOTSPUR was specially fond of this mistake. In one scene he says:

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew."

"I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned."

"I had rather live with cheese and garlic in a windmill."

"I had rather hear Lady, my brach."

But what is the use of defending an idiom which is sound, found in the best writers for hundreds of years, found in the best writers now, and still fresh in the living spoken speech? In Sir THOMAS NORTH'S translation of PLUTARCH'S "Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans," one of the choicest monuments of the language, "had lever," "had leverest," and "had rather" are found. The two forms which have disappeared, although the second form occurs in modern poetry, may serve to explain the form that remains.

"Have rather," "have liever," too, have gone; but "had rather" has shown the power to stay. Our correspondent, like so many others, forgets that English is what it is, not what it ought to be.

Had Rather Once More

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Albany Express*, makes a queer attack upon the old, good, and unexceptionable expression, "had rather," which, it says, is an "error" that "cannot be successfully defended because it is and will always remain an error, whoever and however many may use it." We showed the other day that "had rather" was and had long been good English, used by the best writers. Let us hear the theory of the *Express*:

"If this 'idiom' were admitted to a legitimate place in the language, it would become necessary to introduce into the conjugation of verbs a new tense, for which a name would have to be found, and which would appear as follows:

"I had be	We had be
Thou hadst be	You had be
He had be	They had be.

"It may not be amiss here to offer an explanation of how the error crept into the language. Among the masses there is always a tendency to shorten expressions by eliding letters in ordinary conversation. The expression 'I would rather' was shortened to 'I'd rather,' and from that form was expanded in writing, through carelessness in some cases, through ignorance in others, to 'I had rather,' because the sound of the shortened expression suggested 'had' more readily than 'would.'"

This idiom is legitimate English. It was admitted into the language some hundreds of years ago, and it cannot be crowded out by the misguided persons who want to make over English to suit their own ideas. For the benefit of the *Albany Express* which seems to have had no time to inform itself about the real character of the respectable expression which it assails, we quote from the Century Dictionary:

“To have rather, to hold, regard, or consider as preferable; a phrase equivalent to, and used like, *to have liefer*, and of much later origin, not being found, apparently, before the sixteenth century; followed by an infinitive with, or (as now usually without) to, and now only with the preterit *had*.”

So falls the theory of “error.” “Have rather,” like “have liefer,” “had liefer,” and “had lieberest,” the last a form found in Sir THOMAS NORTH and other Elizabethans, has disappeared; but “had rather” has lived through three hundred and fifty years or so, the period during which most of the best English literature has been written, and it is just as good to-day as it was when SHAKESPEARE and the makers of the King JAMES Bible used it.

Some unfamiliar with the English language and English literature imagine that they are showing a superior knowledge and correctness by kicking against “had rather,” pursing up their lips and saying in the prune-potato-prism manner of the General in “Little

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DORRIT "I would rather." They are not displaying superior knowledge and correctness. They are guilty of an affectation founded upon ignorance. They will never know much about English until they understand that English is what it is, not what it ought to be or what they think it ought to be.

A Victim of the Parsing Habit

About once a year we explain, with a weary and hopeless spirit, but for the sake of the truth, that "had rather" is a perfectly sound and kind phrase, of the best usage, old and new, straight as a string and long accustomed to the best society in the English language. About once a week we get a letter like this:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: 'Had rather be Governor' (SUN, this morning). Can you parse that? Thousands of grammarians hang on your reply.

"R. H. T.

"New York, February 8."

Well, the sight of thousands of grammarians hanging would be some comfort to us, and to the rest of mankind. "Can you parse that?" Notice the undertone of expectant triumph. We can parse it, but why should we want to parse it, O victim of thousands of grammarians? Does the English language exist for the sake of being "parsed" by a gang of grammarians

English

who itch to breech it if it “won’t parse”? Is English literature a vast parsing book?

Plenty of persons think so; and when they get hold of a good idiom, and cannot explain it by rule of thumb, they sniff at it, say it “won’t parse,” call it an error and warn the world away from it. Before his soul was lost to grammarians, did our correspondent never read in the Psalms —

“I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.”

Did he never read in First Corinthians —

“Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.”

Probably the makers of the King JAMES version did not dream that “had rather” would be any more of a stumbling block than “might teach” to the grammarians. SHAKESPEARE makes HOTSPUR use the forbidden phrase twice in one scene, the first of the third act of the first part of “King HENRY IV”:

“I had rather be a kitten and cry mew, than one of these same balladmongers.”

And a little further on HOTSPUR “had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far, Than feed

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on cates and have him talk to me In any summer-house in Christendom.” We take these extracts from Dr. CRUDEN and the “SHAKESPEARE Phrase Book.” Accessible authorities enough, we should suppose; and we must not neglect to call in our little friend, the Standard Dictionary, but for the last time on this subject:

“In certain phrases of preference, as — *had rather, had better, had as lief*, etc., the *had*, early *hadde*, subjunctive preterit, is equivalent to the modern potential, *would have, might have; I had rather die* — I would have death rather; *I had liefer die* — I would have (hold) it, *i.e.*, to die, *liefer*, dearer. From Anglo-Saxon to CHAUCER, *me were liefer to die*, to me it would be dearer to die, was the more common idiom; from 1450 to 1550, *I had liefer*; from 1550 onward, *I had rather*. Since JOHNSON, grammarians and reformers have urged *I would rather*.”

And they urge in vain. “Had rather” remains in good use, both in the written and in the spoken speech. The objection to it arises from a misapprehension of what the English language is, from an attempt to discard an expression that has grown up naturally and become instinctive. The grammarians imagine that they can make the English language. With just as much reason a census collector might pretend to be the Creator. It is for the grammarian to take the facts of language as they are, and not to try to alter them. Parsing is not the chief duty of man or language.

English

A New Reformer of the Calendar

We have run across a good many earnest students of the English language who were afraid that something would happen to it, and wanted to bandage it and wrap it up in cotton and brush the flies off and tuck it away in a bureau drawer. We know the learned soul that scatters double negatives with a smiling hand, but had rather be hanged, drawn and quartered than say "had rather." We know the conscientious grammarian — perhaps we ought to say the "brainy" grammarian — who is constantly "pushing" the participle "gotten" as if it were a liver pill, and who believes that the fellow who uses the harmless, necessary "got" is worse than an infidel. We always tell him to love his participle and cherish it as if it were a dear gazelle or an anti-expansion petition or anything else most rare, and we generally advise him to take home "shotten" as a companion piece. For his benefit this stanza, slightly changed, from the old ballad is kept in type in this office:

"For WITHERINGTON needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were shotten off
He fought upon his stumps."

The chap that looks upon "and who" and "and which" as a crime writes us often. The PRISCIAN a little scratched who insists that a sentence must not

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begin with an "and" or a "but" wastes his postage on us unrelentingly. The WALTER PATERS of Misery Mount and Devil's Lake quote to us an English grammar for schools as if it were a substitute for the Ten Commandments. Apparently a large part of the population spends most of its time in worrying about the English language and asking us to ring a burglar alarm and call the grammarians from their naked beds.

We do it once in a while. To be sure, the English language is old enough to know what it wants, to vote for such annexations as it chooses, to revise its circulation lists, to walk without a nurse and to bid its guardians go hang; but when a simple child of genius, a heaven-born reformer of the language, walks into this shop, he is going to get a hand as glad as young love. And here he is, and in the Limbo of Grammarians, LINDLEY MURRAY of Swatara and GOOLD BROWN of the Providence Plantation look up from their banquet of cold preserved syntax and grin at him:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: I would like to ask THE SUN why it is that in calendars appear the following: 'Sun rises,' 'sun sets,' when the sun neither rises nor sets; but the apparent rising and setting of the sun being due to the rotation of the earth.

"As THE SUN is a worthy exponent of good English, will it kindly suggest words so as to conform to facts and not an optical delusion?

"F. M. C.

"New York, January 3."

Oh, JULIUS-GREGORY, the horizon is an optical delusion, and the setting sun will soon be poaching the cassowary's eggs in the antipodes. Say, O, Philosopher, if you please, that the sun do move, and call again.

Some Few

The receipt of the following letter from Philadelphia is hereby acknowledged:

"To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: On THE SUN's editorial page in to-day's issue I notice the use of the phrase 'some few.' Although this expression is now colloquially used, yet I know that it was once regarded as tautological, and therefore an offense against good style. Can THE SUN justify, or will it plead by way of confession and avoidance?"

"If I am right in thinking that a member of the editorial staff of the best edited and most entertaining newspaper now published has at last made a slip, then I shall be pleased. It is good for us all to realize that we are human and fallible.

"AN EARNEST ADMIRER.

"Philadelphia, January 14."

For our friend's good words he should get as good in return, yet he must be reminded that THE SUN is wholly human seven days in the week, being the sworn foe of all mugwump pretensions. For the same reason it never has put on and it never will put on the Mugwump cracked and clattering stilts of infallibility. But when our readers in Philadelphia or anywhere else don their

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quizzing glasses and search THE SUN for errors, they want to be very sure that they know an error when they think that they see one. As far as our observation goes, most of the occasional critics of THE SUN's English are too rash, too unadvised and sudden. They rush gayly out to seek the blood of words and phrases which are as good English as anything in the English language is capable of being. In lightness of heart and with much heaviness of feet they jump upon the most respectable idioms. Even so does this Philadelphian throw himself upon the innocent "some few." It is tautological, he says.

Dear sir, you will never understand the English language if you try to cut up and analyze expressions in it, or to reject this and that idiom on the ground of tautology, or because this or that idiom seems incorrect as compared with some similar expression. A given word or idiom or sentence is good English simply because it is good English; that is, because it is found in good English writers. We leave out as unessential to the present question the matter of the obsolescence or obsolescence of idioms or words.

Now, what is the standing of "some few?" A colloquial expression, according to the Philadelphian. Let us turn to a monument of the English language, the King JAMES version of the Bible; or, rather, let us turn to the worthy Mr. ALEXANDER CRUDEN's Concordance:

English

"I arose, and some few men with me." — *Nehemiah* ii. 12.

Now for the Complete Concordance to SHAKESPEARE:

"Some few odd lads."

"With some few private friends."

"And some few vanities."

So much for this colloquial and tautological expression. If our Philadelphia friend will read the best English authors from SHAKESPEARE to the present time, he will find "some few" used some few thousands or hundred thousands of times. The number is unimportant, but probably it will be found larger than our correspondent dreams of. May we add that the next time he stamps upon an English word or phrase he should be sure that it is not better than it looks to him? What led him to wage war against "some few"? Who told him that "some few" was once regarded as an offence against good style?

Alas! we fear that he has fallen a victim to some of the puddle-headed pedants who think that their poor little opinions about the English language are the language itself. Has he been reading an English grammar? Then he has been reading a work by the side of which even a report of the Federal Department of Agriculture or a speech made by the Hon. JOHN BROOKS LEAVITT seems almost intelligible and valuable. There never was an English grammar that didn't

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darken understanding. The whole pack of English grammars is but a set of fossilized rules and *obiter dicta* about this wonderful, illimitable, and passionately living speech. Use your English grammar, if heaven has been so harsh to you as to give you one, for fuel in winter, or for cigar lighters in the furnaceless and grateless month. Burn it, esteemed Philadelphian! It is an ignorant and presumptuous heretic and sinner against our sacred English speech. So you may grow in knowledge of that speech, and be healthy and fortunate, not some few, but very many years.

A Question of Good English

Here is a curious letter of philological criticism from an apparently intelligent correspondent in Massachusetts:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: I am employed in the office of a manufacturing firm, the market of whose product extends over the whole United States. Their correspondence would naturally be a fair example of contemporary commercial English, and any peculiarity common to all the letters we receive could hardly be a provincialism, or be satisfactorily explained by referring it to local causes.

“Now, there is a peculiar idiom that is rapidly coming into use. A few years ago I am quite sure it would have been rarely found outside of letters of one business house to another, and this is the peculiar use of the word ‘same,’ as embodied in the following phrase:

“‘National education and foreign dictation concerning the same.’

“This is the title of a sermon delivered in Boston by Bishop COXE of Western New York, of whom an able newspaper in Boston editorially said: ‘He is a man of international reputation,’ and who was recently described in an English paper as ‘one of the finest extemporaneous speakers in America.’

“Moreover, in a letter recently received by me from a young woman who could hardly have learned the usage from a business correspondence, there occurred the following sentence:

“‘As you kindly state that you will send the photographs on my sending my address, I, therefore, give myself the pleasure of sending the same.’

“This use of the word is identical with that already spoken of. To complete the evidence necessary to demonstrate the fact that this use of the word ‘same’ is neither provincial nor restricted to those who are ignorant of what is good English there is the fact that the word used in precisely the same sense and manner appeared in editorial articles in two of the recent numbers of *THE SUN*.

“Is there a single author who has any recognized claim to distinction because of the excellence of his English who has ever used the word in this manner? I don’t think there is.

“Just fancy any such construction in the pages of SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, THOMAS DE QUINCY, HERBERT SPENCER, FREDERICK HARRISON, or Cardinal NEWMAN. The idea is preposterous. For myself I never read it without a shiver of disapprobation. If, as I think, no matter how much it may be above criticism as regards accuracy, it can hardly make any claim to recognition

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on the grounds of elegance, would it not be singularly unfortunate to have it make its first appearance in public with the unqualified sanction of its usage by *THE SUN*?

“Amesbury, April 2.”

“JOHN HASSETT.”

The idiom to which our over-fastidious correspondent objects is perfectly good English and is of immemorial usage. There is no better English, for example, than that of King JAMES's version of the Holy Bible, and there the phrase “the same” is constantly used to avoid a too vague or clumsy reference to a person or thing that has just been mentioned.

“He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.”—*Revelation* iii. 5.

“Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same.”—*Hebrews* ii. 4.

“In the twelfth month, that is, the month Adar, on the thirteenth day of the same.” — *Esther* ix. 1.

“From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.” — *Psalms* cxiii. 3.

“The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner.” — *Matthew* xxi. 42.

And about a century before the publication of that version of the Scriptures, which has been and will be for centuries the standard and conservator of pure English, WILLIAM TYNDALL wrote:

English

“Whatsoever is done to my brother (if he be a Christian man) that same is done to me.”

We hope that our correspondent will cease to be alarmed at THE SUN’S sanction of what he regards as a dangerous and vulgar innovation, and will use the time-honored idiom whenever it comes handy.

Two Questions of Language

Booms depart, possessions vanish, party platforms change and fashions hold a fluctuating seat, but the interest in English grammar continues to be the subject of undying attraction to thousands. Why, no man knoweth. There seem to be more fascinating and fruitful branches of study, and he or she must have been unusual in youth who didn’t regard grammar as the abomination of abominations and dryer than the bosom of the Sahara or Prof. BILLY SUMNER’S “Life of ANDREW JACKSON.” The just explanation of the seemingly curious charm of grammar can only be had from analogy. “We know,” says RUFUS CHOATE, speaking of old Chief Justice LEMUEL SHAW of Massachusetts, “we know that he is ugly, but we feel that he is great.”

So let it be with grammar, which should be venerated as a member of the mediæval educational Trust known as the Seven Sciences, however barren it may seem to some or most of us. Yet we love it, we love it, for it

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brings to us many learned and studious inquirers whom it is an honor to meet. Here is a letter from one of them:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: The writer notices you use the expressions ‘I don’t think’ and ‘Artificial Ice.’ May I ask why this is correct? If I say ‘I don’t think I will go to the theatre to-night,’ why am I not contradicting myself? For I do think, Manufactured ice is certainly the real thing. Why should it be called artificial, then? I should appreciate this information.

“R. C.

“New York, April 10.”

Poor innocent “don’t think.” What has it done? What crime against the sacred laws of syntax has it been guilty of? Surely, “I don’t think I shall go to the theatre” is a good phrase and true. Along comes some unknown genius and twists the expression and stamps it with an excellent irony and makes it strong and new. Call it slang, if you choose, but how can a piece of good English, unchanged in application, be considered slang? It can, we don’t think.

We can see no objection that is not purely finical to “artificial ice.” It differentiates from ordinary ice the ice made by human skill and labor by means of an ice machine. If we are going to kick against “artificial ice,” “artificial heat,” “artificial light,” we shall have to waste time in roundabout expressions. Having

English

a perfectly legitimate means of distinguishing between the natural and the artificial production of ice why should we give it up? The use of "artificial" in the sense mentioned is common and registered without objection by the dictionaries. But let no man use it against his conscience and no man force it upon his brothers. If we should have a glass of seltzer with our correspondent next summer, we should insist upon saying "ice-machine made ice"; a beautiful and terse expression!

Under the Circumstances

Everybody has a right to take sugar in his coffee or not to take it, and there is nothing to prevent any person from disliking any word or phrase which he chooses to dislike. Still, when anybody takes the trouble to attack a respectable, harmless, and well-intentioned phrase, as our correspondent does in the following letter, it would be an act of courtesy to the English language for him to disclose his motive and justification, if any he has:

"To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: While THE SUN is doing so much on its editorial page for the propagation of pure English, will it not take a whack at that vicious phrase 'under the circumstances'? It seems to me to be utterly indefensible.

"J. F. T.

"New York, March 7."

Why is "under the circumstances" vicious and utterly

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indefensible? It must be presumed to be innocent until its guilt is established. The accuser offers no evidence whatever.

“I do not like thee, Dr. FELL;
The reason why I cannot tell.”

“Under the circumstances” is a useful and correct phrase, meaning “in the existing condition of things,” etc. “Circumstances” is used in its ordinary meaning. “Under,” for “in” is a good old and present usage and authority. The fact that “under” is used, instead of the more obvious “in,” seems to show that not only is “under the circumstances” sound, but that it has a certain idiomatic strength. It is a rule among the editors of old manuscripts that of two readings the less obvious one is more likely to be right. So, perhaps, “under the circumstances” may be deemed even better than “in the circumstances.”

The latter form may be cherished, as the other form is abominated, by our esteemed correspondent. Perhaps he has reasons which he will yet disclose for his animosity against “under the circumstances.” Or is he the victim of an irresistible antipathy? Some persons cannot abide the smell of cheese, others the smell of roses; others the sound of certain words. Others again don’t like cats.

Whether or Not

We had hoped some of the few but unutterably earnest spirits that love to rally around the English language and see that it takes no detriment were treating themselves to a change of worries by rallying around the Constitution and shooing the imperialists away. Both the language and the Constitution seem to be hearty and able to go alone, but the volunteer nurses will insist upon sitting by them and prescribing for them. If the English language has been saved more times than the Constitution, superior age and not merit is responsible therefor. We have seen so many rescues as to become a little hardened, perhaps, but we strive to remember always that the intention is all right, and that the zeal of the rescuer should not be judged by the ingratitude of the rescued. So we commend to the good offices of English this inquiring friend from Chicago:

“To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: I ask for your help to put a stop to the use of such a sentence as the following: ‘Can you tell me whether *or not* Senator MASON is in Washington?’ Would it not be better English and a saving to leave out the words ‘or not’? Now I, for one, want this thing stopped, and THE SUN can settle the question with one ray of light.

“R. E. LIDGERWOOD.”

Our correspondent’s example is unfortunately chosen.

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The fact that the Government is going on should prove to every intelligent man that Senator MASON is in Washington. As to the rejection of "or not" as surplusage, we vote No.

Whether must be followed by an alternative, expressed or implied. So far as we have been able to observe, the alternative is usually expressed. Examples of its suppression can be found both in the written and the spoken speech, but its expression seems to be much more usual, and, in fact, almost instinctive. It is not a thing to lose sleep about, but as our Chicago friend is sincerely desirous of protecting the language, he might take his tablets with him and set down the number of times he is pained by hearing "or not" and the number of times he is consoled by finding "whether" unaccompanied by its tender. We have no passion for statistics ourselves, nor do we care to take our English as carefully as a dyspeptic takes his food; but heaven forbid that we should interfere with the precautions of anybody else. And if any brother finds "or not" a stumbling block, let him stick to his unchaperoned "whether."

An Appeal From Arkansas

We acknowledge the receipt of this invitation:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: Now, do get after the 'equally as good' folks. In a school publication here, edited by the superintendent, I find that phrase, and it is common

here and throughout the West. You will have my gratitude if you can eradicate it.

“ARKANSAN.

“Fort Smith, Ark., April 20.”

We accept the invitation with no especial thankfulness and without hope. The love of the superfluous extends to words, and the accursed thirst for words parches as many throats as the thirst for gold. Some or many professional speakers and writers cultivate that thirst. The stock of ideas being limited and the stock of vocables practically unlimited, the representation of the same idea in many forms is more than a trick; it is a necessity, provided language is a necessity, a proviso not to be admitted without argument. It is a relief to the speaker to put a new suit of clothes on his idea. It is a relief to the hearer to listen to the changes of the ventriloquist, for such the artful orator must be.

What the professional speaker or writer does, partly from motives of art and partly from necessity, the rest of us do instinctively. You see, language, however much misused by Populists and decadent novelists in our day, was once regarded as a precious possession. Everybody that had any liked to show it to the neighbors. That tendency to display is inherited by the present generations of articulate-speaking men. When a superintendent of schools says, for instance, that algebra is “equally as good” as geometry for purposes

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of mental cultivation he knows that “as” gives the necessary notion of equality and that he is wasting a word when he superimposes “equally”; but what of it? He has words to waste.

But

The Mad Mullah and Hell-Roaring BILL and all the other halcyon and vociferous supernumeraries march across the stage in vain. They cannot distract the mind of the friend and preserver of the English language from his sacred duty and pleasure. As little wanton boys are sometimes set to ring a bell to keep the birds from the cherry tree, so these august janitors of the tongue that SHAKESPEARE spoke discharge their culverins and basilisks at any wretched, rash, intruding fool of a word or construction that likes them not. What good man does not venerate their industry and their zeal? Knowing that they are watching on the tower, the rest of us can pull our red-cotton night caps over our noddles and lie down to pleasant dreams. We are no heroic language savers, no indomitable Puritans of the parts of speech. Let us be glad that there are sterner and more self-sacrificing spirits.

One such spirit speaks these lines:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: Glancing casually through a volume of MACAULAY’S essays, I noticed that he

shows a peculiar fondness for the word 'but,' with which he very frequently begins a sentence and not infrequently a paragraph. In his essay on MACHIAVELLI this use of the word recurs so often that I called the attention of a friend to it, and the opinion was expressed that it was not good style. A discussion arose as to the merit of its use in beginning a sentence or paragraph, and it was decided to call your attention to the matter and request that THE SUN discuss 'but' in the connection above referred to.

“CHARLES KEENEN.

“New York, April 23.”

Somewhere on the shores of Acheron or in the Limbo of Grammarians a wretched, ragged, old pedant, still mumbling his declensions and suffering from conjunctivitis, regrets the hour when he emitted from his muddled convolutions the dogma that “a sentence must not begin with a conjunction.” The poor old fellow knows better than that now and admits that he had no call to make the law or try to stop the tides of speech with his doddering fingers. Man was not made for conjunctions, but conjunctions were made for man. If the old boy had read his Bible more and his Grammar less, he would not now be saddened by the recollection of passages like these:

“But I will come to you shortly if the LORD will.”

“But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.”

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“But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.”

“But and if ye suffer for righteousness’ sake, happy are ye.”

“But sanctify the LORD GOD in your hearts.”

“But the Word of the LORD endureth forever.”

But us no buts! MACAULAY had precedent enough. The notion that it is not “good style” to stick your conjunction at the front of your sentence is of moonshine all compact. Still, we have no wish or right to command other men’s conjunctions. Let everybody put his conjunctions where he thinks they will do the most good; and be blessed to ’em!

A or An

Thanks to the indefinite article for this letter from a man whose intelligence is worthy of a much less modest signature, and who has the passion for accuracy that is necessary to scholarship:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: In THE SUN this morning I noticed the expression ‘a home’ and ‘an hotel.’ In another New York paper the expression, ‘an hospital’ occurs. Why not ‘an home’ if the others be correct, or *contra*, why not ‘a hotel,’ ‘a hospital’? The Standard Dictionary is authority for the use of the article ‘a’ before all consonant sounds, including ‘h,’ ‘u’ and ‘eu,’ pronounced as ‘yu.’ While the use of ‘an’ before unaccented ‘h’ is prevalent in England, do not the best

authorities decry the practice? Will THE SUN kindly enlighten

“IGNORAMUS?”

“New York, December 20.”

THE SUN doesn't and didn't say “an hotel.” That expression occurred in a letter from a correspondent. We shouldn't say “an hospital” either, although we have no quarrel with persons who do. No doubt it can be found in many good writers, but it has the air of an affectation. Does anybody on this side of the water say “an hospital”? There are sticklers for severity and fanatics of rule who tell you that you ought to say “an historian,” “an historical,” and many Englishmen and some Americans so write. But here we will let our little friend, the Century Dictionary, speak:

“*An* is still sometimes used before a consonant sound, especially before the weak consonant *h*; and in written style, and in more formal spoken style, *an* is by many (especially in England) required before the initial *h* of a wholly unaccented syllable, as if such an *h* were altogether silent: Thus, *an* hotel, but *a* hostess; *an* historian, but *a* history; *an* hypothesis, but *a* hypothetical. In colloquial speech, and increasingly in writing, *a* is used in all these cases.”

The less division between the spoken and the written speech, the better. It seems to us that usage, stronger than a million grammarians, has already decided the

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vocation of “a” and its elder brother “an.” The junior walks before the consonant sound; the senior is usher to the vowel sounds. It may be that there are painful souls who force themselves to say *an* historian and *a* history. Most persons would, we think, instinctively employ the short article in both cases. But we grudge the *an* to nobody who loves it before the unaccented *h*.

“An” is the older form and has had enough to do in his time, let alone the extensive business which he has carried on under the form “one.” He is a fine old article. If there is a tendency to overwork him in England before the *h*, it should be attributed to the pride which such Englishmen as have overcome the treacherous initial *h* feel in approaching it.

The Split Infinitive

Not without apprehension do we come to this request and these remarks of an esteemed correspondent in Chicago:

“To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: Will you kindly inform me through your columns whether a ‘split infinitive’ is invariably and absolutely a grammatical error? In a recent editorial in your valued paper, dealing with the use of the phrase “some few,” you properly take the position that correct English is determined by usage as illustrated by writers of eminence. You cite passages from the Bible and SHAKES-

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PEARE, for instance, as determining the correctness of the phrase above referred to. Although I have never found examples of the 'split infinitive' in the above works, yet I have happened upon them frequently in works of writers so prominent that it seems strange if they were guilty of an absolute grammatical error.

"For instance, I have found as many as half a dozen 'split infinitives' among the essays contributed by literary men of eminence to CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER'S new 'Library of the World's Literature,' these essays constituting the introductions to the works of standard authors. I know THE SUN detests the 'split infinitive,' but it is almost incredible to believe that men of recognized position in the literary world would use a form of expression that is indubitably incorrect.

"I ask enlightenment from you, for THE SUN'S opinion on the use of the English language is worth more to me than any combination of opinions I could find elsewhere.

"BLIZZARD."

Here is matter for goose flesh. There are rigid and righteous souls that look upon the split infinitive as the unpardonable sin against the English language. Our correspondent is right in depending upon usage as the final court of appeals. Undoubtedly the best usage has been against the insertion of an adverb between the infinitive and its sign. It seems to us, however, as it seems to our correspondent, that some contemporary writers are fond of splitting the infinitive, or at least are not afraid of doing so. No doubt diligent

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search would discover split infinitives in the works of writers of this century whose example is more authoritative or encouraging than that of contemporary authors. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the split infinitive, while regarded as accursed by the grammarians, seems to be coming into some use, and is found in respectable writers. Usage is subject to variations. The split infinitive may establish itself in spite of the exorcists. If it is found convenient and useful it will make its way. To like it or abhor it is useless. It will succeed or fail on its merits or in spite of its demerits.

If we allowed sentimental considerations to influence our views as to a question of language, perhaps we shouldn't mind giving a kick to the split infinitive. Prejudice, habit, and the unfamiliarity of the thing combine against it. Yet anybody who doesn't wish to see too wide a division between the spoken and the written speech will not be too severe against the split infinitive. A man may write "to tell really" or "really to tell," but he will probably say "to really tell." It seems to us that there are phrases in which the split infinitive is the more direct and the instinctive form. Now, if this is the case, a mere literary and dried-flower arrangement will have to give way to the living and natural expression.

Still, it is our present advice to our friend in Chicago that he be chary of split infinitives. If the literary

factories produce them in large quantities they will become so common that we can all have one. Now they are a sort of luxury for those who can afford to use them. A reasonable conservatism and a polite scepticism should be brought to bear upon the split infinitive. The split infinitive is hardly a positive crime. It may come to be regarded as highly respectable. In this year, 1898, it still has a slouching and ill-reared appearance. Don't associate with it too much.

Stomachs and Prepositions

A philosopher, who wishes to describe correctly the sensations that arise or sink in him when he reads the anti-expansion twaddler, shows in the following request his passion for exact knowledge:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: Kindly criticise severely the phrases which I quote below and which are so commonly used by the general public, and let your criticism appear in your editorials, so it will not escape the eyes that I want to satisfy in regard to same:

"‘I am sick to my stomach,’

"‘I am sick of my stomach,’

"‘I am sick at my stomach.’

"The latter, if any, in my estimation is correct.

"New York, April 12."

"K. L. F.

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Granted, but with an amendment. We cannot criticise a phrase as if it were a criminal, nor can we regard a disagreement with the commonly accepted customs of the English language as a hanging matter. The fellows who write the grammars are usually such pragmatistical cads that nobody can be blamed for breaking their precepts and leaping over their rules. But let us be tolerant and not severe, even to the grammarians.

So much for preface. Now for the ailing stomach. "I am sick to my stomach," does very well in the mouth of a philosopher who wishes to say that his sickness extends as far as his stomach, but if he means to say that he is stomach-qualmed, he will prefer "I am sick at my stomach." Therewith the topographical description of his trouble is complete.

If he is whimsical or has an inveterate quarrel of the stomach, he may well say, "I am sick of my stomach." Many a man is sick of his stomach, and we dare say that the stomach is equally sick of the man and would say so if stomachs had not, unfortunately, lost the power of articulate speech. You remember that in the fable of the stomach and the members, which, as told by MENENIUS AGRIPPA, if that was the old sage's name, produced a great deal more effect upon the producing classes of Rome than it does on boys who have to grind it out in the Latin reader, the members were sick of the stomach on the ground that it was an idle holder

of idle wealth. Presumably they were sick at the stomach, too, for when anything in this goodly frame of man goes wrong, the poor old stomach usually has to bear the blame. In short, it is the physical "Crime of 1873," and in it, at it, with it, of it, by it, for it the race of man must suffer, or think it suffers, especially in these days when the country is cursed by prosperity and eats too much.

Our philosopher has a happier fate. He is not sick of his stomach, but at his stomach. He must leave off reading the anti-expansion twaddle and take some less laborious form of exercise.

Parenthesis and Bracket

This cry of a soul puzzled by parentheses comes to us from Syracuse:

"I was taught that parentheses and brackets are not interchangeable, that what is included between () is a part of the story, and that what is included between [] is not. In newspaper work men use brackets to enclose a word of explanation to the printer or the editor. Should not brackets be used exclusively for explanation to the editor, or even to the reader, when that explanation is not a part of the story; and is not this distinction between [] and () peculiar to our language? I ask because in books and magazine articles written by men presumed to know the English language, I have found the two used interchangeably.

"W. P. B."

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There is no natural distinction of use between the parenthesis and the bracket. They are different forms of the same thing. They are twins. The parenthesis is a curved bracket, the bracket is a rectilinear parenthesis. Neither is excessively beautiful, but you are entitled to make your choice if you want to. Various printers and editors make the distinction mentioned by the Syracusan, but it is a purely artificial and arbitrary distinction, a matter of individual taste or use. The dash seems likely to drive out the parenthesis. At least it is not so ugly as that bow-legged old rascal. Our advice to the Syracusan and the rest of mankind is to avoid parenthetical writing. Go straight ahead whenever you can. When an explanatory word or phrase has to be intercalated, use brackets, if you like, or parentheses, if you like. The printer will do as he pleases. He will follow the rule of his office. Some typographical law there must be, but it is mainly founded on individual taste and habit, after all. We should say that parenthesis and bracket are mere typographical devices, and their use or disuse is largely a matter of fashion. The English language could survive the loss of both.

Curiosities of American Speech

Is a pancake fried or baked, or simply cooked?
Is it after all really a pancake and not rather a griddle

cake, a flannel cake, a buckwheat or a flapjack? What is a doughnut? When you tear your trousers on a sharp point is the first word you instinctively apply to the rectangular rent, trappatch, barndoor, or weewary, as says the New Englander, or is it winklehawk or nicklehawk, as New Yorkers say? What do you mean by dingbats? How widespread is the use of the shinny? Such are the problems set by the American Dialect Society in Part VIII of its *Notes*, which will be published in a few days.

Three distinct recipes for the preparation of doughnuts are promulgated by the society. Dough, raised with yeast, sweetened and spiced, cut into cubes, which, when fried in a deep vessel with hot fat, become round lumps, forms the doughnut of Connecticut. By substituting soda or saleratus for yeast, and cutting the paste into circles or twists, you have the doughnut of Massachusetts, which the Dutch settler calls the clycock and others the cruller; while the native of Connecticut distinguishes between the twisted biled cake and the round jumble. If merely unseasoned dough be used, you have the fried bread of Massachusetts, called on Cape Cod seventy-fours, and elsewhere, it seems, doughnuts. The dingbat has had an adventurous career. Starting as a ball of dirt on the legs of sheep in Vermont, it becomes a smart spank to the northern New Englander, a squabble, a flying missile, and money to the Maine lumberman, the

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biscuit of the New England boarding school, while in Georgia it has turned to a mother's kiss, and you may say of the girl you admire: "She is a regular dingbat."

It must not be inferred that culinary and domestic matters alone engross the society's attention, though it is at home that the careless words and phrases are most likely to be used which deviate from literary forms, but have passed from mouth to mouth since man first spoke. This part of *Dialect Notes* contains no less than six hundred new words and usages, collected throughout the land, some poetical, many picturesque, and all curious and interesting.

In the Tennessee mountains, streams flowing from the east are sunrise waters, a mule that you can trust is a confidential mule, a railroad train is a smoke wagon, a kiss is a smouch, cheese is a plural with a singular chee, sugar is sweetening, but molasses is long sweetening, a man subject to fits is fitified, and very much is a heap sight, or a good few, or some several, or way yander. A man points to a hillside and tells you that he "lives on yon coast" and has a "good scope of land"; he greets you with "How do you come on?" and asks you to "come in and rest your hat." A tooth brush to him means a snuff stick, ill means cross, juberous timid, fisty mean, popular stylish, his past tenses are fotch and holp and seed and squoz and swole; he tells you that "sickness is mighty interruptin'," that it is "a gosh wet spell," and "hit's too-my-goodness cold,"

that he has "the beatenest boy and talkenest old woman you ever see," and that that young flirt is "tryin' to git a chaw on a feller."

The sty-bake or stay-at-home Jersey matron coosters or potters around the house, calls her preserves do-ups, pork spack, her husband, if need be, a lobscouse or loper, meaning a worthless fellow. She sides up or cleans up or goes strulling, wasting time about the village, but she cares not a Dutch cuss about going down country, that is, to New York City.

From the shores of Newfoundland come some timely words; lolly is the ice and snow in the water near the shore, slob is soft snow, swatch a hole in the ice; a person thoroughly chilled says he is just scrambled. Though to the fisherman a sleet storm is a silver thaw and the sound of the waves breaking on the shore is rote, his improperly baked bread is dunch, the material for his fish balls is huggerum buff, unfair behavior is hunkersliding, and a quid of tobacco is old sojer. He calls fish that is not sorted tolqual, which is the French *tel quel*, as the Maine backwoodsman's comprompo for a Frenchman is *comprend pas*, and the Gloucester fisherman's matross for a sailor is the German *Matrose*.

Coof is the name for an off-islander in Nantucket, on Mt. Desert the summer visitor is a rusticrata, a stupid Vermonter is a dodunk, a goober grubber digs peanuts in Tennessee. When a man is confused he is

mommixed in Kentucky, he is muxed up in Otsego county, galleyied in New Bedford, stodged in Indiana, and wuzzled in central New York. "I don't hurt for it," means "I don't care" in Mississippi, while "I don't mind it a bit" implies terror in North Carolina, where a great calamity is scandalous. The sunset is day down on the Virginia coast. A man has large money in Cincinnati, he has scuds of it in Missouri, and a session of it in Georgia. When a Terre Haute citizen is sullen he is putchiky, and if too weak to get out of bed is on the lift, while a pawky Ohioan is one in poor health, and a mentally weak Kentuckian is slack twisted. Hogo is a strong smell in New Hampshire, where a severe storm is a tan toaster. Missouri slush is sposh. Green corn remains roast'n ear in Florida even when it is canned, and there a cow may give birth to a yearling.

But why go so far afield in search of picturesque English when we have it all around us in New York State? The society has hardly touched the mine of linguistic richness under its hand in this city. We are told, to be sure, that in fashionable boarding houses we may be requested to tum the butter, that our water men say that a schooner is wung out when she sails wing and wing, and that drug for drew and scrope for scrape may be heard among us. But what are these to the "geeswax Christmas" and the "I'll be ding-swizzled and hornswaggled" by which our rulers up

the State express their amazement? The farmers of Orange and Sullivan counties have the reprehensible practice of making their maple syrup by melting the sugar; this they call *alamagoozleum*. On Staten Island, splendid is *galoptious*, tit-bits are *manavelins*, and to turn is to *tarve*. Patchogue says *noink* and *suink* for nothing and something. In the northwestern part of the State when two young hearts begin to beat as one they are said to be *sacmuljugated*. The Ithacan on entering the house hangs up his shock, his hat and coat. The Otsego thief when caught looks *meecking* or *guilty*, even when he has stolen a mere *smitch*, a very small quantity. Quarter eagles must be more common in the central part of the State than in the city, for they are still known as *twenty-shilling pieces*, and silver dollars as *hard-tack*. There *slouchy* is *lop-lolly*, *sticky* is *tacky*, you are *bushed* when you are tired, you *change off* when you move, you go *large* when you are extravagant, you pronounce *hoax* as a *dissyllable*, you *pooster* about when you are fussy, you are in a *yang* when in a hurry, and when violent you do things *kabang*, *kachunck*, *kaflop*, *kaslam*.

It would be a cause for regret if these picturesque reflections of life were lost to the world. We look forward with interest to the Dialect Society's investigations into the various styles of New Yorkese.

A Professor's Dab at College Slang

No vocabulary, perhaps, is so expressive and picturesque as that of the American College student, and it is rather surprising that no comprehensive effort to take it down should have been made in nearly fifty years. Mr. EUGENE H. BABBITT of Columbia University, with the assistance of other members of the American Dialect Society, has endeavored to accomplish the task in an article on "College Words and Phrases" published in the last number of the society's *Dialect Notes*, presenting a "word list" of fifty pages, which contain between 1,200 and 1,500 words. The work has serious defects and curious inaccuracies, not to be expected from the Dialect Society, but the list is very interesting and is also valuable, if looked upon as a tentative framework for a future enlarged and corrected dictionary of slang.

More than half, perhaps two thirds, of Mr. BABBITT's words are common American slang terms, undoubtedly in use among students, which neither had their origin in the colleges nor are employed there in any peculiar sense. Others are technical, administrative and Latin terms, chiefly from one college, like "dean," "bursar," "probation," "alumnus," and are not always accurately defined. "Alma mater," for instance, is "college from which one has graduated," a definition against which the undergraduate nurslings and the mother

college herself will raise their voices. The definitions often betray a deficient sense of humor and miss the point of a slang expression. Moreover, the effort to localize words by tabulating answers to circulars without the check of common sense or the compiler's own experience often leads to absurd results. Thus "heads out," a cry known in every college where there are dormitories, is stated to be peculiar to Princeton; "best girl, the young lady to whom a student is especially devoted," belongs to Cornell and Western Reserve alone; "nigger heaven, topmost gallery of a theatre," is used only at Boston, Rochester and Western Reserve; no more than three colleges know the "college widow"; a spree is called a "bat" at three colleges and a "toot" at only two; while "belly wash, any soft drink," one slang phrase defined by another, is known in but two places. It is evident that Mr. BABBITT's lists as they now stand give no trustworthy evidence as to the use of slang at any particular college. In examining them we can only be sure that the terms are used by students somewhere, and probably by many who are not students as well.

Take the student when eating his "feed" or "lush"; he may call his milk "cow juice," his milk toast "cream de goo," his biscuit a "clinker" or a "dingbat," his eggs "hen fruit," the corned beef "horse," the tomato ketchup "red paint," his sausage "bow-wow" or "doggie," his pudding "tombstone," his Welsh rabbit

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“bunny.” We cannot believe that a Columbia man, as Mr. BABBITT asserts, will apply the term “sinker” to either a buckwheat cake or a doughnut or a hot roll; Mr. BABBITT can easily find out what a “sinker” really is at Mr. DOLAN’S and other places. When he sees a pretty girl the student has several terms for her. He may be poetic and call her a “fairy,” a “queen,” a “baby,” or may turn to his palate for similes and name her a “bird,” a “fruit,” a “peach,” a “peacherine,” a “pumpkin,” a “pullet” or a “quail,” or take a matter-of-fact view and speak of “calico,” “dry goods,” “P. G.” or a “cooler” or a “bunch of it.” The last is from Boston.

In these relations the student’s vocabulary differs little from that of any other person addicted to slang. Let us see what he can do on his own academic stamping ground. Occasionally he prepares his lesson from an unauthorized translation; he has been known to take it into the classroom even. This illegitimate friend he calls “horse,” “jack,” “pony,” “steer,” “trot,” “animal,” “skinner,” and nowadays, it seems, also his “bicycle” and “wheel.” Even with this help he may fail completely in his recitation, when he has a number of energetic terms at his command to describe the failure: “beef, bust, crash, dead, dink, fizzle, fluke, flunk, smash, smear.” He may deem it wiser when unprepared to absent himself from the classroom, a feat which he can then describe as to

English

“blitz, bolt, cut, flag, prune, hook, run, skip, snap, sneak or snooke.” The elderly matron who looks after his room and takes in his washing he describes as an “Amazon,” a “bid,” a “good-by,” a “canary,” a “venus,” a “sheet slinger,” or a “slave,” while if the duties fall to a man, he is a “sweep” or a “striker.”

It is an interesting language, whether peculiar to colleges or not, and one which it would repay the Dialect Society to gather and to study scientifically, and particularly the origin of the terms. MR. BABBITT has taken a lot of trouble to localize slight or non-existent differences of meaning for some words, such as whether “fresh” means conceited or impudent, when it usually denotes a happy combination of the qualities; and he has tried very hard to turn general into college slang as, for instance, in the explanation “to knock silly, to surprise an instructor by answering all his questions — HAMPDEN SIDNEY.” That is the spirit which produced MR. FARMER’S noted Americanism, “jag, an umbrella.” A little discrimination, however, and possibly the calling in of some slang-using undergraduates to enlighten their slang-collecting professors, might turn his lists into an excellent and needed book.

The Dictionary of Curse Lore

The motion made by MR. PHILIP HALE of Boston, and seconded by us, that a dictionary of English curse

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lore be compiled, has been passed unanimously. The many acute and learned philologists among our readers have already begun to read and hear of the projected opus. Like the new English Dictionary, it will be the fruit of co-operation. No one man, not even if he were the most accomplished mate that ever contaminated a roustabout at a steamboat landing on the Mississippi, can be master of more than a petty arc of the great circle of imprecations. Associated efforts must be made. In this way much can be learned of the etymology, the provenience, and the geographical distribution of those strong words of weak mankind.

A note or two for or from the student of curse lore. A correspondent gropes for the origin of "the great horned spoon." The "great horned" is but too clearly descriptive; and he who eats with that gentleman must have "a long spoon." "Judas priest," a more strange-seeming oath, is an instance of the combination or conglomerate oath. If the swearer can't bend the gods, he will move Acheron. By the way, the Virgillian *Acheronia movebo* is almost an exact parallel of a vulgar modern phrase. DIDO would "move" Acheron; the moderns "raise it." But to return to "Judas priest." 'Tis an oath by the powers above and the powers below, the false apostle and the true religion. Only as most men, in all stages of civilization are likely to take good for granted and abase

themselves before the evil, the evil power comes first in the oath. So the Zulus and various other tribes have in their theogonies an early and a benign good spirit, creator or what not, but he is "otiose." He means well. The crafty savage propitiates only powers that are active and dangerous.

"The Devil and Tom Walker" or "Thunder and Tom Walker" is another oath that "bothers" one of our philologists. There is mysterious power in names, and Walker seems to be a name of power. "O, Walker!" or "Hookey Walker!" used to be said and may still be said in the sense of "O, nonsense!" "O, poppycock!" "Tom" is often a name of affection and familiarity. For instance: Tom Thumb, Tom Tucker, Tom Tiddler, Tam-a-linn, Tam o'Shanter, Tom Gin. It was Prof. HARRY THURSTON PECK, we think, who suggested that Tom Walker was a corruption of the Greek *ton kakonand* so merely a repetition of the name of the Devil, Evil, the Evil One. This is rather ingenious than convincing. "Tom" is inserted as a Christian name for the supposed "Walker." But this Walker is only the Devil over again. A "walker" is a prowling vagabond, a person who walks about for an ill purpose, whose walk is disorderly. Naturally Walker is the proper name of that cloven-footed pedestrian who walks about seeking whom he may devour.

With the "Devil and Tom Walker" may be classified another comprehensive phrase "Gosh all hemlock,"

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in which the work of euphemism, substitution and Bowdlerizing is easily discerned. Here also belongs that eccentric phrase "Hell and all the beeswax." This seems to be a variant or profane parody of "the Devil and all his works." The corruption of "his works" into "beeswax" is interesting.

"By gum" is plain sailing, but who will unravel "By cripes"? What does "Cracky" stand for? Whence comes "in the creation of cats"? Who first replaced "Satan" by "Sancho"? Is there more than an accidental resemblance between the Greek oath "by the dog" and the modern "doggoned"? It will be remembered that originally the oath was the thing sworn by. You swore the dog, not by the dog. But we fear that "doggoned" comes not from the kennel, but is a corruption or pious substitute for a naughtier word. "I'll be blest" is a still plainer illustration of euphemistic tendencies.

And that is enough work for to-day on the compendium of curse lore.

Progress on the Dictionary of Profanity

These JULIAN heats cannot relax the zeal of the great band of brothers and philologists who are collecting material for the Dictionary of Profanity and Curse Lore. There is an old up-country saying of the weather-wise: "It's too hot to swear." It is never too

hot to gain and spread abroad sound knowledge of sound or sounding words. To the really profane vulgar the proposed work gives no invitation. Coarse and narrow swearers by rote, the poverty of their vocabulary is only equalled by the foolish profusion with which they use it. Nothing can be learned from them or by them. Away with them. To the curious and the accomplished; to the men of wisdom and self-restraint who wish to know all quaint, robust, venerable, piquant and mysterious oaths, and use none real and great save upon great and real provocation and occasions for purposes strictly medical and antipyretic; to all who like to saunter along the cowpaths and among the bushes of dialect; to all who love the unfettered and ungallowised tongue — to such we speak. The happy projector of the long-wanted thesaurus, the President of the Editorial Council and Conciliabulum, the Hon. PHILIP HALE of Boston, paints the fine landscape worthily:

“It is impossible to overestimate the value of the dictionary. They that now swear at random, tentatively, and therefore ineffectively, will be enabled by diligent study to impress the women and children of their household by a display of verbal virility. They that have been thought fat-witted will glow with sulphurous brilliance. The most prosaic will cultivate a taste for the picturesque. The dictionary, with its wide range of expression, from mincing and trimmed oaths and the thunderous, from the fantastic and zigzag to the hoarse

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or reverberating, will be indispensable to every one who does not wish to be on a level with the beast that perisheth. We see, as from a tower, children poring over it after the evening meal, and we hear their animated questions to the parents; it is in every office, from that of the seller of bird seed to that of the shaker of the markets. There are at least six copies in Bates Hall, and all in constant use; at the apothecary's it is chained near the Directory and the Blue Book."

In such a spirit of prophetic enthusiasm is the work begun. From Dan to Beersheba, from Hell to Breakfast, if we may use a Kentucky formula, pens are scratching and collaborators arranging cards in alphabetical order. Most of this material we send directly to Boston, retaining only such as seems particularly illuminating as to the branches which are germane to our lines of investigation, viz.: Picturesque, Strange, Euphemistic and Deacons' or Diaconal Oaths. From Essex, that Nutmeg capital of ivory and witch-hazel, come these bits of the florid and Rubenesque:

"'Thunder and blue mud' I have never heard outside this locality. Another, 'Hell and red niggers,' is, I think, not so very widespread.

"C. F. D."

The vitality of these Connecticut visitors must excuse their appearance here. They belong to the original, homely world, not to the polite. Bureau county, Ill., sends us the pleonastic and cumulative form

"Cripes, and the cow's loose." An Amherst junior recalls us to milder and subtler swearings, which we have named Deacons' oaths. He instances "Jehoshaphat," "Great Jehoshaphat," common forms, but not necessarily diaconal. We used to know a deacon's son, now the President of a Colorado college, who in moments of irrepressible emotion, for example, when a "bullhead" or "bullpout" jabbed him, would ejaculate "Judas, Jehoshaphat, Josh," a rare and filling oath. Has this use of Josh anything to do with that fascinating and flowing verb "to josh"? Prof. HARRY THURSTON PECK seeks to derive the latter from JOSHUA, but that champion rather quashed than "joshed" the heathen. "JOSHUA" leads us back to MOSES. Mr. E. BIDDLE BINGHAM of Germantown asks if "holy Moses!" is not a diaconal oath. We think not. It is rather an artificial than a natural homespun oath, and euphemistic swearers should fight shy of it. It is all right when cleverly used for its literary nature, as in FIELD'S translation of the last Ode of the First Book, *Rosa quo locorum Sera moretur*:

"And as for roses, Moses!

They can't be had at living prices."

We never heard a deacon or other euphemist employ "Holy Moses." "Gosh," own brother to "josh" and "Jehoshaphat," perhaps, is of so wide distribution that it can be assigned to no place as yet. It belongs to a

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fine family, "bosh," "gosh," "josh," "galosh," sharp-prowed words cutting the sea of sound and leaving a wake of foam behind. Will no man or woman tell us where and when this boon of a "gosh" arose? Probably in various parts of the world simultaneously, like all other great inventions. It has dropped from millions of lips and is distinctly soothing.

Strictly or originally diaconal is "Ned," to "drive like Ned" and so on. Now, "Neddy" is a well-known sub-title of the donkey; and the Devil is an ass, as BEN JONSON and a thousand reams of mediæval legend tell. Diaconal also are "I'll be jiggered," "Consarn it all," "consarned," "doddasted" (Indiana), "I snum," "I snummy," "cracky," "great Scott." Belonging to the large class of fireoaths are "all-fired," "blasted" "blue blazes," "thunder and brimstone" and "all hell and no pitch pot." These sizzle too much. Preferable are the milder euphemisms, all of them comparable with such expressions as the Eumenides and the Euxine and the practice of calling the Fairies "the good people," "the little people." Names are powerful and dangerous, and must not be monkeyed with. Propitiatory or apologetic substitutes are safer. Somewhat as a Hindoo woman speaks of her husband not by his name, but as "the father of my children," so there are persons who will not give the Adversary his best-known title, but call him Old Boy, a term in which sympathetic appreciation rather than aversion

English

seems to lurk. There is a sort of electric shock and string in many of these drab-clothed words and phrases. We remember an inveterate WEBSTER Whig, who wore a blue dress coat with brass buttons to the last. "I want my tea strong enough to bear up a grinstun an' hottern'n the southeast side of the hot place." And yet his greatest oath was only "Wal, darn me!" Modest and inoffensive, but how weak by the side of that favorite oath of WILLIAM the Conqueror — if it was he — "by the splendor of GOD!" If kings must swear, that is the sort of oath for them.

Wet Words

The great work of philology goes on, careless of the calendar; nay, even busier in vacation time. *Fervet opus*, hot stuff. We are waiting for a really blistering, blighting "spell of weather," some hydrophobia of the dog star, the souring of the Milky Way. Then on an irritated world shall we sprinkle relieving showers of that quaint, beautiful and unprofane profanity which our diligent collaborators on the Dictionary of Profanity and Curse Lore are sending to us by the glassful, bucketful, hogsheadful, oceanful. This vast irrigation reservoir will be opened when it is needed most. Till then, patience! To-day we walk by the banks of another irrigation channel and send a few gracious drops into the cracking throat of humanity.

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The "subway cocktail" is severely local, we believe; known in the Manhattanese toxicology only. The genial word "Mulligan" in its technical liquid meaning is puzzling. It has made its way on the stage. Was it the favorite of those glorious warriors, the Mulligan Guards of this town? If yes, then we shall drink at least the sound of that dactyl in affectionate remembrance of the Hon. EDWARD HARRIGAN, now or formerly of the Ninth ward, and of TONY HART, "the lost light of those dawn-golden times." The fresh air of modernity is felt in "power house" and "pumpin' station," substitutes for the saloon. We commend them to sociologists and dictionary makers. And here ends our short walk among Wet Words.

A New Ship

Since calling attention to an interesting new word lately added to our vocabulary, we have received the following communication from a person rightfully concerned:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: I noticed in your paper of the 8th, 'A new sort of ship claims a place in the vernacular, *salesladyship*,' with 'statesmanship, seamanship, and penmanship.'

"Now I think *salesladyship* has as much claim as *salesmanship*, and in fact more. In speaking of a ship, do not we say

'She is a fine ship,' 'she is a fine sailer,' not 'he is a fine ship'? So the salesladies must be put at the head of the list when you add the ship. Ask any saleslady in New York and she will say so.

"SALESLADY.

"Savannah, Ga., May 10."

Why will not this daughter of the South, and her sisters, wherever found, rest in the bosom of man in contentment? Man, as in salesmanship, statesmanship, and the like, means woman too. Whoever thought of saying that one of the most resplendent ornaments of our correspondent's sex, Queen ELIZABETH, established a reputation for stateswomanship! Since trade has assumed a dignity and importance that the most deeply rooted prejudices of aristocracy have given way to, salesmanship is a word that has a natural right to a place in the dictionary. But against a special form for the feminine gender, all guardians of good English and womanly dignity will be unalterably opposed. They would have no more use for salesladyship than for astronomeress or mathematicianess.

Moreover, THE SUN will never agree to entertain that petty conception of woman through which she is troubled lest she be not called a lady. Of course a woman's a lady until proved to the contrary. But whoever, being a woman, thinks herself aggrieved when not called a lady lacks one of the fundamental elements of ladyship, in that she is no true

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woman. Salesladyship! Salesgentlemanship! Never! Never!

A Neglected Modern Language

Now the sap begins to stir in the language and "sporting blood" in most of us. Quick readers of the always interesting columns of the "sporting page" are dulled by habit to the neologisms, the salient expressions, the strange, attractive lingo; the language in a language. Imagine a foreign scholar, familiar with conventional, bloodless English, compelled to translate into French or German phrases like these:

"Cardinals and Browns limbered up for the edification of not a few of the fans."

"SHANNON will pull off a couple of steals."

"MIKE does not believe in sassy taps."

"Both are ripe, and the one that shows the best in warming up will be sent to the slab."

"JOE CORBETT is slightly overdrawn."

"DEMONTREVILLE comes in on bunts and can lace the ball out."

"Beloved of the bleacherite and bound to make a strong impression with the sun gods."

"A bunch of batters that will send many a pitcher to the well."

"PADDEN should be in the games up to the handle."

"An excellent receiver and appears to have a nimble think-tank."

English

“The Cardinals come home with a clean sheet.”

“SMOOT (not the Senator) knocked a few around yesterday.”

Here is an adequate tongue, written by many masters and spoken by many millions. Yet the haughty and absurd English dictionaries take little or no note of it. Dr. JAMES AUGUSTUS HENRY MURRAY of Oxford should direct his American “readers” to this fruitful field of words.

VIII

THE LADIES

Woman

“WHAT is woman for?” So asked Dr. L. F. BRYSON at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association at Saratoga on August 30, 1892.

She is for soul, for thought, for love, for bewitchment, for romance, for beauty, and for man. She is for this world and for other worlds. She is for all time and after time. She is for memory and for hope. She is for dreams beauteous. She is for poetry and art. She is for the fulfilment of the human imagination. She is for the household and her mate. She is for everything that is worth anything. She is for life. She is for faith. She is for earth and heaven. She is for summer and for winter. She is for the glory of the world, which would be intolerable without her. She is for all delicacy and daintiness. She is for youth, for middle age, for old age. She is for the merry-hearted and for the weary-footed. She is for light. She is the crown of creation, the consummate masterpiece of nature. It was ROBERT BURNS who, in an hour of ecstasy, sang:

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“Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her ‘prentice han’ she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!”

“What is woman for?” cries Dr. BRYSON, while standing up before the American Social Science Association. She is not for analysis by the chemical methods of that body. She is not for the monocular inspection of a lot of delegates assembled in convention. She is not for the gratification of social curiosity. She is not for science alone. Oh, no, no! She is for those only who surrender their souls wholly to her magic and throw themselves unreservedly at her feet.

The Empire of Women

At the Sorosis luncheon on Monday afternoon, Mrs. E. A. ALLEN contended with much bitterness that “a woman’s empire is bounded by her youth,” and that the bound is set by the fickle fancy of man. As soon as a woman’s youthful beauty fades, said Mrs. ALLEN, she loses her chance in business, her popularity on the stage, and her place in social life, simply because men are no longer interested in her.

That was a very remarkable way of talking to such a company as Mrs. ALLEN addressed. Sorosis, as we understand it, is made up chiefly of women who are engaged in various activities, have won unusual

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distinction in them, and most of whom have passed beyond the first flush of youth. Does any one of them believe she has reached the bound of her empire and has lost her power to sway the hearts of men? Does Mrs. ALLEN believe it of herself?

The period of life at which women have always exercised the most influence in society, and over men more especially, comes after their youth has gone by and their beauty has developed with the development of their minds and character. Such women are the rulers of society and fashion in every civilized capital of the world; and those who are younger must be their mere followers, waiting until the experience and the attractions of greater maturity shall enable them also to enter upon the exercise of that authority.

It is the same on the dramatic stage, and also in the various professions into which women have entered. Nearly all the actresses of distinction at the present moment are women who are no longer youthful, except in their hearts, and the girls of the stage cannot hope to compete with them except by study and by the knowledge which comes from greater experience only. Even the most successful performers of youthful parts are women who look back on their own youth; and thereby they show that age has not diminished their power to influence the sentiment of men, but has rather increased it.

In the other professions women, like men, must look

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on youth as a mere period of apprenticeship. They must wait for the wisdom and the skill which only experience can bring; and if they have them to the same degree as the men with whom they compete, they will be as successful. Youth will not long help them in that contest, and age alone will not drive them from it.

Neither does youth have the advantage in the matrimonial competition which Mrs. ALLEN pretends to assume. Widows of mature years may be the most dangerous rivals of young maidens; and there is abundant proof in these days that divorced women are not incapable of despotic sway over the hearts of men even after they have got well beyond the beauty of mere youth.

There is no bound to the empire of women, except as they set it themselves.

Lord Love 'Em!

The German professor, Herr R. VON LARISCH, is evidently a gentleman of that bewilderingly bad taste which presents the saddest symptom of the malady which makes a man blind to the beautiful. In a pamphlet which he has just published in Munich he utters the following frightful blasphemy:

“Esthetically woman is not so well made as man, and the term ‘feminine beauty’ is simply a paradox. There are no

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beautiful women; there cannot possibly be any beautiful women."

The horrid wretch! And the impudence of him! Even the pessimist, SCHOPENHAUER, in whose eyes everything was horrible, did not dare to go so far. In one of his outbursts of blind depravity he spoke of the fair sex as "low in stature, with narrow shoulders, big hips, and short legs. And we call that beautiful! Pshaw!" ALFRED DE MUSSET, in all his masculine egotism, stopped with the opinion that "the beauty of women is all in our love for them." Certainly there are fellows in this world who can give points to the ladies in personal conceit, and the funniest of them all is the chap that thinks he is more beautiful than a woman. As a matter of fact, there is a certain natural grace and dignity in the movements of a well-formed woman that can be imitated but poorly by some of the most splendidly developed men.

But it is a very simple matter to knock the theory of LARISCH into sauerkraut. Take the best-looking, clean-shaved young fellow within reach, not under eighteen and not over twenty-one, dress him in all the fashionable finery of the fair sex, bang his hair, put on false curls, paint and powder him as much as you please, and the total will foot up an old maid of fifty or sixty, and a fright at that. Take a man of more mature age and put him through the same process,

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and he will be bound to look like HECATE, or the grandmother of CROQUENTINAINE.

On the other hand, when in the theatre or anywhere else a woman appears in male attire, she is always far too beautiful for a man.

Evidently aestheticism, like figures, can be bribed into any service; but no war upon feminine beauty can ever be popular. We take off our hats to the ladies. THE SUN shines for them.

An Enchanting Subject

The following letter introduces us to a subject altogether enchanting, but which we approach with no little embarrassment, remembering the sad fate of TEIRESIAS when he was called upon to decide between APHRODITE and the three graces as to their comparative beauty:

“Kindly inform a daily reader of your paper which of the three cities has the handsomest ladies — Brooklyn, Boston, or Baltimore.

“N. M.

“Milford, Conn., April 18.”

In each of these three happy towns, Miss Milford, the eyes of a man of taste and the heart of a man of susceptibility are dazzled, bewildered, and made captive by the lavish display of feminine beauty upon

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which he gazes. In Baltimore he swears that nowhere else in all the world is it to be equalled, but when he stands amid the graces of Boston, they, too, seem to him beyond compare, and when he reaches Brooklyn he feels as if he were walking in the garden of beauty.

Nor is it fair, Miss Milford, to accuse him of fickleness and lack of discrimination, for in each his rapture is complete, his satisfaction entire, and he abandons himself to the glory of the sight with no thought and no power of criticism and comparison. Thank Heaven! there is no land and no community in the world in which feminine loveliness is concentrated and where there is a monopoly of feminine charms, though in this country they are in prodigal profusion at the North, the South, the East, and the West, as in no other upon which the sun shines. The waters of the Sound, that flows by the delightful old Connecticut town from which you write, reflect beauty that none except a rash observation would dare compare with any other.

But perhaps we might venture to decide between the three cities in a statistical way. It is a cold, hard, unfeeling, unpoetic way, but we do not dare to adopt any other. The population in 1880 of Baltimore was 332,313, of Boston 369,832, and of Brooklyn 566,663, and therefore, on the sound principle as applied to an American community, that the more women the more

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beauty, Brooklyn would have to be put first, Boston second, and Baltimore third in answer to Miss Milford's question.

But the Baltimore women are inexpressibly lovely! and the charge that Boston is deficient in feminine beauty is a vile slander! No! taking back our hateful statistics, we politely but firmly refuse to render any decision. It is impossible.

The Utility of Beauty

A grave warning to young women is furnished by an incident which has just occurred in a neighboring commonwealth. Unless girls are handsome they must abandon the ambition of teaching school in the State of Connecticut.

The heroine of the incident to which we refer is a young teacher from Youngstown, Ohio. Her story is told in the *Boston Herald*. She was engaged to teach in the State Normal School at New Britain, Conn., from now until after the Christmas holidays. She arrived at the school last week, was shown over the building and instructed as to the duties expected of her, and was directed to enter upon the performance of them on the next day. What followed is thus narrated by our esteemed Boston contemporary:

"That evening the principal sent a note to her sister asking to see her at once. The sister went, and was told that, after

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giving the matter some consideration, he, the principal, had decided not to keep her sister in the position for which she had been hired by the Board, but would pay her a month's salary and her expenses, and send her back home. The only reason assigned was that she was too 'homely,' as the professor expressed it. It is said by those who met her that, while she was exceedingly plain, she was of very engaging manners, and her fitness for the place was not and could not be questioned."

So it seems that in Connecticut they have no use for brains unless they are enclosed in a beautiful box. GEORGE ELIOT would have starved to death in the Nutmeg State.

Red Top

The *Richmond Times-Dispatch* turns away from politics a moment to look at metal more attractive, the girl with blushing tresses.

"The red-haired girl is all right. She reminds one of the sunshine. She may be a little fiery, but she is generous. She stands up for her rights, but she respects the rights of others."

Undoubtedly the red-haired, not to say red-headed, girl is, has been, and ever will be, all right. Much more than the English girl sung by an English poet, "she brings the summer and the sun." Technically and as a matter of convention, to be sure, there are no red-headed girls. They have to be "Titian-haired,"

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“auburn-haired,” with hair “of the hue that poets love,” and so on with familiar idiocy. So cowardly, so foolish and so much the dupe of superstition is the world. Is it because JUDAS ISCARIOT was popularly supposed to have a red poll that red-headedness has to blush for its own color, so to speak? “Two left legs” would be a blemish, but “JUDAS colored hair” should be judged by its merits as a piece of color and not condemned on account of literary or legendary associations.

A similar trick of association and habit leads even our Old Dominion pyrrotrichopolist to assume that a red-headed girl is “fiery.” It would be as just to assume that a yellow-haired girl is bilious. What is the origin of this lingering belief that the red-headed are sudden and quick in quarrel? A savage or barbarous, at least a pagan, belief, we’ll go bail. Red signifies fire, lightning. On such preposterous grounds is an even temper denied to the red-headed girl by the thoughtless; and even by the Richmond philosopher.

The red-headed girl is spirited. There is no dull albinism about her nature and temperament. But there is no better reason for calling her fiery than for holding that a blue-eyed girl must be deep in the blues.

The American Girl

Mrs. KATE TANNATT WOOD’S defence of the American girl against the charge that she is weak, silly, and

frivolous was only necessary for the instruction of those who do not use their own discernment, but follow the judgment of cheap and vulgar or ignorant critics.

The girls of the society of fashion, of whom she spoke more particularly in her address before the Professional Woman's League, are now remarkable for their vigor and both their serious and pleasure-seeking activity. They are accomplished horsewomen, are eager in outdoor sports, sensible in their dress, retired in their manners, and their interests are larger and broader than ever in the past. Whatever else may be their defects they are least of all open to the accusation of feebleness and frivolity. If all the men with whom they associate had advanced equally in their moral and intellectual development, it would be fortunate for the race; but the women have gone ahead faster than the men. They are usually their superiors in cultivation, both social and mental. They have brighter minds.

As it is, this improvement of the feminine part of that society shows itself in the new generation. The increase in the stature and in the physical endurance and intellectual vigor of both young men and young women has been notable since the range of feminine activities, interests, and ambitions has been extended, or during the last twenty-five years. Those girls described as weak and frivolous have a better inheritance of vigor of both mind and body than their mothers received. The young men in the colleges are more

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stalwart than their fathers, usually overtopping them in stature, and have brighter and keener intellects. We are raising up a lot of doctors, lawyers, and men of science who will give new lustre to this country. They will also carry into all departments of business enterprise a better equipment of education. These young men can be trusted to push forward American civilization. But, as we have said, their progress has not been as notable as that of the girls. The day when it was fashionable for woman to be a weak dependent has passed. Frivolous indoor occupations and timid withdrawal from contact with outside life and its interests have been replaced by vigorous activity in all the affairs of society, and in the ambition to become the comrades of men in their broader occupation. The young women are waiting, ready to share political responsibility. They are horrified no longer by the suggestion that they should be admitted to the suffrage. The organization of women which struggled to obtain the suffrage from the Constitutional Convention was largely composed of representatives of the society specially accused of frivolity.

Generally the American girl has improved in strength and become less frivolous. The hardest and the cleverest students in the public schools are girls. They are entering freely into every employment that does not demand rude muscular power and rugged endurance. They are better able to take care of themselves

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than formerly. They are getting over nonsensical notions that dwarfing restrictions are essential to feminine attractions. They are not afraid that they can know too much or do too much. Meantime they are improving in their looks and increasing in their charm and their desirability as companions and comrades, and men are finding it out.

The American girl needs no defence against accusations like those refuted by Mrs. WOOD, and least of all at this time, when her advancement in every field is so conspicuous and so indisputable.

Our Beautiful Girls

A woman of fashionable society lately remarked, according to the *Commercial Advertiser*, upon the admirable health and strength of the girls who are now at the age to enter that society. These "rosebuds," as they are called, are full of vitality and physical endurance, and able to stand much more pleasure and work both than their mothers could support at their time of life. The causes of this superiority she thus explains, telling what is within the knowledge of everybody who has observed the training of girls in the society to which she refers:

"I know personally any number of little girls, say under twelve years of age, who are as fully up in rowing, swimming, riding, and tennis, as are their brothers of the same age. And

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the effect of this training is marked in the girls just now arriving at womanhood, who represent the first generation brought up under the new dispensation. When I was a young lady, attention to her social duties was considered the only work of which a young girl was capable, and she passed her time when not so employed in rest for recuperative purposes. The modern girl, however, seems able to dissipate and work too, and you find the most fashionable of the sex most active in the supervision of the Young Women's Home, the St. Barnabas Society, and all the charities which cluster around the churches; and I know of quite a number of society young women who are affiliated with the State Board of Charities, and who make investigations and get up statistics with the utmost assiduity."

The fine and strong physical proportions and abounding health of these young women are certainly very remarkable. They seem to be of a stature superior to that of our girls of a past generation, and they move with a freedom which indicates physical vigor, and show that they have been accustomed to athletic exercise. Their disposition to seek recuperation after social toil in new activities and varied occupations affords promise, too, that they will keep their health of body and mind.

If they do not always accomplish much for others by their exertions, they at least profit from them themselves. Their sympathies become quickened, and their range of knowledge and observation is extended beyond

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the narrow circle in which their vanity is flattered and their weaknesses encouraged. With larger and more varied interests, their minds are broader and brighter, and they learn to look on life as the serious thing it is. They have the capacity for work, and they ought to put it to use in some other direction than that of mere selfish gratification.

We are glad, therefore, to see the interest girls are taking in those benevolent societies, and that it has become fashionable to feel it. Besides, during the season of Lent especially, many of them are engaged in profitable study, and in attending lectures, like those of Mr. JOHN FISKE, for instance, and in different ways they are showing that their active spirits chafe in mere indolence. They are too full of health and life to rust out in that way, and must have other occupation than a petty round of social duties. They want to be at work like their brothers, and like them want also to get physical exercise and the mental refreshment which comes from varied employments.

With girls so vigorous and sensible, so beautiful and so strong, we must have here a splendid race in the future. We envy the growth of the next century.

Big Girls

Are the young women of this town at the present day taller and stouter than its belles of twenty or thirty

years ago? Old fellows say they are, and the height and weight of the evidence which they introduce cannot fail to give strength to their assertion. But these far-seeing old philosophers also want us to believe that our girls now are less beautiful than the dames of former times. We can't. The law of gallantry forbids. Our girls are immense, and are still progressing with gigantic strides; but that they are in any respect less lovely than the little creatures of long ago we must deny.

Five feet two inches, we believe, is the exact height of one of the famous statues of VENUS. If that statue, like some of the images we read of in fairy tales, could come to life now and get rigged up in all the fascinating toggery of the present fashion, she would be only a mite among the tall and stately beauties of Broadway. Every evening we empty out shopfuls of girls of from five feet six to five feet ten, and every one of them carved like the Goddess of Liberty.

Tall old gentlemen can't see this female encroachment upon the stature of man, but short and middle-sized old fellows are constantly remarking that they have to look up or straight ahead now, where in former years they looked down. The fact seems to be that the modern New York belle is a great big girl with an enormous hat, small feet, and a tournure like the overhang of the Volunteer. Little shoes may still fit her — we don't mean to crow over any Western town — but

little names like DOLLY and DAISY must be thrown aside, and better ones chosen without going to the other extreme and adopting high-sounding and ponderous appellations, such, for instance, as GIRAFFINA and RHINOCEROSA.

We tender to our blooming beauties the assurance of our most enthusiastic admiration, and trust that they will grow on and become the mothers and grandmothers of the best boys and the finest baseball players in the world.

Mothers and Daughters

Not long ago we called attention to an article in an English magazine, in which Mrs. CRACKANTHORPE described "the revolt of the daughters" against the authority of their mothers as so violent at the present day that it indicated a social revolution of a very startling kind. The revolt, she said, is against the restraints put upon mothers by the old-fashioned maternal prudence and solicitude which are prompted by the desire to have the girls satisfy the conditions of the "marriage market"; and for that reason she expressed sympathy with it.

Mrs. CRACKANTHORPE charges that the mothers are stupid and sordid in opposing the greater freedom desired by the daughters of this day, simply because it lessens their chances of making good marriages. The

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“marriage ring,” she said, “is the authority which mothers acknowledge and obey, although not for one moment will they admit it.” One English mother, however, now rises to make the admission freely and proudly. She is Lady JEUNE, a woman who has contributed to English magazines some of the frankest, most intelligent, and most sensible discussions of social questions which have appeared of recent years. She tells Mrs. CRACKANTHORPE that it is nonsense “to deny that marriage is the object of woman’s existence.” She contends that, within limits, “the influence the marriage market has on mothers is a good one.” Of course, every good woman wants her daughter to marry, says Lady JEUNE, and “in training her daughter for that career, and in doing what she feels will facilitate that object, she is only doing her duty and seeking her girl’s welfare.” It is mere sham and false and “mawkish delicacy” to pretend differently. “Let us be honest,” she exclaims, “and say we care more about that subject than almost any other, and that we want our girls to marry, and marry well, and marry the best men, because we know that they will be the happier and better women for it.” Let us not hesitate to declare and acknowledge that everything a good mother can do to bring about this gratification of her keenest desire “she will do, and be justified.” Accordingly, in the training of her daughter she will pay constant heed to the prejudices and predispositions of men, as

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expressed in the customs and conventions of society touching the decorum proper for the girls they would wish to have as wives.

Lady JEUNE can see no "reason for shame in making the admissions," and there is none. No mother need excuse her desire for the prosperous and happy marriage of her daughter, and no mother is censurable for trying to gratify so unselfish an ambition. The marriage of a girl is a step of momentous consequence for herself, her family, and the race; and there is no parental obligation stronger than the duty of guiding the child and shaping her social surroundings and companionship so that she shall not enter upon her appointed career under the direction of blind and dangerous chance only.

The Pie-Carriers' Protest

An unexpected form of suffering is disclosed in the following letter:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: Will you please put the following in your valuable paper: I wish the lady typewriter in our office would take a drop on herself and not ask me to go for pie and sandwiches for her, as I am 24 years old. I am no messenger boy. I hope this will strike the right one.

"New York, December 12."

"J. C. L.

Here is the cry of a young, indignant soul. Very

young. Twenty-four must be the exaggeration of emotion. We are inclined to read fourteen. There is a brief and unhappy period when the tremendous dignity of youth, much occupied in growing and guiltily conscious of an excess of feet and hands, affects to scorn "girls," but can it be that a young man of twenty-four grumbles at the privilege of being the MERCURY of a "lady typewriter"?

He might be pardoned if he had conscientious scruples against pie, or held a high romantic-mystical notion that pie is no proper food of beauty. He might have vegetarian prejudice against sandwiches. But he does not scorn pie and sandwiches as not sufficiently ethereal. He objects to carrying them. We can hear him creak and rattle — he is a young man very full of impossible patent devices as to "cuffs" and braces, as he declares that he is "no messenger boy."

What is he for? Is his soul so given to the cares of shaving and the constant scrutinizing of his countenance, waiting for his feathers, that he cannot find time to do an errand for a woman? Is the typewriter to go hungry while he smokes cigarettes on the street corner and stores in his memory such choice expressions as "take a drop on herself"? Be the "lady typewriter" young, less young, or plain but interesting, like so many heroines of the novelists, he ought to be glad to oblige her. As a man, capable of coattails and razors, it is his duty to obey the lady. Even if she is a little

exacting he has no right to whine. Suppose he had happened to be a Troubadour instead of a youth with a commercial cast of mind, and had been a messenger for a whimsical lady who amused herself with throwing her glove into a cage full of real lions and telling him to jump in and pick it out! He escapes easily. The transportation of pie is not a difficult service, nor is pie dangerous to the honest carrier.

To be sure there may be a tragedy hidden behind this complaining letter. The pie-carrier may suspect that he is doomed only to fetch and carry. Such cruelties have been known. But the suspicion may be unjust, and at any rate he should accept his task and fate with courage. Honor the ladies and fetch the pie!

For Wives of Famous Men!

It would seem that among the friends of Mrs. EIRICH, the wife of Pastor EIRICH, of Hoboken, there should be some wise counsellors of sufficient influence to induce her to relent from abandoning her husband, and to return to her home.

The cause of Mrs. EIRICH's act was strange indeed. Being a woman of only ordinary education, married to a scholar, she was filled with the ambition of entering into her husband's labors and assisting him in his intellectual work. Unfortunately, she was not qualified for such efforts, and failure wounded her pride

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and led her to her abandonment of home, husband, and children.

This should not be. No man and woman when they become man and wife can be exactly equal. In this case of the Hoboken pastor and his wife, their inequality appears to have been most just and fortunate. He was better fitted for attending to the duties of his calling, and she for the duties of hers, the cares of the house. Happiness depended on the harmonious performance of their respective tasks, and that could only be achieved by each observing the natural limits of the allotted obligations. If Mrs. EIRICH will consider those beautiful lines from TENNYSON'S "In Memoriam" she will see the course that may lead her back to happiness; and perhaps their perusal may be the means of soothing other troubled households besides:

"For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house;
And he, he knows a thousand things.

"Her faith is fixed and cannot move;
She darkly feels him great and wise;
She dwells on him with faithful eyes
'I cannot understand — I love.'"

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Ten American Women

We have received the following request for knowledge:

“To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: The name of what ten American women will live longest in history?

“MAYFLOWER.”

The selection of a list of ten American women whose names have reached fame is not easy, but we'll experiment:

MARTHA WASHINGTON,	PRISCILLA ALDEN;
REBECCA ROLFE,	ELIZA GOOSE,
(POCAHONTAS),	(MOTHER GOOSE),
MOLLY PITCHER,	MARIA MITCHELL,
ELIZABETH BLACKWELL,	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,	LUCRETIA MOTT.

The deeds and circumstances which made these women known above the majority of their sisters lie in an extremely interesting field of historical investigation. We offer their names with high regard for their title to the place assigned, but with frank acknowledgment that there may be others.

IX

LOVERS, SWEETHEARTS AND OTHERS

Thirty-two

A YOUNG woman of this city does us the honor to send us in this letter, which is not without its pathos:

“To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: I am 32 years old; not deformed. I live alone and have to work for my living. I should like to get married, not for the sake of being supported, for I should expect to work after marriage, but for the sake of loving and being loved. Do you think I am too old?

“AGATHA.”

Why, you poor child, of course you are not too old. What do you call “old”? To a youth of nineteen you may seem old, just as he is looked upon as a monument of antiquity by little TOMMY spinning his top on the sidewalk there. Age is a thoroughly relative term, but we have pleasure in assuring you that save in the eyes of the law you are a good deal of an infant yet, with your best years before you, please God!

You have passed the days of giggling and gushing. Without being a bit of a prig, or stiff or dried up or

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vinegary, you have accumulated tact and knowledge. Your sympathies and affections are infinitely deeper than they were at eighteen. Do you remember what a shallow little chit you were then compared with what you are?

We don't know you, but we have seen you. We see you in your letter, industrious, patient, cheerful, affectionate, watching with wistful eyes the years that scurry by and bring no Fairy Prince. Good eyes, we'll be bound, whatever be their color; eyes soft with kindness, and that need to be lighted up with happiness.

No, AGATHA, you are at the age of sense, which by no means precludes charm. A woman in the thirties is at her loveliest. Pity so few of them know it.

You are just the wife for a sensible man, who has got over the ebullient follies of youth and knows enough to pick out a companion for himself. Somewhere there must be such an one waiting for you. If he doesn't come to you he is an idiot. Don't you mind him!

Of Course, Go Again!

A Kansas friend writes to us that not long ago he addressed a letter to a young woman of whom he had become enamored, laying bare the state of his heart, and asking the momentous question, and this was the answer:

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"I think you decided too hastily to ask a question whose answer is fraught with so much happiness or unhappiness. I sincerely admire and love you as a cousin, and I thank you for the great compliment; but every man should have a candid answer, I think. Seriously, if I know myself, I never intend to marry. Now, you will think that I am breaking my heart for some other man, but in this you are mistaken. I have simply mapped out a different life for myself. I hope you are not going to give me up, as men always do under these circumstances, for I should so gladly keep up our friendship."

"Now, do you think that a positive refusal," asks our friend, "or does she not express herself as if she thought I should come again?" Of course she bids you to come again. When a girl talks to a lover about never intending to marry, and having mapped out an entirely different life for herself, she substantially announces that she is prepared to debate the question with him, and in such a contest he will be a poor disputant if he does not come out the winner.

But you must present your case in person and by word of mouth, and not by letter, for in writing she will have the advantage of you. Women generally are far cleverer than men in letter writing, and arguments to which you could make no convincing answer in written correspondence you might easily overthrow in speech to the delight of you both. If you would hope for success in the battle of love, you must fight it out at close quarters and not at long range. If he loves me,

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she doubtless says, why does he not come to woo me, instead of being so stupid as to write his awkward proposal?

To write is to display a lack of the courage whose exhibition of itself is half the battle. Faint heart, good friend, never won fair lady.

Go to her and plead your cause with the eloquence to which she longs to yield, for already we hear the marriage bells in the distance and make haste to offer to her and to you our felicitations and our hopes for your unalloyed conjugal happiness. But it can't be done by letter; remember that!

Why Did She Keep the Ring?

A lover hasty in his disappointment is here moved to apply the principle of commonplace justice to a question about which sentiment still has the right of way:

“To the Editor of THE SUN — *Sir*: Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper, what disposition a woman should make of an engagement ring after her engagement to marry has been broken?”

“It seems to me an honorable woman would return it to the man who gave it to her with a view to matrimony.

“New York, December 2.”

“DAILY READER.

We assume that our correspondent yearns for the re-

turn of the ring as a desecrated emblem of his wounded heart, not as a diamond of great price. His view of the proprieties is in the abstract sound. A woman disengaged is morally bound to return presents received from her former fiancé. This rule would apply with particular force to the gift which is in itself a pledge of the promise to marry. The gem must shine with a pale and false lustre which is the pledge of dead affection. A girl's retention of this supreme gift after the vital spark had passed from it would show at the first blush that she had from the beginning valued it more for its worth or beauty than for its significance. A man should regard himself lucky if his escape from so mercenary a character was purchased at the price of a ring, even if it shone with the light of the Koh-i-noor.

Turning to the legal side of the question, possibly the ring might be recovered by suing the young woman for obtaining goods under false pretences, while if he had been the jilt the ring might be held by the maiden as a forfeit for non-fulfilment of contract. But the law had better be left alone for the present. The sentiment of courtship is too sacred to be crushed impulsively under an effort for crude justice.

Is there not another aspect to the case than the one discerned by our correspondent in his worry and vexation? The idea that any girl, out of a spirit of avarice or extortion, would keep a ring which marked a broken

promise of her hand is too shocking to be entertained without absolutely certain justification. Rather let our friend think of the impounding of the ring as a sign that, in spite of quarrel or even of dismissal, the old feeling inflames the heart which he had hoped one day would beat as one with his, and that, while the ring still shines upon the finger of his fiancée, it is a beacon lighting his way back to the longed-for haven of happiness which a sudden storm swept from his sight.

Try again, friend, for the girl, not the ring.

Keeping Company and Long Engagements

Questions substantially the same as those of the following letter are put to us by many correspondents:

“I have been keeping company with a young lady for the past few years, but as yet am not in circumstances to get married. Would it be proper for me to ask this lady to wait for me, and would it be considered an engagement? It may be three or four years before I am in circumstances to be married. I am 28 years of age, and am greatly in love with the lady. Would it be necessary that I should present her with a ring?”

By keeping company with a young woman our correspondent means what is otherwise known as paying particular attention to her, and even more than that. He not only goes about with this girl and visits her, but also expects to enjoy her society to the

exclusion of other men. He would probably resent her appearance in public with another young man not of her kin as a breach of propriety, if not as a flagrant offence against herself. At any rate, he would mourn over it as an indication that she was disposed to break with him.

He has thus kept company with her for several years, and is generally known to their acquaintance as her particular "company," so that other young men stand at a distance; and yet he has never confessed his love, and never sought her hand in marriage. They know that each likes the other, and both may expect that an engagement between them will take place in due time, but the betrothal is always in the distance.

In old days, under such circumstances the father of the girl would long ago have sought a private interview with the young man, during which he would have asked him to declare his intentions as to his daughter — whether he seriously proposed marriage, or was only amusing himself at the expense of her prospects of a settlement. In England that is still the practice largely, but here it no longer prevails. And yet a girl ought not to be left in the uncertainty in which our correspondent keeps his beloved one. Her whole life may be spoiled because of it.

We therefore say to him that he should come to the point at once, at once put the momentous question, and go forth either transported with the delight of an

engaged man or cast down into the misery of a rejected lover. He should not compel her to draw inferences only, but tell her plainly the state of his feelings, and declare unmistakably what his purpose in seeking her society is. Then it will be for her to say whether she will accept him with the prospect of a long engagement; and of course he cannot ask her to wait for him without formally and firmly engaging himself to her.

Such engagements are unfortunate, but necessity forces them in the case of many young men who have their own living to make. His prudence in hesitating to assume the responsibilities of matrimony until he is ready to sustain them, until he can support a bride properly, is altogether creditable to him. It indicates that he has good sense, self-control, and the desire to worthily provide for the object of his affections. He does not rush into marriage blindfold, careless of her welfare, but stops to make ready for her a suitable home and adequate support. If she is a sensible girl she will like him all the better because of his prudent regard for her comfort, and will wait for him accordingly.

Let him make the engagement no longer than necessity forces. But an engagement of indefinite duration, objectionable as it is, is far better than keeping company indefinitely without an up and down betrothal.

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Oh, yes, give her the ring to commemorate the ecstatic hour, and to symbolize the endlessness of your devotion.

Better Break it Off

A worried spinster writes for advice in relation to a subject which has an unfortunate connection with American habits:

"I am a young lady, and my chief characteristic is refinement of thought and manner. I am engaged to a gentleman (?) whom I love very dearly, but I can feel a chill of change in my feeling on account of his habit (which is a chronic one) of tobacco chewing. When he takes me out, either riding or walking, he is constantly expectorating either on the floor or out of the window of car or carriage, and when we are at home the cuspidore is a sight to behold, and when I kiss him now, which is very seldom, as I get more tobacco than bliss, he complains that I do not love him. Now please do tell me what you think. I often tell him I feel so mortified at his actions, but it is the same old habit. It is not the actions of a gentleman, is it?"

"Please answer this, for I am so anxious for him to read what sensible and good sound judgment has to say on the subject.

"ALICE.

"New York, October 17."

Before criticising the young man in this regrettable case we are moved to rebuke the woman for lack of proper consideration before arranging her engagement.

Why did she bestow her heart and the promise of herself upon a young man who in his intercourse with her must have exhibited such repulsive manners? How real is her own refinement if she could overlook such disgusting exhibitions by him she would be willing to have as husband? Could he have deceived her? Is it possible that he could have passed through the steadily growing intimacy of courtship keeping from her notice either in his acts or in his presence the signs of the tobacco-chewing habit? As she describes him, he is a more fit visitor to a pigpen than to a lady's drawing room. He is so extremely offensive that plainly he must either be entirely devoid of any appreciation of social decency, or he must credit her with very little. Otherwise he would never think of such conduct.

In the Methodist Church we find that tobacco is forbidden, although, alas, the mouths of many of the elders are soiled with its juice, in addition to their consciences being soiled with the accompanying sin. But though this prohibition is not primarily in the interest of good manners, and views on the chewing question vary, there can be no dispute as to the intolerability of such revolting rudeness as has been displayed in the presence of our correspondent. She tells of his complaint that she does not love him. We feel he is right. Despite the possibility of previous hallucination on her part, how could she love him when she is

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constantly brought into contact with such odious vulgarity?

It is an old saying that when poverty comes in through the door love flies out of the window. We have little respect for it. Poverty begets work, and where husband and wife are working to the same end, the natural sympathy in marriage may even be intensified. But in tobacco chewing this young woman, were she to marry, could find no sympathy nor share. She could never become used to it, unless she utterly lost all the sense of refinement which she cherishes and is justly proud of. But unfortunately, even if this becoming prejudice should at last become dulled to her husband's ways, she would almost certainly find him rude and brutal in other ways and hopelessly unfit to be her companion. As affairs are now she had better not think of marrying him.

He must reform or be totally unworthy of such a girl as she.

She Should Not

The enduring interest which attaches to the problem here propounded demands that it should be discussed with all seriousness. A young woman, who sends her name and address, but who upon this occasion wishes to be known as "STELLA," asks this question:

"Is it proper for a young lady to sit in the lap of a young man to whom she is engaged?"

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Of course we will assume that no one else is present. Public exhibitions of admiration on the part of young persons whose hearts are known to have been interchanged should be restricted within very narrow limits. The eyes may meet, the hands may touch, but the lips — never. Opinions are divided on the question whether, within the hearing of but partially sympathetic ears, they should ever frame audibly the Christian name of the other party to the interesting combination; but that is not the theme of the moment, and there is no need of discussing it now. We are fully aware also that one school of romantic thinkers will maintain that what is not in good taste before the eyes of the world should be forbidden under all other circumstances. But we say simply that such is not our opinion. If this budding state of matrimony were to be oppressed by the same law of decorum which cold etiquette prescribes for the colorless relations of commonplace friendship, we fear that the mature conjugal blossom would appear with comparative rarity. Were no more serious proofs of reconciliation and forgiveness permitted to engaged lovers than are employed by mere friends, the first clash of discordant ideas would often cause the tender flower of love to droop beyond the power of ordinary protestations of devotion to revivify. Our remarks are therefore directed toward those who agree with us upon this subject, and we address them with confidence that theirs is the popular view.

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Turning then to the main question, we say frankly to "STELLA" and to all the fair constituents of the endless and happy procession which will follow her example in days to come, that as a rule the practice she refers to should be frowned upon as inadmissible. Treat the impulsive and forgetful suppliant with mercy and forgiveness; but rather than wander so far from the principles of a reserved and faultless spinsterhood, we should advise our correspondent, and all others like her, even to reject the enticing prospect of altering her state, and to continue, like the imperial votaress of the unbending DIANA,

"In maiden meditation fancy free."

The Subject of Kissing

It is not the impressive form in which our services are here demanded, that prompts us to discussion; it is the seriousness of the question propounded. There are five signatures to this letter:

"To oblige several young gentlemen, would you kindly give them a few hints or directions on osculation, and how to kiss a young lady gracefully, without acting the part of a fool and being subjected to ridicule and criticism when the ordeal is witnessed by others. We are not joking, but are seriously in earnest, and would be immensely indebted to you were you to answer in Sunday's edition, as would doubtless be many

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others who are far too backward to ask such a question. Hoping you will lift a burden from the minds of five of your readers, we are,

MAURICE NASHE,
D. MORTON, JR.,
THEOLE CARROLL,
N. W. GREGORY,
HARRY BOGART.

“New York City.”

Let Messrs. NASHE and friends dismiss the thirst for directions from their minds, and attend to a few hints upon the fundamental principles of the subject in which they display such interest.

1. They should understand that a young lady, meaning one of the regular run of young ladies not related to them in any special degree, must not be kissed at all. 2. When kissed, she should never be kissed in public. 3. The man who kisses and stops to think of critics is beneath criticism.

But perhaps our correspondents in speaking of a young lady really had in mind one who might properly be considered in connection with this subject. As we reflect, three such characters come to mind. They are the near relative or cousin, the bride, and, under rare and extraordinary circumstances, the betrothed.

But what unromantic analyst wishes to see expressed in cold and colorless print a bare formula for osculatory grace? It shall never appear in the sympathetic and feeling pages of THE SUN. To our five

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interrogators we will simply say that to make any social performance graceful there must be a careful observance of the canons of politeness. Politeness abhors roughness. It hates unsteadiness. It never moves by jerks. It rarely admits of hesitancy or lack of confidence. It never abandons itself to momentary frenzy. It even shrinks from too great enthusiasm. It acts with intelligence and deliberation, though not, as the efforts of a few ignorant, affected, and ill-mannered cranks would indicate, with cold indifference. And lastly, in its highest forms it appears devoid of self-consciousness.

Here are the laws which govern any attempt in the direction taken by these inquiring minds when they produced the above note.

The Extinction of the Kiss

The kiss of affection and romantic love is celebrated in the song and story of all ages. Sacred literature justifies and honors the holy kiss of religious sympathy. The meeting of the lips has always been with our race the universal and natural and spontaneous expression of the most tender sentiment.

Now sanitary science pushes itself forward to degrade the kiss to the level of sewer gas and the many agencies by which noxious and infectious disease is propagated. It is demanding the abolition of the

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practice as a remnant of barbarous ignorance of the laws of health. It would subordinate romantic sentiment to cautious prudence and forbid the lover to embrace his sweetheart even as a seal of their betrothal, until they are able to produce medical certificates that they are free from the transmissible germs of disease.

For several years past prudent parents, under the instruction of their physicians, have guarded their young children jealously against the indiscriminate kissing which was once in vogue, lest those poisonous germs be transmitted to the babies. It is a reasonable precaution, for undoubtedly the danger exists, and as the germ theory of disease is more generally accepted, peril of such contact is appreciated the more intelligently. If, then, there is a serious risk for children in careless kissing, say the preachers of sanitary science, it is a risk which older people must avoid also. Even the cherry red and pouting lips of beauty may convey material poison along with the rapture of love they express so romantically. The most ardent manifestation of masculine devotion may be the means of planting the seeds of disease, which will bring forth a fruitful crop of maladies sent down through generations. So says science.

Accordingly, the Secretary of the Ohio Board of Health has been urging the Pastors' Union of Sandusky to use their influence to put a stop to the practice of unscientific kissing, or kissing which is not carefully

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restrained by sanitary laws. He also warns them of the danger of using the same wine cup in administering the right of the holy communion to different persons. He would not let women kiss each other after the prevailing fashion, and, of course, he discountenances the kissing of babies by every chance comer, and he would prevent kissing among the babies themselves.

Thus cold and prudential science is invading the realm of tender and romantic, poetic and religious sentiment, and destroying as a pest house the very temple in which the love of all ages has offered up its worship. It is an appalling revolution.

The Psychology of Husbands

The faculty of the Ruskin University, which emigrated from Trenton, Mo., to Glen Ellyn, Ill., not long ago, has resolved to build a breakwater against the sea of divorce. Why are there so many divorces? Because wives do not understand their husbands. A young woman is married before she has had the opportunity to study many specimens of this queer animal, Man. His ways of thought, his mental idiosyncrasies, the kinks in his convolutions, are essentially unknown to her. Friction and incompatibility are developed; and divorce follows.

The remedy or preventive is psychology. The

Ruskinians are sure of that. Miss ADA C. SWEET, a distinguished author and clubwoman, has been elected Dean of the recently established Woman's Department of Ruskin, and she will try to fit the graduates of that department to be "model wives." They are not to be "intellectual giants." Men don't like to be dwarfs. They are not to be "business women." Stenography and typewriting teach habits of accuracy, and may tend to breed impatience with the irregularities and eccentricities of the "aggravating" creature. Besides "business women" might not be able to resist the impulse to "call" their husbands "to time." Even art will be discouraged at Glen Ellyn. Only "art in nature," not that turned out by painters and sculptors, will be taught. This will be a rude blow to Fra LORADO, but proceeds from intelligible motives. The superior æsthetic training of women must be dangerous to domestic peace. Unless cleverly concealed it fills some men with an uneasy consciousness of their own inferiority. Now, no man can be truly happy or himself if there is even a penumbra on the halo of his self-esteem. He must bask in himself. It is a sort of lese-majesty for his wife to interfere with his sublime belief in his own greatness and infallibility.

We humbly confess our inability to understand just what "art in nature" is. Perhaps it is an appreciation of the facts and figures of the landscapes, the ability to look at a cow, for instance, or a mouse, with-

out blenching. If this guess hits, a profound revolution is beginning in feminine psychology, the most mysterious, elusive, baffling and fascinating branch of psychology, that grand and glorious science, if it be a science in good and regular standing. "The science of the phenomena of mind." For full particulars, see the dictionaries and the text-books. Is there any such entity or conception as the impenetrability of science? For sociology includes everything and psychology the rest. Ergo, there must be an excess of matter, mind or science. We don't speak irrelevantly but inquiringly. Women are natural psychologists. They have subtlety, the divining eyes and mind. Psychology has been applied to children, idiots, victims of hysteria, crowds, and so on. Experimental psychology will now be applied to husbands, and applied by persons of delicate and sensitive perceptions, not by lumbering old professors. With our own eyes we have seen a professor of psychology henpecked. What use was psychology to him?

Who are to be the subjects of the laboratory practice at Glen Ellyn? Young men will be nervous if they know they are being scrutinized by those clear eyes of all-judging psychology. And is the psychology of love science or poetry? Whichever it be, the "psyche" is likely to get the better of the "logy," the love to drown the psychology.

It is expected that marital psychology will produce

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noble results at Glen Ellyn. Meanwhile, less important but still useful branches will not be neglected. There will be a thorough course in "housewifery," a study which was once regarded as even more necessary to wives than psychology. Some men are easily satisfied. The morning coffee is more to them than all the intellectual stores of all the women's clubs. While these base material needs exist, while there are husbands existing in a low plane of "culture," it is right that young women with a view to matrimony should practise the lowly arts of the kitchen. As civilization strides onward, that life below stairs can be eliminated, perhaps; and the house be all library, conservatory, art gallery, music room and boudoir.

We congratulate the Ruskin faculty on its determination to turn the girls away from the study of mathematics. Mathematics and marriage are natural enemies. Marriage says one and one is one. Mathematics says one and one makes two. Mathematics is an ass.

What is the Matter With the Lovers?

In one of the old-time burlesques a terrible lover appears upon the stage. He is all bespangled with daggers and pistols. Coming into the presence of the beautiful object of his affection he advances toward her with measured strides, folded arms, and a frowning countenance. Then he suddenly comes to a halt, and

in a voice of thunder he roars out: "I love you! Just let me cut your throat."

The audience used to laugh heartily, because in the innocence of the good old days nobody ever imagined that a time would come when any lover would do like that fellow. But, alas! we have plenty of them to-day. The newspapers are full of them. It is getting to be rather a common thing for a young gentleman to ask a young lady to commit suicide with him. And as for shooting a girl in the street or in the park, that is becoming almost an everyday occurrence.

What can be the matter? In old times lovers used to visit their lovers armed with bouquets and bonbons. Now when they go to see them they carry razors and revolvers. This is certainly a reform movement that can hardly be commended. But what do the girls think of it?

They are deeply interested in the things, naturally enough, and some of them might be able to give us light upon the subject. If the paraphrase may be pardoned, one might ask: Is it true that whom the ladies love they first make mad?

X

MERE MAN, HIS WIFE AND HIS MOTHER- IN-LAW

The Vanishing Man

THE position of the dethroned tyrant, Man, is growing precarious. "Woman's Spear" which Prof. ARTEMUS WARD asked the strong-minded woman not to spear him with, is becoming more and more dangerous. The poor devil is being crowded out. Doubtless he is getting what he deserves. Still, the giant woman should not be tyrannous in using her strength.

Every day the head of the ridiculous SAMSON is shaved a little nearer to the hide. A woman relieves her husband of \$1,000. He has no redress, say the courts. A woman has a right to search her husband's pockets and snap up such sums as she chooses, says the Missouri Solomon, Judge GEORGE B. SIDENER. Day by day the law prunes something from man's already beggarly status. Day by day his employment is taken from him. Most of the novels and magazines are written and read by women. A few struggling men still keep their hold on the typewriter's keys, but

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they fight in vain against Fate, who is a woman herself. Many men who could write novels if they had a chance are now the pilots of elevators. But the elevator girl has sprung up in Chicago, the woman office holders are numerous in the West, the Missouri women suffragists have fixed their commanding eyes upon the Supreme Court of that State. They say that women are eligible to be judges of that court. We foresee the triumph of the gown, and man, petty man, thrust from the bench.

The physical exploits of the women folks are as brilliant as their intellectual successors. Women play football. Women belong to fire companies. In St. Louis the other day three factory girls had a fist fight, described as highly scientific. Last week Mrs. ERNEST S. BURNMEISTER, wife of the Sheriff of Dane county, Wis., took "two burly convicts to the State Prison, her 38-calibre revolver handy in her pocket." The country is full of athletic women, trained in many exercises and tall of their hands. Hear this plaint of weak man ruled by a muscle of iron; the plaint of the Hon. GEORGE R. CONOVER of Chicago against the wife of his bosom:

"I married a woman who was a physical culture teacher. She amused herself by throwing me across the room, smashing me with both hands, throwing me down and sitting on me until I was almost suffocated. We are the same weight, but I couldn't do anything with her. She made a punching bag of

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me. Once, when she hurt her hands on me, she took a club and put me out."

The gradual exclusion of man from his former vocations and avocations may be compared to the retreat of the Red Indians before white civilization. As the fringe of white settlements widens so does the range of feminine activities widen. In time will man be isolated upon reservations and gynocracy prevail? Who knows? Women can do what they will. Man is feeble. In our ears still rings an awful voice, the voice of that vindictive Kansas woman who proclaimed a year or two ago that men must be annihilated.

Mere Man and the Everlasting Feminine

It is vain to hope for any long reaction in behalf of Mere Man. He has been going down hill for years. His goose is cooked. He is "a bad second" in the race with Woman. She has won. She may be magnanimous. He will have to be meek. He exists by sufferance only. More than one ferocious female larynx yells that he must be annihilated. That is the programme in radical "clubwomen circles" in Kansas, we believe. It is the more surprising and welcome to hear one kindly voice pleading for the poor down-trodden helot.

Before the Civitas Club, described as "the most exclusive organization of women in Brooklyn," Mrs.

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CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN pleaded for this permanent defendant, Mere Man. She thinks that he's overworked. He likes to believe so. Mrs. GILMAN asserted that "while woman is as capable as man to do her share in the world's work," she doesn't do it. She is dependent upon man for food. On account of "this dependence of women and children, a man has to get out of the world much more than he puts into it. As things exist now, man is an incarnate expression of the demands of the whole world." Poor, abused man! Just pity him a little and you will see him weep at his own heroic labors. What might he not become if he had leisure to grow to his full stature! Perhaps he might become beautiful and full of adornment like certain other male birds.

It is kind of Mrs. GILMAN to drop a tear on overworked man, but it is far from kind of her to encourage women to work. Does she want to drive him out of employment altogether? Does she want to stimulate the self-absorption, self-concentration and self-supporting potencies of women and make an unapproachable feminine caste? Does she want to extinguish Mere Man? Let him expand his chest with such poor remains of self-satisfaction as are now possible to him, and quote fatuously "he travels the fastest who travels alone." Let him drone about "perfect independence" and so on. He knows in his gizzard that independence isn't good for him and that the more

independent the women are, the worse for him. Let him work and grunt, chattering meanwhile about the extravagance and uselessness of women. He is merely trying to "save his face." If the women act upon their already strong suspicion that their "dependence" upon him is a myth and humbug, what will be left for him but to gratify Kansas by disappearing?

In Hull House, that Chicago capital of sociology, Miss ZONA VALLANCE, of London, reversed Mrs. GILMAN'S theory by lecturing on "The Economic Dependence of Man upon Woman." Miss VALLANCE averred, and upon good grounds, that "all mankind is economically dependent upon woman." At the same time, woman is not usually independent financially. Now, "the financial position of the working woman depends on the financial position of wives and mothers." Therefore, "we must raise the mother's and wife's sense of her financial value in order to raise the financial value of the working woman. The financial rights of the wife and mother must be provided for." How must they be provided for? By the States:

"There must be a certain amount set apart for the wife and mother by the Government. There should be a homemakers' tax, from which every woman should receive an income on condition that the couple is physically sound and her home is kept fit."

The proposition is ingenious, although its economic

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benefits might be doubtful. At least it is superior to that jocose scheme of so many legislators, the taxation of bachelors. In a sense, it may be thought flattering to married women to include them with canals and hospitals and other great public works, but Miss VALLANCE's hearers seemed scarcely pleased. Mrs. CORINNE BROWN held that "we all ought to be economically interdependent." Mrs. BLACKWELDER asked if "the State can place any moneyed value on woman as a homemaker." Mrs. IDA WELLS BARNET wanted to know why man also should not be paid for his services to the nation. We thank Mrs. BARNET for those kind words, and walk softly out of Hull House, cheered by the thought that Mere Man has still a friend or two left.

The Jaw of Priscilla

The tale comes from Salt Lake, and salt must have been put on it before it was caught. But for the moment we are collectors, not critics. Then pause, oh, pause, and hold your jaws; taut be your "slack" and tighter; while we present the accident to Miss PRISCILLA LEYTER. Mrs. MARY COULTER, president of the Utah Federation of Woman's Clubs, is also a member, the sole woman member, of the Utah Legislature. Mrs. COULTER voted for the Hon. REED SMOOT in the Republican Senatorial caucus. Did she do right in doing so? That was the question which Miss LEYTER

was discussing, when something snapped, dropped and stopped. She was maintaining the affirmative with great eloquence when her jaw gave out. It was discovered that "the bone had jumped out of place." A doctor was sent for, "and then some of the other club-women got a chance to talk," says the cynic who sent the despatch from Salt Lake to THE SUN.

Comparative mythologists will not be likely to accept this story. It has the earmarks, the long ears of a myth. It is not even a saga, an account of an event believed by the relator to be actual and historical. When an anecdote is too pat, distrust it. When a story is too "well found," laugh at it, if you choose, and it deserves to be rewarded with laughter. In the case of a story about a member of a woman's club, *cherchez l'homme* — look for the fellow that made it up.

The motive is clear. You hear more than enough about the loquacity of women. Is there any more garrulous animal than man? Study the parrots, the sparrows, the magpies and the monkeys. Then study their cognates in the clubs or in the country railroad station or barber's shop. You cannot deny that man is garrulous or that he wants to do all the talking himself. The sound of his own voice is the sweetest music to him, whether he be the village statesman in town meeting or before a much-expectorating audience and a tight-air stove in the grocery store, or whether he be the spoiled and incurable after-dinner orator of New

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York. We are all chronic monologists, instinctive monopolists of talk. Few, among men, are the martyrs who can bring themselves to listen; yet how common are such martyrs among women. You hear Mr. GUMP or Mr. SUMPH, prosing, droning, drivelling away illimitably. You can escape him, perhaps. At the worst, you can kill him and be acquitted by a jury of your countrymen. But think of Mrs. GUMP and Mrs. SUMPH. By HARPOCRATES and all other gods of silence, think of that! Think of laughing, year in and year out, at the same marrowless and old jokes; of hearing the same tedious and pointless stories; erroneous reminiscences, cheap wisdom, stale reflections. Think of living for years and years with that human telephone, that relentless phonograph in gaiters and a bald head. Some day we are going to write our Book of Martyrs. There will be no man in it. It will record a few among the innumerable wives, the patient GRIZELS who listen and smile patiently and pretend not to notice — may the amiable deceit have due recompense in heaven! — that their husbands are leaky, sloppy, drooling, everlasting talkers and yawpers.

After long ages of silence and suppression, the women folks have found their tongues. They do a little talking on their own account. Some of them have clubs. Some of them speak from platforms and pulpits, much as the imperial intellect in trousers and whiskers does. Mark, however, the more merciful nature feminine.

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Women are always dragged to hear men spout. Most of the women talk is made in feminine adyta to which men are not admitted. The women don't force us to go and hear 'em. Their powers of speech don't injure us. Their eloquence doesn't interfere with our own. Sherwood Forest in its greenest days never held so many stags as there will be "stag" dinners to-night; and ROBIN HOOD and all the rest of his merry men never blew so many horns as men will blow to-night and every night in celebration of themselves. Yet a girl in Utah dares to make a speech at a women's club, and at once the myth-makers plunge her into maxillary wreck and hold her up as a warning and horrible example to her sisters.

We have seen a few cases of dislocation of the jaw in our time; and every one was caused by yawning caused by eight-days-a-week, never-run-down, perpetual-motion male talkers or orators.

Kant in Cook County

For a day or so the Chicago Woman's Club has ceased to be beautifully objective. It has studied most things in heaven and earth and Cook county. It has gazed at the Cosmos till the Cosmos quailed. It has traced the all-ramifying ramifications of the All. It has thrown stones at Man, probably arboreal in his habits, chattering and munching in his genealogical tree.

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Now it fixes its calm, unfailing eyes upon the Ego. The members of the Study Class of the Philosophy and Science Department are trying to take "A New View of Self." In the words of Mrs. GWYNN GARNETT, chairman of the Philosophy and Science Department:

"It's KANT, and we are finding him so interesting. Our general subject is, 'Is the World a Mechanism or a Realizing Purpose? What Is the Self? What Can We Know and What May We Believe?'"

Since a wholly unphilosophical and unreasonable doctor made us leave off smoking, we have not been able to sit upon the cloud-capt towers of German philosophy, but we know KANT perfectly well. He is the universal philosopher. His name is usually spelled with a "C," we believe. But back to the class. The "New View" is to demonstrate that all the members of the Woman's Club are "a part of the universal consciousness." So we suppose that the fact has been doubted. "We are coming here," says a member, "to obtain for our use a certain part of this universal consciousness." We don't know what they want of it, but they are entitled to it, and nobody can keep them out of their rights.

The Socratic method obtains among the new viewers. "What do you understand by 'soul'?" asked Mrs. FANNIE HODGES NEWMAN. "A certain something in us that thinks," was the admirable Platonic reply of Mrs. GARNETT. "A certain something." By all the

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horses and ponies of Mr. BOHN, we recognize that "certain something" and shake it warmly by the hand. PLATO and we are old chums, and even now have a deep reverence for that immortal, indefinite, we philosophical "something." But the examination is going on.

"Do you think 'think' is a function?" inquires the Socratic Mrs. NEWMAN. "Yes, I do," answered Mrs. GARNETT; "to my mind, 'think' has a function." This seems an avoidance rather than an answer:

"'Think' is a function."

"'Think' has a function."

Mrs. NEWMAN tells us that "'think' has a function"; but she leaves us in doubt as to whether "'think' is a function" or not.

Several members asserted that the definition of a soul could not be "formed by human mind." Those of us who have been lucky and wise enough to be pupils at Concord, Plymouth and other summer schools of philosophy know better. The Hon. FRANK SANBORN, for instance, the only Greek philosopher now living in Concord, will define you not only the Soul, but the Oversoul and Undersoul. Now we don't believe that Mr. SANBORN or any other man is more subtle or has a prettier taste in definitions than Mrs. NEWMAN or Mrs. GARNETT.

We wish we could follow the class through the dis-

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cussion. We must content ourselves with a few fragments of thought:

“If a mother relate her experiences to a child, the child will be given secondary experiences by particular laws that underlie the association of ideas.”

“A child cannot repeat our experiences. Even in heredity he cannot.”

“His personality is refined by the product of experiences.”

All these Chicago philosophers have the reputation of making deserving pies, cakes and salads. They are practical as well as theoretical. But we can't resist the mournful impression that Mere Man is becoming a wart on the face of this improved and accomplished world. A stage driver in the Catskills, an old observer, tells us: “The woman folks know a darned sight too much nowadays.” And not in the Catskills or Chicago alone. We were stupid enough to ask a young woman the other night if she liked KIPLING. She came as near sniffing and snorting as a pretty woman can, expressed deep contempt for KIPLING and cut across our bows with this question addressed to a woman: “Have you read ‘The Mystery of the Infinite’?” We repeat that Mere Man is a wart, a vermiform appendix, a dead letter.

Molasses on Irving Park

Mere Man has been reduced to a man of all work in most parts of Chicago from which he hasn't yet been

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excluded. In that favored region called Irving Park there has been an apparent reaction in his favor. We say "apparent," because women are subtle creatures, and because the time of furs and Christmas draws near. At any rate, all but a few of the married men who have the happiness of being represented by proxy in the Irving Park Sorosis wear grins a yard wide this week; and pie is austere compared with them.

There were sixty women at the Wednesday meeting of Sorosis. Full of humor and the fall exhilaration, the ladies began by paying "a tribute" to "the husband." The subject was "What Is Your Hobby?" Mrs. E. D. PITCHER opened the gates of sarcasm by saying that "the husband is the head of the home, the whole thing." "The husband is indispensable," cried another speaker, with an engaging merriment, "the club is not." Clubs not indispensable? Wait until the 334,569 other women's clubs of Chicago hear that.

Well, woman after woman rose to the joyous opportunity and murmured softer than the cushat's coo, "My husband is my hobby." Mrs. GEORGE E. COLBY even ventured to differ from her mother:

"My mother says my club is my hobby, as I spend so much time there; but I know that my husband is my hobby, although I would not be surprised if he doubts it, when I come home late and give him a cold supper. Not counting my husband as a hobby, which is not exactly in the proper classifica-

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tion, my hobby is protesting against high-heeled shoes, the poke bonnet and the long walking skirt."

To prefer a husband even to a protest — could there be a more touching "tribute" than that? And the man who growls at a cold supper is unworthy of the name of married.

But now the irreconcilables, the uncompromising come-outers who will not abase their pinions to frivolity, showed Mere Man about his business. "Husbands are well enough," says Dr. RHODA PIKE BARSTOW, "but they are not the whole thing. If I had plenty of money, my hobby would be jewelry." Even club-women, conscious of their high mission and the inutility of Man, must admit that Dr. BARSTOW was a little cruel. Mere Man may be small potatoes and few in a hill, but surely he ought not to be classed as inferior to a nose ring, a labret, a silver toe-bell.

But we must go on with the abuse. Mrs. S. J. CUSHING calmly waved husband away. She prefers a "more flowery but also a yellow hobby":

"Picking dandelions is my hobby. I simply love to pick dandelions."

The Daisy and the Dandelion! There is plot for a comic opera there.

One more stone for the cairn. "I would rather embroider table-cloths than do anything else," said

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Mrs. C. O. SETNNESS, sweetly. "I guess embroidering table-cloths is my hobby." Not a bit of old lace, mind you; but a table-cloth, a miserable table-cloth. Can Man, petty Man, fall much further than that?

On the vote, the husbands won by a majority of fifty to nine. It is hard to say which was the harder cudgel for much-enduring Man, this ironical vote of confidence or the unrelenting open hostility of the minority. And yet those fifty hobby husbands are dripping with self-satisfaction and are planning enormous Christmas presents for their judicious wives!

GULMARE SCRATTS, the Kansas prophetess, who swears that "Man must be abolished," has uttered this hunk of practical wisdom: "Work him while he lasts. He is an 'easy mark.'"

Husbands in the Kitchen

The Chicago Woman's Club wants to have boys in the public schools trained in domestic science. The theory is that if boys learn the elements of cookery they will see how difficult the art is and what obstacles environ the successful compounding of culinary recipes, and will thereby learn a great lesson of patience which will stand them in good stead when they come to be married. "It will be a great advantage to the house-keeper," says Mrs. MARION F. WASHBURNE, "when the husband understands something of the trials of the

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kitchen, and to train a husband you have to begin early."

No doubt the early training of husbands is desirable, and we dare say that philanthropists will yet found colleges which will give the degree of B.H.H., Bachelor of Housekeeping and Husbandry; but will it be wise to give men, who are said not to be without conceit at present, the impression that they know something about cookery? The fellows are bad enough now, and with this new acquisition they might be unendurable. So long as they know only the rough cooking of the camp and boat or the amiable futilities of the chafing-dish, all is well; but once breed them to the housekeeping business, so to speak, once familiarize them with the mysteries of the kitchen, and ruin will ensue.

In nothing is a little knowledge more dangerous than in cookery. The pretence of it at present hurts nobody and deceives nobody, although it must be a great strain on the gravity of waiters. But once smear a boy with cookery, once give him a smattering of "domestic science," and farewell peace and welcome war! "ELIZA ANN, my dear, that duck should have been taken out a minute and a half ago." "Faugh, ROSAMOND, how that cauliflower smells! Why did you not remove the cover?" "When I was at the cooking school we never were allowed to broil mushrooms more than" — one can hear steady patter of

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masculine wisdom and hope that many platters may be chucked at its self-satisfied noddle.

No, no; home with a trained cook husband would not be home. It would be a lunatic asylum.

The Husband's Pockets

The other day a Magistrate of this town gave the opinion, perhaps it is more accurate to say the dictum, that a woman has no right to "go through" her husband's pockets. We don't know that there is any light on the subject in the Year Books. Most of women's rights have grown up since then; and where did the tyrant man wear his pockets in earlier days? Is there anything in FROISSART or anybody else to show where EDWARD the Black Prince in all his armor kept his change and how he got it? Where did GODFREY of Bouillon hide his latchkey? It is idle to tell us of pouch and girdle. ROBIN HOOD knew where to find the treasury of the gentlemen whom he invited to contribute to the support of a poor man whose leech had forbidden him to eat anything but venison, but did the Sheriff of Nottingham have anything that could properly be called a trouser's pocket? Did BLUEBEARD, or HENRY VIII in all his glory and plethora of matrimonial ventures ever have in hose or doublet a pocket which could really be described as a change pocket. "Ho, good my almoner, fling me a rose noble

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to yon merry minstrel." Oh, we have read historical novels and know their lovely language, but we defy anybody to prove that any law of the easement of wives in the pockets of their husbands can be traced until the origin and history of the pocket have been more fully explained.

Yet, unless human nature was very backward, the women must have exercised from immemorial times the privilege, since grown into a right, of inspecting the hordes or caches of their husbands. They may not have looked for love letters, writing schools being then uncommon and the club or adze taking the place of the complete letter writer; but we may be sure that they abstracted acorns, thus laying unconsciously but solidly the foundation for the beneficent principle of an allowance. There were pockets in the earth or the tree or lake; it is no paradox to say that pockets came before clothes. And when the noble savage made him a coat of the skin of a goat, woman was there to share his toils; also his receipts. We have no doubt that POCAHONTAS, that Virginian nonpareil, went through Master ROLFE'S pockets as artistically as if she had been bred within the sound of bow-bells.

By prescription and age-long custom, a married woman has obtained the right to search in her husband's pockets. Economically the custom is or has been justifiable. Woman has had to take her own wherever she could find it. Morally the custom is

salutary. It shows a man the necessity of wary walking. It holds a fellow to a standard, warns him to be careful in his correspondence, corrects his avarice or his prodigality. A woman begins, if we may hazard a theory, by searching her boys' pockets, sure to contain many surprising and some noxious objects. She has to become a censor and inspector of masculine treasures. Then in the present day, when most men who are not sailors or soldiers have lost the art of sewing, she is the pocket maker, the pocket patcher. She makes the pockets. She keeps them in order. She has a clear title to toll, rent or whatever you want to call it; the woman's penny. Without her the supercilious beast wouldn't have any pockets. She is justified in charging him a fee, a slight interest on the endowment of all his wordly goods. She has the right to garnish his pockets.

Besides, they are her pockets. Without enlarging upon the necessity of a common household fund and of a special privy purse for the wife, it is enough to say that since, for mysterious reason, into which Heaven forefend that we should enter, she has no pockets of her own, his must be hers. She has the right to use them, to collect her just dues from them. If he doesn't like it, let him stuff his ill-gotten gains in the saddlebags, and carry them securely locked into a safe deposit vault every day. But see what comes to the niggard. Every day you read of some churl who tucks away

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money in a mattress or an old stove or a cracked coffee-pot. Fate finds him out and punishes him. Fire or the junkman or the ragman gets the dollars he grudged his wife.

The right of visitation of a husband's pockets is important to social justice and domestic economy. It may be waived; but it is only suspended, not lost.

The Lady and the Pocket

The name of Judge SIDENER of the First District police court of St. Louis deserves to be written in letters of silk and gold on every woman's heart, and especially on the hearts of those women whose husbands are curmudgeons and skinflints. A St. Louisian was brought before Jude SIDENER on the charge of abusing his, the prisoner's, wife. The wife whopper pleaded in justification that the said wife had "gone through" his pockets. The wife answered that her lord stayed himself with an excess of flagons and threw away his money at times. To keep the pot boiling she had to visit his pockets and transfer household appropriations therefrom. The Judge held that her financial methods were entirely justified, and he fined her irritated master \$5 for disturbing her peace.

More than once fluttering, anxious wives, full of doubt and scrupulous of conscience, have asked THE SUN if it was right for the wife of a closefist or a spend-thrift to levy upon his pockets. We have no hesitation

in affirming the right and duty of the consort of the more than infidel who provideth not for his own household to take the money that he refuses or neglects to give. The learned heads of divines and casuists in theology and ethics may decide as to the strict merits of such cases in the court of conscience; but there can be no doubt that eternal equity must stretch out relieving hands and countersign these orders on the purse.

It is assumed that the irregular impost is absolutely necessary. To exact toll to be spent on extravagances and superfluities would be brigandage. The woman who resorts to this legitimate pocket picking must have clean pickers. She is entitled to reasonable allowance and wage. Her gowns and frills should be such as suit her station and her husband's means; and his meanness must not pique her into taxing him too high. There are men, otherwise of good principles and orderly life, who have to be cuffed or bled before you can get money out of them. They part with it as grudgingly as if it were a year of life. What an excellent and a reticent husband was BARKIS, the carrier, to CLARA PEGGOTTY, yet how he would writhe and groan when he had to produce a guinea from his strong box under the bed. Let us not be unjust to the "close." In grandfathers and great-grandfathers, in bachelor uncles and spinster aunts, in all persons not immediately responsible for your maintenance, to whom it may occur

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to leave you something in their wills, frugality and penuriousness are to be encouraged. If these savers are saving for you, they are saving for a good cause. Such altruism is to be praised. The old boys and girls may deny themselves comforts if they choose. The less fun they will have the more there will be for you. In a general way their thoughtful provision for posterity, this sacrifice of the present for the future, is to be approved and applauded. It is sound from the economic point of view and it is satisfactory to the young folks. Let JACOB sweat and swink for twenty hours a day. BENJAMIN will enjoy for him and pour champagne into the silver cup. Some must work and some must cut coupons and a dash. So runs the world away.

But a stingy husband must be a plague to his wife, no matter how useful and pleasant his hoardings may be to his descendants. We can't believe there are many such husbands in the United States. The Americans as a class keep open purse for their wives and are more inclined to spend too much than too little. Still, there must be some proportion of griping niggards among them. To that proportion Judge SIDENER speaks. There is the larger class of men who are thoughtless or selfish in regard to the allowance of their wives. "I am poor," says the saw, "but all I have I spends upon meself." There are wives who struggle along on hope and carfare, while their Misters

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live sumptuously in the matter of cocktails and Havanas. Sworn statements of the minor expenses of any average husband and wife would be matter for some strange and entertaining comparisons.

Meanwhile, both the "near" and the careless should remember that a married woman possesses the right of visitation and search of her husband's pockets.

A Lie Nailed in Newark

We approach reluctantly, and by request, a subject profaned by the ignoble mob of jesters. For some reason, as yet imperfectly traced by anthropologists or historians or Joemillerism and Depewism, the mother-in-law, a man's mother-in-law, has become what MARK TWAIN would call a root joke. No essential, irrepressible jocosity oozes out of it. It doesn't appear that a majority of the married race lives at enmity with mothers-in-law. A sort of customary and consecrated waggery has grown up. The press and the stage continue to be faithful to it. Perhaps the time-tried flier is the safest and sanest. At any rate, the ferocious, all-regulating mother-in-law and the meek or too frolicsome son-in-law are stock figures.

It is a well-known rule of many savage or barbarous codes of etiquette or taboo that a man and his mother-in-law shall not speak at or look upon one another. To some imperfectly understood survival and modification of this widely diffused and ancient custom

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may be attributed, perhaps, the comic, irreconcilable war of mother-in-law and son-in-law.

The effects of that old custom and of the pre-Adamite lingering jocosities about it may still be traced in contemporary manners, and belong to that wide realm of sociology whereof, and not for the first time, we are proud to call ourselves humble subjects. To a brother sociologist in Newark we owe a notice of this advertisement, printed as a "personal" in the *Evening News* of that city:

"I hereby wish to say that I never said or can say anything against my mother-in-law.

"LOUIS ULRICH.

"Newark, N. J., Sept. 15, 1904."

A frank man, and a wise! A man who understands the whole duty of a son-in-law. Even in Newark the tongue of envy keeps up its clattering clapperation. Even there a model son-in-law can be misreported and misrepresented. Mr. ULRICH's apology for an offence by him never committed or committable is as full as free. He never said and never can say anything against the most august of relatives. The nobleness of his disavowal takes it out of the narrow province of a single household and carries it, breathing universal benevolence, about the world. It is a message of justice and hope and "vindication" to a misunderstood and maligned race of beings.

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Though far from a married man himself, our old friend HORACE had a gracious phrase, which every complete son-in-law should copy and apply: *O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior!* Mother's handsome, Miss is handsomer. Wheedling old CALEB BALDER STONE had a version still more flattering to the elder dame: "Sonsy cow, sonsy calf." The complete son-in-law keeps these things in mind. Also the old proverb: "'Jolly' much and 'scrap' little!" Besides, mothers-in-law are no grimmer than other folks. Many are cheerful, comfortable or fat. Some, well worth cherishing, will "cut up fat." Finally, every man who takes a mother-in-law for better, for worse, is not to forget that, at the worst, he is just as disagreeable as she can be to him. The world is full of fortunate sons-in-law who live in harmony with their mothers-in-law and sometimes even borrow money of them. An agreeable and prosperous mother-in-law is sunshine in the house. Any mother-in-law is much to be preferred to a stern parent or to a mere father-in-law who doesn't know how to mind his own business. The wise son-in-law will never say or can say anything against a mother-in-law who appreciates him.

Man and His Mother-in-law

Much has been written about the mother-in-law, nearly all of it in complaining jest. In all of the flip-pant literature on this subject there is only one point

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worthy of consideration; that the writers — almost invariably men — have never tried to veil their insincerity. This is a tribute from man, even in his most playful moods, to the substantial worth of his mother-in-law.

Just as good women as there are in the world become mothers-in-law; but it is a fact — so great is a good mother's pride in her son — that a son's wife's mother-in-law too often imagines that her daughter-in-law's husband has not done quite as well in marriage as he ought to have done. This kind of mother-in-law has never been made a subject of jest. Her motherly weakness is respected. On the other side, the husband's mother-in-law is usually his stanchest friend. There is even a story going around now about a proud mother-in-law who introduced a honeymoon bridegroom as "our husband."

But yesterday THE SUN told a mother-in-law history fresh from the court; it was no joke. It is surprising on account of its rarity, and because of its truth, but important in that it establishes a precedent in law to govern the policy of a son-in-law to whose hearthstone his mother-in-law attaches herself without welcome. A mother-in-law of the far eastern region of the borough of Brooklyn did all of the things absurdly supposed to be done by the mother-in-law of humorous fiction, and some other things besides. The man, worm though he was, turned — turned her

out of his home. The wife sided with her mother, quitted their home, and asked for alimony and counsel fees pending a suit for separation.

The DANIEL of the Supreme Court, Justice JENKS, denied the application, decreeing that if a man desires to rid his house of his mother-in-law, he may do so without legally impairing his claim to the society and service of his wife.

The stand taken by this stalwart Brooklynite, backed as it is by judicial authority, will doubtless tend to tone down the arrogance of such other mothers-in-law as may be arrogant. In this way it will be generally useful, and its author deserves reward for his public spirit. Few men have cause for summary dealings with their mothers-in-law; still fewer have courage for it.

It Will Not Work

Here is an impudent young fellow who thinks to make use of THE SUN to proclaim his false pretences and secure his discreditable object:

“I am a young man, good looking, have an income of three thousand a year. I would like a wife. She must be a good housekeeper and a loving wife; must be good looking and respectable, and an American girl.

“P. S. — Answer in person or by letter.

“Put this in a conspicuous place.”

Yes, young man, we will put it in a conspicuous

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place, and we would publish your name and address also, as you expected us to do, if it were not that we would thus assist you in your miserable game.

An income of \$3,000 a year! You are lucky if you have \$300 a year; but even your small pecuniary resources must be large enough to enable you to get the schooling you need. Your handwriting is the handwriting of a boy of twelve, and the best thing you can do is to improve your leisure by going to some evening school, instead of loafing around beer saloons and street corners, as you probably do. There you will learn something of value to you, and, if you are as smart as you think you are, at some future time, perhaps, you may get the income which you falsely pretend you now have. Then, when you deserve a good wife, you will have no difficulty in getting one, for girls who satisfy the conditions you lay down are plenty. In Brooklyn, where you live, there are many thousands of them, but they are not to be caught by such a cheap trick as that you thought to play on us. No girl of any sense pays the least attention to an advertisement like yours, to which you were impudent enough to suppose that you could humbug us into giving free and prominent publication.

We are sorry to say that you are a specimen of a great lot of young fellows in all large towns, who are a constant cause of anxiety to their parents because of their general worthlessness, and a source of danger

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and annoyance to decent girls because of their lack of principle. Doubtless your wife would need to be a good housekeeper, providing and self-denying, for she would probably have to keep you. The more loving she was the worse it would be for her, since you would impose on her affectionate fidelity.

Such is our answer to your impudent letter, young man.

He Wants a Wife with \$500

Here is a very astonishing letter from a young German of this town:

"I'm a nice young man of twenty-one, and I want to get married, but I cannot get acquainted with a lady. Please tell me any way how to get a girl with about \$500.

"C. F. KRAMER."

Of the 1,500,000 people in New York, the majority are women and girls, and among these are many thousands of spinsters, all of them anxious to get husbands. Mr. KRAMER can hardly walk a block in the streets without encountering some of these marriageable young women, and if he is a man of taste and a susceptible disposition he will be greatly impressed with their beauty and grace. If he goes to church or to any place of amusement, if he enters the shops, or if he travels in the street cars, he will be sure to find them about him.

Nor is it difficult for a nice young man to get ac-

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quainted with a nice young girl in New York. It is true that he may not speak to her without an introduction. He would not be a nice young man if he did that, and no girl of modesty and propriety would tolerate such advances from a stranger. But MR. KRAMER must surely be acquainted with some young men who have sisters and sweethearts to whom they would present him, if he is as nice as he describes himself; and as the girls would introduce him to other girls, the circle of his acquaintance among them would soon be extensive if he made himself agreeable. The run of young men have no trouble about that. Their embarrassment is not in finding girls to know and to admire, but in inducing them to return the admiration.

It is plain, too, that shyness and a lack of self-appreciation do not stand in the way of young KRAMER's entrance into the society of ladies. That sort of fellow is pretty sure to push his way among them, though his vanity may awaken ridicule rather than serious feelings in their hearts; for girls are very apt to take a malicious pleasure in making fun of a young man who thinks himself nice. They prefer to discover his niceness for themselves, not to have it announced to them from his own lips, and when they come to select husbands they are more likely to turn to sturdier fellows, even if they have strong faults along with strong virtues. The truth is that women have an instinct which

serves them a good purpose in that respect, when circumstances allow them to exercise it.

But young KRAMER, it seems, wants something more than love from his wife. He wants her to bring him \$500. Undoubtedly there are many working girls in New York who are possessed of so much money saved up out of their earnings. But the majority of them are among domestic servants, who of all the women working for wages are most likely to have comfortable accounts in the savings banks. Girls in shops and factories usually need about all they can earn to get along; for their expenses are large in comparison with those of a domestic, who has no board to pay, and who is less tempted to extravagance than a girl who has more liberty to be abroad, and who feels that she must make a better appearance than a household servant. Yet the servant is far better off than she, and in the run of cases would probably make a better wife.

But we positively refuse to lend any assistance to Mr. KRAMER in his hunt for a fortune. If he gets a good wife, she will be worth far more to him than \$500, and a lover who starts out with the intention of investigating his sweetheart's bank account deserves no countenance from us or from the girls of New York. They do not want that sort of young fellow, no matter how nice he may be; and they are right about it. Let him go to work and earn money to support a wife,

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instead of relying on her to put up the capital which he lacks.

Ten American Men

The revelations following THE SUN's experimental list of ten American women whose names will be likely to live longest in history have brought a request, possibly from a woman dissatisfied with the exhibition of her sisters, for the names of ten men selected upon the same principle. We give one here:

WASHINGTON,

FRANKLIN,

JEFFERSON,

MONROE,

COOPER,

LINCOLN,

GRANT,

SEWARD,

FULTON,

MORSE.

Again, as in the case of the women, there are others.

XI

QUESTIONS OF PROPRIETY AND SUCCESS IN LIFE

"Thank You"

WE respond to the following request for information with the satisfaction of knowing that our answer will doubtless be the means of preventing more than one serious and lamentable calamity:

"In returning thanks for any favor should anything besides an exclamation of 'Thank you' be employed?"

In answering this question, as in answering all others, the particular times and circumstances must be considered. Generally "Thank you" is sufficient. If a person passes you the butter it is proper to say "Thank you." But there are occasions when this or perhaps any other verbal expression would be unnecessary, if not absolutely inexcusable.

If, in response to a passionate and earnest appeal to a young woman that she should illumine your dismal loneliness, enlighten your bachelor inexperience, and assist your solitary helplessness by bestowing her

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confiding self upon you, and placing her future happiness in your guardianship, she should say "Yes," and you should then say "Thank you," the chances are that she would throw the whole thing up. Such a reply would knock the bottom out of an almost unfathomable sentiment. A man who could receive a young woman's hand with the same expression with which he would acknowledge a butter dish, or the return of a blown-off hat, could not appreciate the real value of a woman's love. The proper response to such a priceless gift is made with the eyes, the arms, perchance the lips; but words are out of place.

Is it Right to Play Cards?

A question of great domestic interest, which has doubtless agitated the minds of many people since the Mayflower first dropped her anchor on the stern New England coast, is submitted here:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: Is it wrong to play euchre and similar games with cards, not playing for a wager, merely for pleasure at home? If so, please explain why, and greatly oblige

"A SUBSCRIBER."

We have no explanation to give, for the reason that we do not consider card playing wrong. The only objection to it, so far as we know, is that cards furnish a favorite method of gambling; but that argument

won't hold water. There are professional gamblers with cards, of course, but there are also professional jockeys with horses, and professional ball players, and billiard players, and dancers, and singers, even professionals who devote their whole career to the singing of hymns and to the performance of religious music, all for money; and yet the fact that these people practise their vocations for gain and make their living thereby presents no reasonable ground for preventing any one from engaging in each or all of them for amusement's sake. Only a fool would abandon the use of horses because horses were used to gamble with, or refrain from dancing and singing for the reason that those performances are used in ways they do not approve.

If the element of chance which makes the attractiveness of cards is what repels some people from them, it should be remembered that the earliest form of lottery that children engage in consists in some scheme of counting out in games, by which they determine in a perfectly fortuitous manner who shall be "it." No one can say that this is wrong, but what radical difference is there between thus leaving it to chance who shall be first in following the leader, and, by distributing and manipulating a certain number of colored papers, deciding who shall be the Old Maid, or who shall count one instead of the other, as in euchre? Only to the game of cards is attached the additional advantage that it provides an agreeable and lively

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exercise for the mind, besides the occasion for pleasant social meeting. Finally, euchre is one of the best games we know, and, if our correspondent doesn't know it, we advise him to learn it, and to make use of his learning as often as time and circumstances may justify.

Bicycle and Bath

The habits of the day by sea and shore make the question presented below much too important for it to be treated with less than serious consideration:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: I am a young lady with a fondness for athletics, especially the bicycle and bathing. I am going to the seaside in a few weeks for the summer, and, of course, I shall take my wheel with me. I have a bicycle suit and a bathing suit, and I know something about the proprieties, but I would like THE SUN's advice. At the place where I spend my summers we have about eight miles of beautiful hard, white beach, which will be just too lovely for the wheel, and I want to know if it would be proper for me to ride over it in my bathing suit. I can go in bathing anywhere there and walk about the beach with perfect propriety; but will it be all right for me to wear my bathing suit on the wheel, so that I can wheel or swim as the fancy takes me? I may say that my bathing suit would scarcely be the thing for me to wear in the streets of New York, even on a bicycle. I had it made that way on purpose, for I do hate to be all cluttered up with clothes when I am swimming.

"F. H. G.

"Trenton, N. J."

Now that students of woman's social career have been apprised of this problem, how necessary, how predestinate it appears! Woman is bicycling with Valkyrian frenzy. A beach like this girl's summer bathing place forms an ideal wheeling track. But when an enthusiastic bather, clad in the commonplaceness and burden of bicycle costume, hears the sounding sea from her wheel, and watches the waves reach toward her hopelessly for their old caresses, however fresh she may be in her new pleasure, her former discontent at being out of the water and the glorious freedom of her bathing dress must rush over her again. What more natural than that she should think of combining the new joy with the old, by fitting herself to pass from the water to the wheel, and back to the water, from her accustomed sense of liberty, moral and physical?

But is a bathing suit a permissible costume for a woman bicyclist when wheeling on the beach, where she is going to bathe? We will discuss this problem without proceeding to the necessary corollary, which will have to be dealt with later: Is a bathing dress a fit costume for a bicyclist everywhere?

A formal answer to the first question is scarcely necessary. Of course, the bathing dress will have to be accepted as the seaside bicycle dress of the bather. Why shouldn't bathers, in regulation scantiness of garments, skip along the beach like sand pipers, con-

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templating the sea, improvising Olympic feats, or seeking the water when and where they please; in short, making of their water dress the beach dress of the day? Surely on the beach the girls should be as free to ride the bicycle in bathers' stockings, as in leggings or knickerbockers, or in high-reaching and well over-skirted boots.

If VENUS came upon the beach, could she not mount her bicycle then and there? Compared to her total absence of vesture, the opaque stuffs which compose the most audacious garments of the nineteenth century are like Quaker cloaks. Therefore, we see no more objection to our fair friends wheeling between dips in her bathing dress than to her bathing in it.

As to adopting her bathing dress as her regular bicycle costume, that is another affair. The one considered here is sufficient for the present moment. At least, we can now cheerfully say, *Puellæ, lavatate et equitate!* Girls, wash and ride! We fancy that the finest of the sand beaches this year will see many bicycles, and more bathing dresses than ever before.

The Victims of Stage Charms

Three hobbledehois wearing expensive clothes were very properly arrested on Monday night for annoying some actresses who were leaving a theatre by the stage door at the close of a performance.

It seems that they supposed that they had attracted

the favorable attention of the young women, whom they had persistently ogled during the progress of the play, and that they gathered at the stage door, expecting to receive indubitable evidences of the havoc they had worked in their susceptible hearts. Instead, the women ignored them, whereupon they became so insolently obtrusive that they were handed over to the police.

Of recent years, silly young men, of whom these saplings are examples, have undertaken to play the part of terrible rakes in the boxes and seats of theatres at which pretty women acted. Nor have they endeavored to conceal from the rest of the audience their attempts to attract the attention of the objects of their admiration on the stage. They have rather invited observation, as if they gloried in it, and made apparent their desire to gain notoriety as the probable or possible intimates of these young women. They wanted to pass for rakes, to get their names associated with those of female artists whose pictures were everywhere to be seen; and therefore, even if the women snubbed them as impertinent puppies they were not altogether disappointed.

Two or three years ago we had here a young and quite pretty woman who appeared in comic operas and musical burlesques. For months she kept the hobbledehoy on the dance. They were on hand at every performance, and used all sorts of arts to attract

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her notice and that of the audience, besides lavishing their money on bouquets, in which tender epistles without number were probably concealed. They sat in boxes, occupied conspicuous seats, or stood around the edges, and lingered 'twixt hope and despair so long as she remained. But all was made certainty at last, for she ran away one day with a professional associate, whom she married, leaving the whole crowd in the lurch.

Of course, such a silly craze or affectation must rebound to the pecuniary profit of the theatre, and we are therefore somewhat surprised that a manager should proceed against these admirers and victims of stage charms. Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, a London theatrical manager, tells the *Pall Mall Gazette* that he feels under great obligations to this variety of young man, the "masher" as he terms him. "He gratifies himself and gratifies me," says Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD, "for he is always to be relied on to buy a good seat." "He comes night after night, week after week, and is not difficult to please, for he probably has taken a fancy to some young lady in the company." But Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD is shrewd enough to keep him from going behind the scenes. "No 'masher' is allowed to pass the stage door," he says. The spell must not be broken. "Why," exclaims the artful manager, "if once he was disillusioned, and disillusioned he would be, he would probably cease to be a customer."

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The course of the New York manager in breaking the spell by introducing the police is therefore all the more praiseworthy as an unselfish attempt to bring an idiotic practice into ridicule and contempt.

Success in Life

This correspondent puts before us a very interesting subject of discussion, for the question he asks is sure to occur some time or other to all thoughtful men and women, and not least often to those whose lives have been most successful in the opinion of other people:

“I am a man past the age of 45. I have always had ordinarily good health; am married and have a small family, a wife and child. My wife is a sensible woman, and my boy is a healthy, brainy, good-dispositioned youth. I occupy a modest position in the ordinary walks or pursuits of business; have never attained what is called high social position; have never attained political position; am not prominent in the church, although a member. In fact, I am, I begin to think, a very ordinary individual indeed. I am out of debt, and have always kept out, pay as I go, and have probably accumulated by years of frugality possibly \$40,000. I see men about me occupying positions of high honor, and profit; some go to the halls of Congress; some represent us abroad in a Ministerial and other capacity; some are lawyers and doctors, famed as such; others gain great wealth with apparent ease, and fill high positions known as honorable ones. With all these things before me the thought forces itself upon me that

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their lives have been successful and mine has not. Now, the great question with me is: What constitutes success in life? Let THE SUN tell me and others.

“Wilkesbarre, Pa., October 3.”

If the case of our correspondent, as described by him, were referred to a vote by all the readers of THE SUN, we have no doubt that a vast majority of them would pronounce his life successful and his situation enviable. They would be glad to exchange places with him, so far as his present material prosperity and his prospects for the future are concerned. His fortune may be insignificant, as compared with Mr. ASTOR'S, Mr. VANDERBILT'S, or Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S, but it is greater than that possessed by nine men out of ten in New York, and it is sure to amply provide for his wants if he is compelled to rely on its income alone for a living. In the Pennsylvania community where he resides he must rank, and deservedly rank, among the well-to-do men. If he has \$40,000 clear and above board he is probably richer actually than some of his neighbors whose fortunes are estimated at much more than his. A man may be and often is set down as a millionaire whose real possessions would not bring in so much cash as his if they were put up for immediate cash sale. The wealth may be vastly greater in the prospect, and yet in the present it may be less, or not exist at all. The reputed millionaire's scale of living being far more costly, he may be more harassed than

our friend of the small fortune, of frugal habits, and of no debts.

In that respect our correspondent has been remarkably successful. He is fortunate in his frugal disposition, in his methodical habits, and on the strength of will and wisdom of judgment which have kept him out of debt. He has been saved from the cares and anxieties which most tend to age a man, the wear and tear which debt and vaulting social ambition produce, and his \$40,000 ahead gives him the assurance for the future which enables him to look out calmly for the coming of the time when increasing years may diminish or destroy his earning capacity. He has laid by enough to provide for his family in case of his death, and he has set before his son an example of thrift and sedateness of life which will be his most valuable inheritance. His wife is a sensible woman and his boy of sturdy quality. Therein he has been enviably successful. His health is good, and there, too, success has attended him. He is attentive to his religious duties, and that suggests that he has the comfortable hope of a life of happiness hereafter. He lives within his means, and existence with him moves along peacefully, undisturbed by envy or rivalry.

Hence our correspondent has two of the three great blessings for which mankind have ever prayed — health, wealth and contentment. He is healthy, and to all intents and purposes he is wealthy. Yet he is

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not content. But nobody is content. There is no such thing as contentment in the world; and happy it is for the progress of society that it is so. If men were content with their lot there would be social stagnation. They would be good for nothing. They would make no effort to get ahead. The spur to activity, enterprise, investigation and public zeal would be gone. They would be torpid, and the race would die out. For it is the discontent of mankind which leads to the increase and the progress of the world.

Accordingly, we do not blame our friend for meditating whether after all he has been successful in life. For, of course, he has not been successful; he has not done all he could wish to have done. Nobody can be successful except relatively and within narrow limitations. The man who is most envied and applauded for his achievements is more likely than such as our correspondent to fall into moods in which he asks himself. Is it worth while? What does it all amount to? But if he is not of a morbid temperament or is not the victim of physical disease he rebounds from the depression and comes to the sound and healthy conclusion that at least one employment is not profitable, and that is self-introspection. He goes to work, and in work forgets himself.

The truth is that that man is most successful who best and most fully puts to useful service all his powers and faculties, who finds and utilizes the opportunity

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for their employment; or, in other words, gets into the place which he is best fitted to fill. Whether it is in what our friend calls the ordinary walk of life, or in the larger and higher sphere toward which he looks with so much and so creditable admiration, he is equally successful, provided he is putting forth all the energy and making use of all the capacity for work within him.

As the world goes, we call our Wilkesbarre friend extraordinarily successful in both his inheritance of qualities and the use to which he has put them.

A Government Clerk's Case

Here is a case of a young man who has been taught by experience to think highly of opinions expressed by THE SUN:

“I am a clerk in the customs service. About three years ago I asked your advice about getting married. You replied that you would not advise any young lady to marry a clerk in the civil service; you would rather have her marry a pedler, for the pedler, in all probability, would rise in the world and leave the Government clerk about where he started.

“However, I married. I find that I must practise the strictest economy in order to live comfortably on \$1,400 per annum. The only way I can obtain promotion is to enter a competitive examination. My chances in a competitive test are quite slim, as several clerks are well educated and probably better qualified for the work than I. Could you give me

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some information about raising cattle in the West? I have a few thousand dollars, and would like to engage in that business if I could get satisfactory information about the practicability of doing so. I am 35 years of age, and have only my wife to provide for."

So, it seems, we were right. The Government clerk who felt, three years ago, secure enough in his place to take to himself a wife, is now likely to be left without employment, and with notions as to what is requisite for decent living that make a salary greater than the average income of men of his general qualifications seem to him poor and mean. By the aid of political influence he, a young man of about thirty, was boosted into the public service, and obtained a desk which he must give up because it can be occupied by some one more entitled to it.

Three years of his life, which he might have spent in establishing a permanent position for himself, have been passed in an employment that from the nature of the case could be only temporary, and in which he has learned nothing except a routine that is of no use to him outside of the Government service. He has simply got his salary during the time, and has sacrificed future advantages for immediate income that would put him beyond the necessity of struggling, like other American young men who have their fortune to make, to push himself forward to independence.

The habit he has acquired of relying on the Govern-

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ment for support, as a child relies on his parents, has, of course, weakened his self-dependence, and now, when he is pretty sure to be turned adrift to look out for himself, he feels helpless and despondent. In the public service he was away from the competitions of ordinary life, and had only routine and perfunctory work to do; but when he leaves it he must engage in the fight for a living the rest of men are making, and he will go in with muscles made flabby by the ease in which he has been for three years. Where they are courageous and self-reliant he is timid, and all because he has been coddled by the Government.

That is why we say that it should not be an object of ambition with American youth to get into the nursery of the public service. Cultivate dependence on yourselves, young men, endure bravely your early hardships, and so strengthen your characters to surmount the obstacles to a successful career.

As to cattle farming, we fear that we cannot say anything to encourage our correspondent. Of late years it has fallen chiefly into the hands of great capitalists and large companies, who are driving the small men out of the business.

How to Get a Living

It is an interesting exhibit of the business of our savings banks for the last year which we printed on Sunday. There is unusual interest in the report of

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that one among them, the Citizens' Savings Bank, which, in the registry of its depositors, makes a record of the occupation of each of them. We notice, for example, that among the new depositors during the year there was only one actor, while there were 1,392 tailors; there was but a single editor, while there were 725 laborers; there was one boarding-house keeper, and as many as 337 pedlers. There were lots of shoemakers, bakers, barbers, waiters, and cigar makers, but very few musicians, liquor dealers, instrument makers, lawyers, policemen, or soldiers; only five policemen, five lawyers, and one soldier.

The list printed in *THE SUN* was most instructive. What occupation shall a young man take up? Look at the poor show made by lawyers, actors, soldiers, editors, musicians, and the police, as against the splendid show made by tailors, shoemakers, bakers, barbers, laborers, and pedlers! The young man who wants to get along in life will be assisted in making a choice of his occupation by studying the report of the Citizens' Savings Bank for the year 1894.

Judging from that report, the next best thing to the tailor's trade is the handiwork of the plain laborer.

Then again, too, a man has always a very good chance of finding employment, either as a tailor or as a laborer.

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A Silly Question

We are surprised that when the Rev. Mr. AITKEN, the English missionary, preached to business men in Trinity Church on Monday, he undertook to answer the silly question, "Is life worth living?"

The fact that the church was filled with living men and women, all anxious to keep off death as long as possible, was evidence enough that his hearers needed no argument to awaken in them a desire for life, and were not seriously concerned about the question he discussed with so much solemnity. We might as well have asked them, "Is it worth while to eat when you are hungry?" or "Is breathing worth while?"

Such a question as that to which Mr. AITKEN devoted his sermon might with some fitness be debated by a club of morbid sentimentalists, or in the ward of a lunatic asylum in which patients with a suicidal mania were confined, but it was a waste of time to give it a moment's serious thought or treatment in the presence of the practical and hard-headed business men whom he had invited to Trinity Church last Monday morning. However sceptical he might be as to other matters, there was not a sane man in the audience who had any doubts about his desire to live, and who would not fight to the uttermost to save and prolong his life.

It is true that there is a set of modern philosophers who take a professionally gloomy view of the value of

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life, but these pessimists, when they are not stark mad, are just as anxious as other people to preserve their own lives, and just as zealous in the pursuit of the activities which have their origin in love of life. They simply amuse themselves with their hobby, and gratify their pride of intellect or eccentricity by cultivating uncommon skill in riding it. Meantime they are all anxious to keep on living, so that they can continue to enjoy their diversion.

Logically, they ought, every man of them, to proceed at once to commit suicide, for their melancholy creed can only make the world more miserable, and they should put themselves where they could not help to increase the human species. If life is not worth living, what is the use of pursuing pessimistic philosophy? What is the use of anything except the means of self-destruction?

Oh, no! These philosophers of gloom are not in real earnest, even when they think they are most serious — that is, provided that they are sane. They are simply diverting themselves with what they have no thought of reducing to practice, and the fun they get out of their hobby effectually disproves their theory that life is joyless and miserable beyond cure.

Let the Rev. Mr. AITKEN tell people how to live. That they want to live they know already.

XII

THE CUP THAT CHEERS

Mint Juleps

IF the *Richmond Dispatch* is not mistaken, there is not so much demand for mint juleps in Virginia as there used to be. There are not so many old-fashioned gardens with their patches of mint. Perhaps the great artists, the consummate compounders of mint julep, have passed away with so many of the good old Judges and Colonels and Majors, the fine gentlemen with frilled shirt bosoms and ceremonious manners who used to beam upon Washington occasionally and were the ornament and honor of many Southern communities; and those communities, prosper as they may in commerce and agriculture, will produce no finer articles than those same gentlemen. It is a sort of blasphemy to classify the mint julep with the now apparently moribund collection of mixed drinks. It stood alone, which was more than some of its too ardent devotees could always do. More than that, it was, and is, in its way, the flower and expression of a phase of life that has passed.

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In the North it has no proper place. It is an exotic that droops under transplantation. There are legends and myths of great men of the heroic age who knew how to make mint juleps in this town. We have heard praisers of past time laud the New York Hotel, and aver that the juleps of its most high and palmy state were a delight and a desire. Gone, or all but gone, is that old race of epicures and toppers, having some smack of the earlier and coarser age, who celebrated the prowess of Lord SEYMOUR drinking his seventieth consecutive cocktail at the bar of the New York and falling in the arms of victory — or was it a distinguished resident of a New York city who won in that noble competition?

But cocktails throw no light on juleps. Could JOE FERNANDEZ of the New York Hotel make an acceptable julep? Certainly he could, said the man of reminiscences, or the Southerners wouldn't have stayed at the hotel. Well, JOE FERNANDEZ reappeared at the New York Hotel in the early 80s, but we never heard that he had the hand and eye for a mint julep. JERRY THOMAS, once famous from San Francisco to Broadway, and according to himself the inventor of the Tom and Jerry, a drink that seems to have vanished as absolutely as the dodo — you ought to have seen JERRY THOMAS mix a julep, the ancients would tell you. JERRY, obscure and fallen from his high estate, and surrounded by caricatures of famous and

unknown New Yorkers, and others, gleamed with a faint alcoholic and reminiscential light in Sixth avenue twenty years ago and more; but he had lost the secret, if he ever had it, of the mint julep.

It is said that the barkeepers of the young school have little opportunity to mix anything except seltzer and milk. The progress of total abstinence and the passion for whiskey and water or "highballs" must tend to keep the young barkeeper's education in a state of arrested development. But even maturer and more skilful chemists in New York might dabble in vain at fusing the elements of this classic composition. The mint looks dusty, withered, homesick in the North. We have seen, even in clubs where should be reverence for the old masters, supposed juleps in which a mess of seaweed seemed to be partially immersed in a sea of kerosene oil. Only on Southern soil will this flower blossom.

Let us say, for the relief of our Prohibitionist friends, that we regard mint julep in a purely romantic and bookish light. To us it belongs in the category with the continuous, harmless, impossible guzzling of Mr. PICKWICK's journey to Birmingham with Mr. BOB SAWYER and Mr. BENJAMIN ALLEN. We look upon it as a rich relation of brandy and water "luke," of three pennyworth of rum, of port wine negus, of flip, of blackstrap, of that Harvard commencement punch, which flows no more, alas, no more! Mint julep is real

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in the South, but only a dream here. The veranda of an old, white, Doric or Ionic-pillared house. The Potomac, York, any river, in the foreground. A young lady of the happy ante-GIBSONIAN days and proportions steps out of a window which is a door, trips into the garden, brings back some mint, mixes with incomparable grace incomparable juleps. There is plenty of time. There is plenty of money. Slavery is a divine institution. You are half inclined to believe that mint julep is. Life is as placid as the river and as agreeable as the julep.

The mint julep has more poetry than alcohol in it. If it is dying out in Virginia, there should be a society to revive it.

The Official Julep

A man, a real man, has written to this newspaper asking to be informed what are "the improved ingredients and the proper methods of manufacture of the standard mint julep." There is a man for whom it is possible to feel at once pity and envy. What a sad state is his who has not yet swallowed a properly compounded julep! What a joy will be his when he first buries his nose in the odorous leaves and lets the julep trickle down his throat, a clear and cool spring of inspiration flowing from under the shadows of summer leaves! He has something yet to live for, and, if he will stick to it long enough, to die for.

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But our friend does not desire any poetic views of the julep, nor yet any stereotyped directions out of the Barkeeper's Vade Mecum. He says in plain English that he wishes to know how to make a julep, so that he can hand out the beverage to his friends at home. "This is not to decide a bet," he says, "but to get a drink." Juleps at home? Then he lives in the suburbs and has mint in his backyard. When CARLYLE said, "Oblivious Lethe flows not above ground," he knew not of the julep. With mint in the backyard one can forget that he remembers and dream that he forgets.

But to the point. The mint julep of commerce consists of a glass of moderate proportions almost full of ice. Into the interstices of this ice is permitted to trickle a niggardly modicum of whiskey or brandy, according to the expressed wish of the customer or the generosity of the barkeeper. Some half-dried wisps of semi-odorous mint, which has long reposed on the shelf behind the bar, are thrust into the glass, after the usual process of throwing in a dab of sugar and giving the whole thing a demonstrative shake has been completed.

It is a poor substitute for the real thing. This is the way to create a julep dream at home, a julep fit to hand out to your best friend that he may forget all other friends, that he may see you doubled in beauty and graciousness, that he may long to stay always in your

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house and never go home any more — the lament is gone:

Get a large glass, such as barkeepers are wont to use in the first bloom of the June roses to confine the Hon. THOMAS COLLINS. In the bottom of this glass crush with patience and care the succulent juices out of some sprays of the delicious mint. Leave the crushed leaves in the glass. Then put upon those leaves as much sugar as you think will tickle your friend's palate. Now stir gently, Take time, Don't hurry. Juleps are not built in a minute. Nurture the growing julep tenderly, and when it has reached maturity it will richly repay your loving care.

Now put in the ice, not enough to drown the julep, but just enough to cool it. Next pour in the whiskey. And here you must compound your julep with judgment. The question is not how little whiskey you can put in to give the thing a flavor. Flavoring is the business of the mint. What you now have to consider is how much your friend will like, and also how much will like him, for the julep is the subtlest of the drinks of the field. Spare not the whiskey. Go your friend's limit, for a weak julep is the abomination of a strong man. The first julep should have power to awaken emotions of peace and of contentment. The second should open the gates of happiness; the third should fill the world with visions of a joy too great to be; and the fourth should leave all desires of the

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soul gratified and the delighted body still too perfect to rest.

Having the whiskey in, do not shake in a vulgar shaker, but stir gently with a large spoon until the sides of the glass take on a soft hoar frost. Now plunge in the mint. Let it be fresh and plenteous. Measure the length of the stalks according to the length of your friend's nose. The organ of smell should be buried in the mint, but the leaves should not be in the eyes of the drinker lest he find difficulty in closing them in the moment of ineffable delight.

Fear not to give this julep to your friend. He will love you. The next day when he remembers what you did for him he will respect you; when he has sufficiently recovered from the weight of the obligation, he will come and ask you to do it again. He will plead unto you like a brother while the mint holds out. But let him and you both be cautious. The julep is a gracious and desirable servant; but it is a tyrannous master. Always keep in mind the awful fate of the man who learned to "put grass in his whiskey." Stop at the second julep. You cannot stop after the third.

An Unreasonable Dispute

The deplorable controversy which has arisen, during a mid-summer otherwise propitious for all cooling beverages, as to the date and place of origin of the Gin Rickey, is a decided menace to the popularity of all

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American mixed drinks. It is unnecessary to explain that the Rickey is a combination of Holland gin, limes, cracked ice and seltzer. One disputant alleges that it had its origin at the St. James Hotel, and, like the invention of the sewing machine, was an accident or something very much like an accident. Another disputant, professing a desire to set at rest a controversy which, he says, has of late been going the round of the New York papers, alleges, with many such details as give verisimilitude, that the first Rickey was made at SHOEMAKER'S in Washington not less than sixteen years ago, and that the notable occasion is still recalled as if it were but yesterday by those fortunate enough to be present at the time.

It is a matter of comparatively little importance where or when the Rickey originated, whether in the metropolis of the United States or in the National Capital. That statesmanlike fame of Col. RICKEY, which, to so great an extent, depends upon his share in this decoction, would be precisely as secure if it had originated in Jefferson City, Joplin or Sedalia, as in Washington or New York.

It is, however, a fact that the Gin Rickey, when subjected to the crucial analysis of experts, is found to be merely a democratic variation of a formerly popular mixed drink, the Gin Daisy, from the libation of which has proceeded the expression "Jim Dandy," as is credibly averred. The Gin Daisy had for its structural

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basis three dashes of orgeat and three of maraschino, to which were added the juice of half a small lemon, a wine glass of Holland gin; the "trimmings," as they are called, the innocuous addition, being a third of a glass of shaved ice and seltzer or apollinaris. The Rickey differs from the Daisy in not being bitter-sweet, owing to the circumstance that it possesses no combination of orgeat and lemon. It is bitter only, its foundation being of limes, from the healthful or wholesome qualities of which the Rickey of the Missouri Colonel derives much of its endearing popularity.

But how long is this popularity to continue if ill-advised persons persist in maintaining this untoward dispute as to its origin, in midsummer? Do they not perceive that it is practically an assault on all American mixed drinks, the Virginia Mint Julep, the Gin Sour, the Whiskey Smash, the Sherry Cobbler, the Tom Collins, the Gin and Tansy, the Brandy Smash, the Stone Fence, the Sherry Flip and even the Port Wine Sangaree? Already the mischief-makers are insisting, under cover of this unfortunate controversy as to details of time and place, that veritable Riqueys can be made without gin, while other ignorant or malicious individuals are professing to believe that lemons may be substituted for limes without injury to the Rickey. Let all such heed this admonition: American mixed drinks are now recovering from a partial eclipse in popularity, and their restoration to

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former favor will certainly be retarded, if the attention of enthusiasts is to be directed to mere questions of chronology and locality.

A Great Summer for Georgia

Happiness can be baled up by the bucketful in the Cracker State this summer, and even the everlasting previousness of the Farmers' Alliance cannot check the flow of joy. Vainly does the State Commissioner of Agriculture croak to the farmers that their lands are worn out and their crops unprofitable, that they must use more fertilizers, plant less cotton, and learn improved agriculture from emissaries of his department. The rich blood of the most dulcet and succulent water-melons that have ever allured the colored race to eat, nobly stains the lips of the Georgia farmers, and they cannot despond. Life is all watermelons in Georgia at present, a continual feast of sweets, and only comfortable and optimistic humors are engendered thereby. As the melon-vine-wreathed poet of the *Augusta Chronicle* sings, "a man may live in gauze and honest conscience. He can revel in his bathroom and fig trees." Not only does the melon vine offer him solace, but "the mint sprig blooms but to delight." Hear the poet, bliss in his heart and a straw in his lips:

"How it peeps above the depth and eddies of the julep with its curb of shaved ice and its amber contents, like lichens above the snows in Greenland, like edelweiss on the glacial Alps.

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Oh, the perennial freshness, the aroma of the mint sprig, with its feet in ice and its crown in sunshine, its bulb in arctics and its petals in eternal summer! How it tempers the fire of ardent spirits and adds fragrance to the melting sugar. How in mild exosmose it draws and saps the sweetness of the magic compound up through its stem and verdant leaves, and offers a distillation which has no equal in Olympus."

HAFIZ, so to speak, isn't in it, and the high roller of the Rubaiyat is a cold-water poet in comparison with this celebrator of the sacred plant of Georgia. What do you think of the Sub-Treasury? Have a julep. How much currency *per capita* does the country need? About four smashes an hour. Will there be a third party in the South? Just one more cobbler. The soil grows more productive, the crops bring more money, the Alliance schemes are carried to a prosperous end, as the mint sprig takes its siesta, "its bulb in arctics and its petals in eternal summer." And what a delightful season is summer to the Georgian who bears the stamp of the mint!

"She hath looked in the Sun's, her Prince's eyes,
With a glance 'twixt passion and shy surprise,
Like hers who was wakened through smiles and tears
From the spell-bound sleep — of a hundred years.

"She has wakened, too, with a soul astir
For the redolent lover Fate sends to her;
And the earth is set to a bridal tune
When the Sun god marries his sweetheart, June.

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“The smell of the South and its wealth of tint
She hath found in the julep of fragrant mint;
And the gold of hope in her pocket chinks
As she loafs in Georgia and dreams and drinks!”

What does Georgia want of a Sub-Treasury? She has a Treasury with a surplus of watermelons, and a cornucopia that drips with julep. The Georgia Legislature will meet soon. Let it pass a law providing that summer shall last the whole year.

The Gurgless Jug

The delicate sensibility, not to say the hyperæthesia, of this age must be held to account for the invention of the “Gurgless Jug,” a portrait and description of which appear in the *Scientific American*. This contrivance brings in air to heal the blows of sound. Through the handle goes an air passage. The air comes as the liquid goes. Thus “all gurgling sounds incident to the discharge of the liquid are prevented and a rapid and uninterrupted flow is assured.”

Rapid and uninterrupted flow may be assumed to be an advantage in a jug as in an orator, but weak must be the nerves that are jarred by the pleasant, cordial music of the escaping liquid. This cheery chirp and song, this melodious *glou-glou* have been celebrated by poets of a mild vinous flavor; and even in these days, when the old-fashioned, much-enduring insides

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have gone out of fashion and the water-cart has taken the place of BACCHUS and his vat, the carol of the wet goods *in transitu* from the demijohn or flask may be remembered with an innocent and a teetotal pleasure. The honest joy on a fisherman's face as, with his head tilted backward at the scientific angle, he comforts himself with sundry swallows that sing as they fly, may be forgiven by all but the most austere. Abominate the flagon as we may, there is a comfortable sympathetic sound to that gurgle; and on the water homœopathy is not always practicable.

Who wants that gurgle drowned in air? Who pines for secret, black and midnight tippling? We suspect the prohibition States.

The Triumph of Apple-jack

The Hon. HERMAN FREYE, a statesman and Councilman of West Orange, has made a scientific and spirituous discovery of the highest value. Sunday, a yapping yellow curtal dog, drunk with spring or frenzied with the desire to inoculate himself with statesmanship, bit the index finger of Mr. FREYE's right hand. Mr. FREYE, who was just chaining the dog for purposes of isolation and observation, retained his calmness and the end of the dog chain. He tied up the dog. He corrected it gravely and without cruelty. Then he went into his house to bind up his bleeding wounds.

He looked into his cupboard and medicine chests.

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He is a true, loyal son of Jersey. He dotes upon its characteristic institutions. Blinking kindly at him from his private dispensary stood an apple-jack bottle, a tall copy, an idol in glass, the sovereign specific for all the ills that dare attack a Jersey man. He grinned at the bottle. The bottle grinned at him. All thoughts of cautery, all fear of hydrophobia, if he was a man to nourish fears, fled at once. He pulled out the cork affectionately, he sniffed reverently. A gurgle was heard, a noise like of a hidden brook in the leafy month of June. An instant electric circuit was completed between *quant suff.* of apple-jack and the lips, gullet, fauces, interior and innermost and uttermost of Mr. FREYE. The crown of his head glowed. His feet tingled pleasantly. His eyes gleamed. His heart leaped. His midriff rejoiced. A tender current passed all through him. A genial air enwrapped him. The sun was in his stomach. The horned moon, dripping with the wine of Jersey, shone over his shoulder blades. The dog star gambolled up and down his spine gently warm. Everything was lovely and the goose honked high.

To make the cure perfect, or as a libation, Mr. FREYE dashed a little of the nourishing flame on the bitten spot. It was right that the outside should be caressed by the joy of the inside. Yet it was unnecessary. Apple-jack visits the whole system, neglects no nook or corner, and the best way to apply it to the finger

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tips is to drink it out of the glass, or, in case of need, out of the original bottle.

Probably in a spirit of frolic, Mr. FREYE went to the Pasteur Institute. The bewarers of the dog wouldn't receive him. Truth is that hydrophobia is dead. Henceforth a dog bite will be regarded as a shoe-horn to a dose of apple-jack.

Water Wagon Recipes

The expert and dexterous "mixers" of intoxicating and exhilarating strong drinks are not to have the whole field to themselves. No such thing as mixed temperance drinks? A fallacy of the bibulous.

There is "grape juice punch," made up by boiling together a pound of sugar and half a pound of water until it "spins a thread." Then, following directions, take from the fire and when cool add the juice of six lemons and a quart of grape juice.

Serve with plain water, apollinaris or soda water.

There is the popular English temperance drink, lemon squash made a glassful at a time. Allow to each glass the juice of a large lemon, crushed loaf sugar and a bottle of club soda. Mix the lemon juice and sugar and put in the soda, stirring with a long spoon.

There is "grape juice sherbet." One pint of unfermented grape juice; the juice of a lemon and a tablespoonful of gelatin, dissolved in boiling water and the white of an egg. Mix; then freeze.

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There is a far-famed "Saratoga cooler," dear to the heart of every veritable prohibitionist, made — more's the pity! — in a large bar glass as follows:

One teaspoonful of powdered white sugar, juice of half a lemon, one bottle domestic ginger ale and two lumps of Rockland Lake or Maine ice, thoroughly mixed.

There is "grape juice nectar," made of the juice of two lemons and an orange, one pint of grape juice, a cup of sugar and a pint of water; to be served from the punch bowl, with sliced lemons and oranges added.

Any one who, with the existence of these stimulating temperance beverages brought clearly to his notice, persists in declaring that there is no such thing as a temperance "mixed drink" should be made to drink high balls without ice.

Sobriety and Egg Testing

The Egg Testers' Union of New York City have done well to decide that no person shall be considered in good standing as an egg tester who is addicted to strong drink. Sobriety is desirable in every walk of life, but it would be difficult to mention any vocation in which it is more imperatively demanded than in that of the professional egg tester. There have been statesmen who have made some of their ablest public deliverances while half seas over; hod carriers who could carry their heaviest loads superimposed upon a jag; clergymen who could deliver their most powerful

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exhortations when in the condition of how-came-you-so; prize fighters who could strike their most telling blows while standing up on a skate; and temperance lecturers who could score their greatest number of pledge takers when their trolley was off. But neither history nor mythology mentions an egg tester who ever accomplished a noteworthy feat of egg testing when he was loaded.

The many reasons why an egg tester should keep sober are as patent to the layman as to the professional manipulator of the ovarious bounty of man's sedentary provider. Perhaps the best of these reasons has to do with the matter in hand. If an egg be dropped by a nerveless egg tester, the damage is total and beyond repair, except through a miracle; for has not the poet truly said:

“All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty up again?”

Not only should the hand of the egg tester be as steady as though controlled by nerves of steel, but his vision should be clear and direct. The expert can tell at a glance whether

“Within a wall as white as milk,
Behind a curtain soft as silk,
Bathed in a bath of crystal clear,”

a yolk or a chicken doth appear; but what value would there be in the professional opinion of an inebriated egg tester, whose bifurcated vision should see maybe

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two chickens in an egg justly entitled to be classed as a "strictly"? Again, the egg tester should be firm on his legs. Some of the most complete (we use this form of speech advisedly) wrecks on record have been the result of a tipsy man inadvertently sitting or kneeling in a basket of eggs.

From the view point also of his obligation to society it is imperative that the egg tester shall always be at his best. Not only does it depend upon him whether the matutinal boiled egg of the bon vivant shall open fit to satisfy his epicurean taste, or shall prove to have been suitable only for the seagoing omelette; but he must not err in the more delicate classifications which separate the family egg from the fashionable boarding-house egg, the fashionable boarding-house egg from the plain boarding-house egg, and these from the "cooking" egg, the egg utilized for raw material in various arts and industries not culinary, and the egg that is bestowed as a token of displeasure by audiences whom the entertainments have failed to please.

The more this subject is considered, the more important does it appear that the professional egg tester shall be a man of uncompromising sobriety. Let the Union adhere to its position, and it shall receive the moral support not only of all total abstainers and all who are temperate in their temperance, but even of those whose conduct falls far short of the temperance standard of the Egg Testers' Union.

XIII

DISCOURSES ON NATURAL HISTORY

The Chattaway Cat-Compeller

THE only KEELY's motor is still in the ether, but the inventive genius of Philadelphia has not ceased to burn brightly. A Philadelphia machinist, Mr. JOHN J. CHATTAWAY, has discovered a device for capturing feline minstrels. Quiet as of the cemetery is absolutely essential to the comfort of a Philadelphian, but the Quaker cats have not as yet learned to mitigate their nocturnal concerts or to temper their love-lorn lays. They patrol the fences and the backyards with the noisy vehemence of their kind, and protesting Philadelphia waves its nightcap and shouts and screams in vain. But the researches of the ingenious Mr. CHATTAWAY have shown how to bell the cat. The part of the town in which he lives, so writes an enthusiast in the *Philadelphia Times*, "is the arcadia for all the love-making Toms and Tabbies in the neighborhood. On his back fence, and on the back fences of all his neighbors, it has been the nightly custom, rain or shine, for hundreds of nocturnal prowlers to

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congregate, and there hold discordant revel." Poisoned meat and spring traps were tried without effect. The cats laughed at them. Broken glass, barbed wire, and other amulets against the fence haunter were equally useless. The cats continued their vociferous proceedings, and the inhabitants swore and suffered.

In the sleepless nights the brain of CHATTAWAY kept working at a plan for conquering the invader of his peace. It came to him finally in a dream. "From his ash pit he dug a pile of empty tomato cans, and out of these, supplemented by a roll of condemned roofing tin, which a sympathizing neighbor kindly donated, he manufactured a contrivance that, if universally adopted, will rob the funny paragraphers of one of their most fecund sources of supply." His completed device for a cat-compeller is "a continuous strip of pyramidal-shaped tin, the apex of the pyramid being placed on top of the fence. The base of the triangle is left open, and its sloping sides hang over the fence and stand out from its face. As the apex of this tin roof comes to a sharp point, and its sides are too smooth even for the claw holds of a cat, the result, when a Tom or Tabby attempts to cross it, is obvious. As soon as their feet strike the tin they are bound to slip, and a fall on one or the other side of the fence is inevitable. As the tin sides project beyond the face of the fence, it is impossible for the fallen feline to climb back to its perch again."

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The first night's catch is thus reported:

"It was late Monday afternoon when Machinist CHATTAWAY finished nailing his cat-compeller in place, and the curious neighbors wondered what it all meant. Darkness had hardly fallen before the cats began to congregate. As Machinist CHATTAWAY's house is near the middle of the block, his back fence was a sort of meeting place, and the spot where all combats were arranged and fought out. The night was not so dark as to prevent the confident inventor from witnessing the result from his library windows. The first cat to strike the compeller, a gigantic Tom, sprang upon the tin coping with a meow of disdain. Like a flash Tom's maltese body described a semicircle, and, much to his amazement, he landed in the yard. Recovering himself, and with his feline mood up, Tom gripped the fence and scrambled upward. His head struck the projecting tin, and after one or two futile attempts to get a claw hold *sans* confidence, Tom realized that he was a prisoner, and lay low, uttering from time to time a subdued and mournful meow.

"He was not without company. A tabby was the next victim, and although he recognized her as an old-time sweetheart and she identified him as a once-favored beau, neither had any heart for love-making, but crouched in opposite corners of the yard, disgustedly blinking at each other. From that time on until dawn, cats came and but few escaped. Those that were fortunate enough to fall on the alley side of the fence scampered away, with their distended tails aloft.

"Early yesterday morning the smiling inventor softly opened his back door and peeped out. By actual count there

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were seventeen cats in the yard. Old fighters and young fighters were huddled together. Misery had made them forget their animosities, and they greeted the machinist with frightened stares and mournful whines. When he opened the back gate they rushed out into the alley and scampered away."

This "star-y-pointing pyramid" or tin triangle of Mr. CHATTAWAY'S is an excellent thing for any Philadelphian who wants to fill his backyard with cats, but will it be satisfactory in other cities? A delegation of New York cats suddenly falling into a backyard would wake the welkin with their meows; and so the remedy might be worse than the disease. Apparently the Philadelphia cats are Mugwumps. They make an unholy row as long as they are on the fence. When they are off the fence their courage and their loquacity desert them. But to Philadelphia, Mr. CHATTAWAY has given a great boon; and his statue ought to be set up in some of the public squares.

Tree-Climbing Pigs

Some time ago it was our fortune to call attention toward an interesting experiment undertaken by Mr. MONTGOMERY SEARS of Boston, in the hope of producing a quality of pork worthy to be associated with true Boston baked beans. His method involved the crossing of the choicest and the fattest obtainable

specimens of American swine with a certain lean and shadowy bristle-producer of European origin, so that the resulting pig should be composed of alternate layers of fat and lean. While yet the product of this experiment is problematical, we have from Australia intelligence of a discovery that suggests possibilities which put Mr. SEARS's adventure entirely in the shade.

A Mr. LEMORTEMORE of Wide Bay has succeeded in capturing the tree-climbing pig. We are indebted to our esteemed Australian contemporary, the *News* of Wide Bay, for a description of this arboreal porker:

"The captured animal weighs about one hundred weight, and is pretty fat, with bristly brown fur, small black spots, snout and ears like a pig, but the jaw is furnished with front teeth like a rodent; it has large canines and powerful back grinders. The forefeet are furnished with hook-like claws; the hind ones have two hook claws on each hoof. The tail is thick, about a foot long, and highly prehensile, and in a state of rest is usually carried in what is known as a Flemish coil. The animal is also furnished with a pouch, which it only appears to use for carrying a supply of food in while it is travelling to fresh pastures. In drouth the animal climbs trees and hangs by its tail while it gathers its food by hooked claws."

Now, if Mr. SEARS will import some of these Australian pigs, he will have material for an experiment that will challenge the attention of the entire world and hold Boston in a hush of expectancy. He would

find no difficulty in procuring the necessary pigs, for Mr. LEMORTEMORE says that the woods are full of 'em.

The question of substituting tree-climbing pigs for the various varieties of terrestrial swine is too large for consideration off-hand, but it is permissible to mention some of the interesting possibilities that suggest themselves in the line of study which Mr. SEARS is now pursuing. After he shall have produced the desired streak of fat and lean pig, he will be equipped for the vastly more interesting experiment of seeing what can be done by blending that animal with his Australian importation.

What would the world say if it could see Mr. SEARS raising pork and beans on the same bean pole? Yet this is not an extravagant suggestion. The beanstalk is a climber; so is this Australian pig. Why not let them climb the same pole, and, clinging thereto, the one with its tendrils and the other with his prehensile tail, ripen into maturity together? Right here somebody may interpose that the pig would eat the beans; but the object of these remarks is to put forth suggestions, and not to monkey with petty conundrums.

And then there is the marsupial pouch. When the time comes for Mr. SEARS to gather his ripened pork and beans, all he will have to do will be to pick the beans into the pouches and drive his composite crop home or to market, the pigs carrying their tails neatly done up in Flemish coils, which, as every sailor man

knows, is the sort of coil affected by yachtsmen when they want to see the main-sheet lie flat and beautiful on the quarter-deck.

But it is impossible even to outline the ideas that arise in connection with this opportune discovery of tree-climbing pigs, and so, without further attempt, the whole matter is turned over to Mr. MONTGOMERY SEARS for his intelligent consideration.

The Three-Legged Clams of Tulare

Everybody in this part of the country has been told of the marvellously rapid growth of nature under the influence of the bland climate and fertile soil of the Pacific slope. We all know that between seed-time and harvest in California crook-necked squashes attain the size of swans, cucumbers grow as large as saw logs, and mustard seeds are mistaken for walnuts by persons from the Atlantic States. But it seems that the residents of that favored region have been so absorbed in contemplation of the phenomenal growth of its products that they have failed until recently to notice a far more astounding evidence of this fertility. They have only just discovered that the processes of evolution — a sort of growth in which countless generations take the place of the individual, and ages are as seasons — are comparatively as celeritous as are the processes by which the ordinary products of California soil and climate are matured.

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Occasional mention has appeared of late in Eastern papers of the recession of Lake Tulare, leaving a broad margin of arable land that for many years had been submerged. Dwelling near the shore of this lake is a Mr. ENNIS, an observant ranchman. When the water receded, he sowed with wheat his land that was left dry. The crop came up beautifully, but after awhile he noticed that many of the spears were eaten off as if by cut-worms. He investigated, and the result was startling even to a resident of the Pacific slope.

Mr. ENNIS discovered that the countless clams left high and dry by the recession of the water and exposed to the benign influences of soil and climate had developed legs — three legs to each clam — and were hopping around among the wheat spears. Further observation showed him that the part of the clams' anatomy known in Rhode Island as the snout had become a fairly well developed mouth, and that the clams were nibbling off the blades of wheat, chewing the succulent fodder, swallowing the juice, and ejecting the fibrous residue. He captured some of these predatory tripeds and stands ready to exhibit them to all doubters of his word. For the facts regarding this discovery we are indebted to our esteemed contemporary, the *Expositor* of Fresno.

Mammals were only foreshadowed by occasional creatures of the early reptilian age. HERBERT SPENCER

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says that "there is in living organisms a margin of functional oscillations on all sides of a mean state, and a consequent margin of structural variation." But here we have in California living evidences of a celerity of evolution which sets aside the results of all previous observation. Not ages, but only a few months were required for the evolution of these stranded mollusks into a condition which enables them to cope with their environment. Theirs is a development which can be accounted for upon no hypothesis of a margin of functional oscillations. The soil and climate of the Pacific slope did it and nothing else.

It is interesting to speculate as to the further results of evolution in the three-legged clams of Tulare under the gracious influence of their surroundings. At the rate at which they have started off, they should be wearing sombreros and chewing tobacco, with the third leg reduced to a rudimentary form, by the advent of the next rainy season. And long before the waters of Tulare reach their periodical high stage, and again flood the scone of this phenomenal development, the former humble mollusks of the shore should become dudes, with monocles and walking sticks. All this, provided, of course, that the Japanese warm current is not deflected and the isothermal lines remain as at present.

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The Two-Turreted Mosquito Destroyer

Dr. CHARLES WARDELL STILES's two-turreted mosquito destroyer, *Agamomermis culicis*, has done no damage to the mosquito fleet as yet. In the dog-days the mosquitoes have most of the energy. Still, there is a man with energy enough and scientific curiosity enough to write this letter:

"To the Editor of THE SUN—*Sir*: For the information of a bug fancier, will you please tell us how to pronounce the name of the newly discovered bugerinktum that gnaws at the innerds of the musketeer?

"G. U. B.

"New York, July 26."

Pronounce it solemnly and reverently. It is an august name. It should walk like a processional elephant, not spin like a fretful midge. Speak it slowly, not trippingly. There may be magic in the sound of it. Chant it. Emit it from the full fauces in a deep, long-drawn anthem note:

"Speak, and in accents disconsolate, answer the trump of the 'skeeter."

As to the arsis and thesis, the hills and hollows of its sound, step with one foot on the syllable "ag," with both feet on the syllables "merm" and "cu." In the matter of vowels and consonants, suit yourself. Make

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your "i's" long, short, particular, common or preferred. You may say "kooleekes" or "kulicis." It's all the same to the mosquitoes.

Whatever be your taste and fancy in regard to the utterance of the name which the gods call *Agamomermis culicis*, and men "agamo" or plain "ag," don't insult this inward monitor of the mosquito by calling it a "parasite." It is not a parasite. It is a by-product of the mosquito. Conscious of her invulnerability, the marvellous bird, if she consents to death, dies by suicide. When every mosquito is provided with an agamo, then throw away the screens and order your ascension robe.

Some Wabash Hens

Anybody can see that the hen is a great natural hearer. Even a superficial observer would not take the jackrabbit, with all his ears, for the hen's equal in detecting sounds. The hen's characteristic attitude is that of listening. When the adult hen shifts her pose it is to take on the appearance of listening with the other ear. She is ambi-auricular.

Nobody has seen a mother-hen scanning the sky for birds of prey; yet no hawk ever described many circles above her brood before she had hustled her chicks out of sight and ruffled the feathers on her neck as if she had heard a swish of pinions far above as the threatening speck tacked wings in his flight.

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This phenomenal ability of the hen to distinguish sounds is utilized in an interesting way by a community of hens in the Wabash region of the Hoosier commonwealth. The facts are presented herewith upon the authority of several reputable and esteemed contemporaries of the Central West. At Monon, Ind., the junction of the Monon main line and the Indianapolis division, two through trains meet daily, and the dining cars are run onto sidings, where the cooks clean up the kitchens, throwing out the culinary odds and ends. These trains are met with clockwork regularity by the hens of the vicinity, and the scraps thrown overboard furnish them with more than acceptable picking. This is in no way out of the ordinary, but the interesting part has not been told.

It is asserted and vouched for, that these Wabash hens, so acute is their sense of hearing, can distinguish the whistles of the dining-car trains from those of the local passenger and the freight trains, or even from that of the locomotive running wild, and that they sit placidly on their nests or scratch gravel in a nonchalant way upon the approach of all locomotives save those pulling the dining cars. And this is not all. These same hens can distinguish the whistles of the locomotives on the dining-car trains at incredible distances, so that if one of these trains is twenty minutes late, for instance, intending passengers do not look at the blackboard bulletin, but merely note the dis-

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tance of the hens picking their way toward the crossing. It is asserted, moreover, that Hoosiers thereabouts of a mathematical turn of mind have an easy system of setting their clocks and watches to railroad time by the movements of these sharp-hearing hens.

The hens of Kansas have been justly celebrated of late because of their value from a purely utilitarian point of view, this having been a tremendous year for eggs. Those of the Wabash have revealed themselves in a wholly different, but not less interesting, aspect.

Setting a Hen

Our esteemed contemporary, *Uncle Sam's Live Stock Journal*, utters a clarion note of warning against foolhardy precipitancy in setting a hen. "This is the time of year," it says, "that every one is setting hens or getting ready"; and although there may be some few of us here in New York below Canal street who are neither setting hens nor getting ready to set them, we have no doubt that the warning is timely.

Having placed the eggs in the nest, the next thing to do is to secure a hen for a three weeks' engagement. The best time for setting a hen is in the evening. Select your hen and proceed cautiously. Do not approach her with a brass band and torch-light procession, but go unattended. Take her up tenderly and put her head under your coat. Lower her gently to the nest;

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never think of setting her with a pile-driver. Depart quietly and say nothing about it. Do not go groping around in the darkness saying: "S-s-sh, there's a hen on!" After a brief interval, go back and see if the hen is still there. If she is not, seek another hen of a more sedentary disposition. Nothing can be gained by holding her on the nest with a mushroom anchor. No harm results from picking up one of the eggs and showing it to her in a friendly and confidential way, but it is not advisable to break the eggs into a saucer to convince her that they are fresh. The period of incubation is three weeks, three consecutive weeks. If a hen thinks she can take a week out of this period to scratch up the garden, her trolley is off, and it is not worth while to temporize with her.

Nothing is said by our esteemed contemporary about setting impatient hens on eggs that have been hatching for twenty days or so in a patent incubator; but it is easy to see how such a scheme might lead to the utter discouragement of others of the flock who were not thus favored.

"You will find," says our philosophic contemporary, "that hens, like people, are obstinate and differing in temperament." Hence it follows that one who becomes successful in setting hens acquires at the same time something akin to a valuable knowledge of human nature. Thus he is better equipped for the struggle of life than if he had mastered only that other lesson,

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necessary as the knowledge may be at times: how to break up a sitting hen.

The Ten-Footers

“Tell me the number of lobsters that a nation eats,” writes HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, “and I will tell you the plane of civilization which that nation has reached.” “The sage,” says MENCIOUS, “should distrust himself. The Lobster has ten feet yet cannot walk secure.” “For psychologists, psychometrists and psychomants,” Prof. GEORGE T. LADD of Yale asserts, “a judicious diet with a large proportion of lobster, especially the claw meat, is advisable.” “For purposes of psychical research,” adds Prof. WILLIAM JAMES of Harvard, “I have found crustacean food, and especially the lobster, if used in connection with pure, fresh milk and not earlier than midnight, of the highest value in obtaining astounding, if somewhat puzzling, results.”

On the other hand, Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON testifies that he “hates the cooked lobster as an emblem of the Hell of War in the Tropics, and the raw one as a ravening robber and rampant imperialist.” The Hon. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON’S fine sonnet in the “*Agui-naldo Album*” is too little known by amateurs:

“Thou stalk-eyed monster of the salt sea shore
Caparisoned in mighty carapuse,
Fierce Robber Baron of the deep, at loose

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Among the feebler folk, grim carnivore.
By thee at last the murderer's meed of gore
Is paid, nor lacks man's cruelty excuse:
The blood that was to thee a thing of use
Red on thy slaughtered carcass shows once more.
Oh, Lobster, Lobster, thou art not the first
Tyrant to perish at a stranger's hands,
So may all perish who in War accurst
Take up the murdering gun, the bloody brands!
I love thee not, yet killed 'gainst thy consent,
Thou art a symbol of free government."

These severer views, however, cannot prevail. The lobster is but too much loved. Millions lie in wait to drive him along the flaming path of martyrdom. In this town and in other towns there are leisurely spirits that deem it the chief end of men to consume lobsters. The eaters are many and the lobsters all too few. Still, there is hope. In the passionate words of Prof. ARLO BATES's parody:

"And shall the lobster die?
And shall the lobster die?
There's fifty thousand Boston men
Will know the reason why!"

And at length there is good news. Massachusetts has a brotherly feeling for the lobster. The Marine Laboratory at Woods Hole is propagating lobsters artificially and with noble results. "The per cent of

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production in 1899," says the *Boston Globe*, "was 90 per cent, and there is now substantial hope, what with the results gained in Maine, for a prosperous future for the lobster interest in New England." A prosperous future also for

Lobster Fricassee,	Lobster Cutlets,
Lobster à la Newburg,	Broiled Live Lobster,
Lobster Salad.	

And all the other forms and fancies in which the gifted decapod contributes to the happiness of mankind.

Our Office Cat

The universal interest which this accomplished animal has excited throughout the country is a striking refutation that genius is not honored in its own day and generation. Perhaps no other living critic has attained the popularity and the vogue now enjoyed by our cat. For years he worked in silence, unknown, perhaps, beyond the limits of the office. He is a sort of Rosicrucian cat, and his motto has been "to know all and keep himself unknown." But he could not escape the glory his efforts deserved, and a few mornings ago he woke up, like BYRON, to find himself famous.

We are glad to announce that he hasn't been puffed up by the enthusiastic praise which comes to him from

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all sources. He is the same industrious, conscientious, sharp-eyed, and sharp-toothed censor of copy that he has always been, nor should we have known that he is conscious of the admiration he excites among his esteemed contemporaries of the press had we not observed him in the act of dilacerating a copy of the *Graphic* containing an alleged portrait of him. It was impossible not to sympathize with his evident indignation. The *Graphic's* portrait did foul injustice to his majestic and intellectual features. Besides, it represented him as having a bandage over one eye, as if he had been involved in controversy and had had his eye mashed. Now, aside from the fact that he needs both eyes to discharge his literary duties properly, he is able to whip his weight in office cats, and his fine large eyes have never been shrouded in black, and we don't believe they ever will be. He is a soldier as well as a scholar.

We have received many requests to give a detailed account of the personal habits and peculiarities of this feline ARISTARCHUS. Indeed, we have been requested to prepare a full biographical sketch to appear in the next edition of "Homes of American Authors." At some future day we may satisfy public curiosity with the details of his literary methods. But genius such as his defies analysis, and the privacy of a celebrity ought not to be rudely invaded.

It is not out of place, however, to indicate a few

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traits which illustrate his extraordinary faculty of literary decomposition, so to speak. His favorite food is a tariff discussion. When a big speech, full of wind and statistics, comes within his reach, he pounces upon it immediately, and digests the figures at his leisure. During the discussion over the MORRISON bill he used to feed steadily on tariff speeches for eight hours a day, and yet his appetite remained unimpaired.

When a piece of stale news or a long-winded, prosy article comes into the office, his remarkable sense of smell instantly detects it, and it is impossible to keep it from him. He always assists with great interest at the opening of the office mail, and he files several hundred letters a day in his interior department. The favorite diversion of the office boys is to make him jump for twelve-column articles on the restoration of the American merchant marine.

He takes a keen delight in hunting for essays on civil service reform, and will play with them, if he has time, for hours. They are so pretty that he hates to kill them, but duty is duty. Clumsy and awkward English he springs at with indescribable quickness and ferocity; but he won't eat it. He simply tears it up. He can't stand everything.

We don't pretend that he is perfect. We admit that he has an uncontrollable appetite for the *Congressional Record*. We have to keep this peculiar publication out of his reach. He will sit for hours and watch with

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burning eyes the iron safe in which we are obliged to shut up the *Record* for safe keeping. Once in a while we let him have a number or two. He becomes uneasy without it. It is his catnip. With the exception of this pardonable excess he is a blameless beast. He mouses out all the stupid stuff and nonsense that finds its way into the office, and goes for it, tooth and claw. He is the biggest copy holder in the world. And he never gets tired. His health is good, and we have not deemed it necessary to take out a policy on any one of his valuable lives.

Many of our esteemed contemporaries are furnishing their offices with cats, but they can never hope to have the equal of THE SUN's venerable polyphage. He is a cat of genius.

XIV

NAMES

Hattie, Bessie and Mamie

HATTIE, BESSIE and MAMIE were the Christian names given by three of the nine young women upon whom the degrees of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Letters were conferred at the commencement of Rutgers Female College last Thursday.

Of course it is of no use to expostulate with these girls for allowing themselves to be described by their pet nursery names even in so formal a document as a college diploma. We might as well attempt to reason them out of obedience to the dictates of a passing fashion in dress — to induce them to reduce the height of their hats or the heels of their boots. They prefer their own taste to ours, and think that HATTIE, BESSIE and MAMIE are much prettier and far more elegant names than the homely, old-fashioned HARRIET, ELIZABETH and MARY.

None the less it seems very incongruous, and it is very incongruous, to give a scholastic degree to a young woman who is spoken of only as if she were a baby who had not yet mastered the pronunciation of some of

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the consonants, and who changed the construction of words to suit the limitations of her infantile vocal organs.

In the domestic circle such nursery names have sweet and tender associations, but they sound quite silly when they are read out at a college commencement as the serious appellations of young women who are deemed worthy of grave scholastic degrees. Suppose that when Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was given an honorary degree in England, the other day, he had been described as OLLIE HOLMES or NOLL HOLMES.

These three young women allowed Dr. SAMSON and Dr. BURCHARD to address them before a large audience as if they were little girls in pinafores waiting for a present of a doll or of sweetmeats, instead of young ladies about to receive diplomas certifying that they had mastered studies within the ability of maturity only. They and their friends were not in the least indignant at the familiarity, but took it as altogether nice, pretty and proper.

Among the other recipients of degrees were two MARYS and two ELIZABETHS, who were so called in their degrees, but MAMIE and BESSIE probably looked on them as the victims of the prejudices of old-fashioned and unreasonable parents. Yet we can never think of MAMIE and BESSIE and HATTIE as dignified young women so long as they put those baby names on their cards.

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But, as we have already said, we protest in vain. They like baby names better than the names they received in baptism, and are utterly indifferent to what we say on the subject. So we must write down HATTIE and MAMIE and BESSIE as Bachelors of Arts and Letters, and not three pretty girls to whom Dr. BURCHARD and Dr. SAMSON gave rewards of merit for good conduct in the infant class of a Sunday school.

"Mellie"

Not long ago, in the course of some remarks on the fashionable society of Omaha, we expressed our inability to make out the real name of a young lady of Nebraska, who was spoken of as a visitor to that flourishing town, and as a temporary ornament of its elegant circles.

She was described as "Miss MELLIE BUTTERFIELD of Hastings." In the same column of the *Omaha Herald* we found NELLIES and MINNIES, GUSSIES and LIZZIES, MOLLIES and SADIES, TILLIES and SALLIES, BESSIES, MAGGIES, JENNIES, TUDIES, and the whole run of nursery names, but we were able to infer the real and dignified names of these lovely young women. They were charming creatures, who wanted to be called in the newspaper by their pretty little baby appellations, and thought that such pet names sounded far better than homely JANE and MARY, ELIZABETH, MARGARET, SARAH, GERTRUDE, MATILDA, and HELEN.

But MELLIE was new to us, and we begged that our ignorance might be enlightened. We therefore return our thanks to the editor of the *Omaha Excelsior* for giving us very politely the information we desired. He tells us that he is a fortunate relative of Miss MELLIE BUTTERFIELD, and that her real name is MELLONA.

It seems that the young lady's grandfather was a Presbyterian minister, and that he gave the name to her mother at the suggestion of a classically inclined brother clergyman, and that MELLONA was therefore handed down to the daughter, "Miss MELLIE BUTTERFIELD of Hastings." We are further told that, so far as known, the name "has never been used outside of the MOULTON family," the family of her mother. Our equally polite contemporary of the *Omaha Herald*, in referring to this explanation, thinks that because of love for the classics we "will be pleased to discover a kindred taste in far-off Nebraska, where the lovely daughters of the State are classical even in their sweetness."

Yes, we are pleased to see the love of Greek and Latin literature extend, for to the Greeks more especially we must look for the most perfect language and literature of history, and the mind and taste get a cultivation and development from the study of Greek and Latin nowhere else obtainable.

But MELLONA? We cannot say that we like the

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name suggested by the clergyman. It is true that it was the name given to a Roman divinity who was supposed to protect bees and honey, and that it is made up from the Latin *mel*, or honey, but it is so unusual as to be odd. Even in Latin literature MELLONA is an exceedingly rare figure, and if the Rev. Mr. MOULTON had wished to imply that his daughter was as sweet as honey, why did he not call her MELISSA, the name of the nymph who first taught the use of honey, according to mythology, and a name which was adopted for women and has always been in use in Christian countries?

A very odd name for a girl is objectionable rather than otherwise, and surely there is nothing peculiarly beautiful in MELLONA to call for its selection. The Greeks had substantially the same name, in GLUKERA, the sweet, and in later days it was borne by a saint of the Greek Church. GLOUKERA, too, is still prevalent in Russia, and GLYCERA or GLYCÈRE in France. But for an American girl we prefer a different name, some homely appellation like MARY or MARGARET, CATHARINE or ELIZABETH.

The taste of the clergyman, too, was exceptional, for in the list of hundreds of names given by Miss YONGE in her "History of Christian Names" we do not find MELLONA included. So, very probably, it is true that the MOULTON family have a monopoly of its use — and they are likely to keep it.

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However, to our thinking, MELLONA is a much more suitable name for a young lady than MELLIE, especially when she is spoken of in a newspaper or by those who do not enjoy her closest intimacy. And to Miss MELLONA BUTTERFIELD of Hastings we now present our compliments and our wishes that only the sweets of life may be hers.

Craze for Changing Names

The craze for changing names and for making foolish changes has reached the legislature of this State. The Post-Office Department in Washington has done badly enough in this direction, and now our representatives in Albany are going to see what they can accomplish in revising the nomenclature of towns and villages.

Here is the latest bill in this field of legislation, introduced in the Senate by Mr. HENRY HARRISON of Brockport, the Senator from the Forty-fourth district:

“An act to change the name of the village of North Parma, Monroe County. The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

“Section 1. The name of the village of North Parma, Monroe County, is hereby changed to Hilton.

“Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately.”

North Parma is the only post-office of that name in

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the United States. There are already six post-offices named Hilton. One of these is in New Jersey. If the State changes the name of North Parma to Hilton, the post-office name will doubtless also be changed, and we shall have a Hilton, N. J., and a Hilton, N. Y., with great liability to confusion and mistake in addressing and transmitting letters; all of which will be needless and can be avoided by retaining the distinctive appellation now borne by North Parma.

But when Speonk is changed to Remsenburg, and Newton to Elmhurst, what can we expect? Hauppauge and Baiting Hollow, Horseheads and Broken Straw, cannot long survive the tendency of the times to transmogrify that which is old-fashioned and savors of the soil into that which is supposed to be more English and genteel.

Save the old names!

Punishment of Nicknames

The Aldermen of Westfield in eastern Illinois seem to be cynical persons. They have passed an ordinance which ordains that anybody found guilty of disturbing the Westfielders or the stranger within the gates of Westfield "by the use of nicknames" or by other means too numerous to be mentioned here shall be fined from \$5 tax to \$100. Why rages this wrath of Westfield Aldermen against nicknames? Has somebody been calling them "out of their name"? Have

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flouting political opponents fitted them with nicknames too ludicrous or too aptly descriptive? Or do these sage councillors insist upon their full name and state and wish to be termed Mr. Alderman So and So instead of plain JIM or MIKE?

The dignity of Aldermen, at least of many Aldermen, is notoriously ticklish, but in their association with their constituents they usually condescend to human weakness and not only permit but encourage democratic familiarity. To know the nickname, that is to say, the Ekename, the additional and sometimes happily characteristic name, of every nicknamable man or boy in his district is an important part of an Alderman's education. Many of these nicknames are rich and lovely. What reader of THE SUN can hear without pleasure such honey-dropping appellations as Fiddle FINKELSTEIN, PETE the Barber and the Mayor of Poverty Hollow.

Parents and guardians and sponsors do their serious best in the way of providing children with names, but the school and the street do better. And sometimes in the case of famous men a feeling of affection on the part of large masses of men toward a general or a statesman finds expression in a nickname. "TIPPECANOE," "Uncle BILLY" SHERMAN, "PHIL" SHERIDAN, "Little MACK," "JIM" BLAINE, "TOM" REED, "TEDDY" ROOSEVELT are a few of many instances. Illinois has been free enough with nicknames and is

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herself the "Sucker" State. "Old ABE" is the most famous of American nicknames, such a phrase as "The Father of His Country" being too long and solemn for ready everyday use; and such meaty epithets as "Old Rough and Ready" and "Fuss and Feathers" have become pretty well forgotten. Illinois has had "The Little Giant," "Black JACK," "Long JOHN" WENTWORTH, "JOE" MEDILL, "Horizontal BILL" MORRISON, "Bounding BILL" SPRINGER, "Uncle JOE" CANNON, "DICK" OGLESBY, "DICK" YATES, "Our CARTER," "BILLY" MASON, not to speak of "Bath House JOHN," "Hinky Dink" and we don't know how many others. Illinois like the rest of the West has prided itself on not putting on airs, on keeping up the hale-fellow-well-met, slap-you-on-the-back spirit. Chicago's best-loved poet was "GENE" FIELD; her best-loved man of money, "PHIL" ARMOUR. Why is Westfield so much more particular than Chicago?

We venerate the Aldermen of Westfield. It is a small place, but they are great men worthy to gobble turtle in the London Guildhall. We should like to see every one of them wear a splendid furred robe and a gold chain! Yes, and a tippet "furred with foins" and "a black velvet nightcap with a three-cornered hat over it," such as worthy Bishop RIDLEY wears when he is burning in the picture. If we had the naming of them they should bear no meaner names than LANCELOT and GALAHAD. May they flourish

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long, eat of the fat and drink of the sweet. Meanwhile they should learn by heart these lines written by a Boston doctor of the name of HOLMES:

“When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on, the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet JOE; hic jacet BILL.”

Bad Names of Horses

Every now and then there is heard a protest against the absurd and ugly names that are given to American horses. All sorts of meaningless and fanciful syllables are fastened on horses, even of the purest pedigree. Runners and trotters both have had to suffer. Such inane titles as Fonso, Wanderoo, Wanderment, Zuhlan, Aniban, and Fosteral make the turf more or less laughable. The trotting tracks are disgraced in a like manner, if not to the same extent, and in that field we should say that the names used to characterize Hickory Grove Farm, the property of Mr. JEROME I. CASE, the owner of Phallas and Jay-Eye-See, have touched the limit of nonsense.

In the first place, the name of Phallas is an abomination. It was a corruption to start with, and meant nothing. But following the custom of building up names upon that of the head of a breeding stud, Phallas is now worked over into more intense nonsense

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still, and the descendants of this noble and innocent horse are doomed to bear still greater evidence of ignorance than their sire. Mr. CASE has called one horse Phalmont. Another is Fallee Sprague, and we suppose that every colt that comes from this farm will bear some similar mark of its breeder's distorted fancy.

The wildest eccentricities of Volapük are all founded on some philological idea; but this style of horse nomenclature has absolutely no relation whatever to intelligence, reason, taste or common sense. Americans had better not have such good horses rather than have their ears, minds and principles offended by such vulgar nonsense as this.

XV

MISCELLANEOUS

The Tumble Tonic

SOME startling information has been imparted to the West as to the latest method adopted by women of high social position in New York for obtaining nervous and physical refreshment. It seems that philosophy teaches and experience convinces that there is no other tonic so effective as a tumble down stairs; not a studied and nicely executed roll from top to bottom, but a reckless, devil-may-care, bumpety bump, until the lady fetches up against the umbrella stand or the hall door. Then she arises restored and invigorated in body and mind for the arduous duties of modern life. To secure the greatest measure of benefit from this exercise it is necessary that it be taken when the mind and body are in a condition of absolute or, we might say, of truly intoxicated relaxation; otherwise it would be followed, not by exhilaration, but by a visit from a bone-setter.

According to our esteemed contemporary, the *Chicago Tribune*, the ladies of New York began by

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falling off their chairs from the usual sitting posture. This they are said to do even now when they have no more important object in view than settling a luncheon, or getting rid of the effects of some minor worriment. Having acquired the art of relaxation, the key of happy life according to Mr. SPENCER, sufficient for executing this mild thud with benefit instead of harm, they attempt falling at full length from a standing position, letting themselves go forward, sidewise, and finally over backward with all the natural force of gravitation. From this to taking the grand tumble down a long flight of hall stairs is not so great a step as it would seem, because the degree of relaxation requisite for the one exercise is very nearly sufficient for the other.

This information concerning the ladies of New York has taken their Western contemporaries somewhat by surprise, and we are informed that they are determined upon catching up with Gotham by omitting the rudimentary exercises and attempting the grand act at the outset. The falling off a chair, they assume, is no harder than rolling off a log. They are not easily upset when on their feet, and they will omit that exercise. So they are padding their hall stairs and erecting buffers against vestibule doors as safeguards in case of failure to be in a condition of properly reduced mental and physical tension at the moment of turning themselves loose at the top of the stairs. And here's wishing them success! If the ladies of New

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York have prepared themselves step by step for the enjoyment of an apparently hazardous but really beneficial divertisement, those of Chicago will prove themselves possessed of dead loads of cold nerve if they attempt the same thing without training.

The Mirth Cure

Some French science men have been discussing and endeavoring to dispose of the question of mirth as an agent for the cure of disease or of states of mind which favor the progress of certain diseases. At the convention of the French scientific press, as reproduced in the *Journal d'Hygiene*, it appears that some very novel views were advanced on the subject of mirth as a therapeutic, and the case was recalled of Lord LANESBOROUGH, a victim of gout, who, on the approach of an attack, began dancing, not as if from a spasm of pain, but with the lightness of joy, executing, so to speak, a *pas seul* that might be applauded in the academy. Lord LANESBOROUGH, according to the statement of a Frenchman who spoke in praise of his action, was so steadfast a believer in the merit of mirth as a cure for ills that at the death of the Prince of Denmark, the husband of Queen ANNE, he requested a special audience of her majesty in order that he might explain to her the advantage of "ordering the fiddlers to tune up," that her grief at the loss of her consort might be by this method assuaged and that she might woo gracious

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forgetfulness at a time of sore personal trial by dancing, so the French also described it, the reel of Virginia. Dr. DENIS PRUDENT-ROY, another Parisian, commended mirth as a cure for bronchial catarrh. He averred that laughter was a beneficial alveolar stimulus, giving useful shocks to the chest, and it was a wise, cheap and satisfactory substitute for creosote and other drugs. Unfortunately there are in every community some persons unable to avail themselves of the advantages of medication for illness; but as Dr. DENIS PRUDENT-ROY pointed out, there are no persons in any community so poor in means, if not in temper and fortitude, that they cannot laugh, if by laughing they can promote a cure for their ailments.

Another learned man told of an historical incident in which laughter had figured as a cure. When the Duke of Angouleme was in service in the army of HENRY IV he was stricken with illness in the camp and his life was despaired of. The surgeon of the army corps, to whom appeal was made, recommended (the medicine chest was probably empty) laughter. He secured the coöperation of the Duke's bailiff, his secretary, and the Captain of the Royal Guards. These came to the bedside of the Duke dressed in white, and wearing, each of them, red hats with cock's feathers. All three were men of demure aspect; all three were between 60 and 70 years of age. Each one endeavored, in the Duke's presence, to knock off the hat of one of

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the others, and the Duke of Angouleme was so convulsed with laughter at the antics of his visitors that the fever which had beset him for more than three weeks diminished. He recovered his health; he was restored, and he resumed command of a portion of the King's army.

In cases of intermittent fever, too, according to some of the French experts, unrestrained and unrestrainable mirth produced by the perusal of an almanac or joke-book in a language which the patient understands will restore where medicine has failed to. An instance is told of a patient who was cured by attending the Theatre Francaise and enjoying a performance of "Le Mariage de Figaro," presented with much animation. In fact, the instances of recovery caused by the magical influence of mirth poured in. The non-doctors in the Congress were eager to add to their number, whereas the medical men seemed loath to admit that laughter — either unbridled mirth or "the guarded laugh," as it is now sometimes called — could be accepted as a primary hygienic agent rather than as an aid to convalescence.

"Laugh and grow fat" has long been a homely adage, the merit of which has not been disputed seriously even by scientific minds or by the uninitiated in the mysteries of hygiene. But "laugh and grow well" is a new version of the ancient admonition, and it will require, probably, much more than the assurance of

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any French lights of science, however accomplished professionally and however desirous of promoting hilarity and good cheer, to establish the principle that any serious bodily ailment may be cured radically by a simple prescription of laughter. For such a simple matter as toothache, the policy of "laughing it off" has frequently been tried without success; it is believed in by everyone but the man with the toothache. But there is novelty on the side of the Paris scientists — novelty and originality, too. Good cheer aideth medicine. Might it replace and abolish it?

A Dreadful Dinner

The Thirteen Club is to give its skull and cross-bones dinner on next Tuesday evening.

This is the band which musters up courage to sit down to dinner for the purpose of practically disproving the ancient superstition against thirteen dining together. But what a waste of fortitude it is! Of course, the superstition is contrary to reason. All superstitions are contrary to reason. A man is no more likely to die within a year if he dines with twelve others than if he dines by himself. Perhaps he is less likely to die so soon, because good company aids digestion, and good digestion tends to the prolongation of life.

Yet very sensible and hard-headed people dislike to dine with thirteen at the table, if they chance to make the count. They may even so far transgress

the rules of hospitality as to fly precipitately from the feast, unless the host has the good sense to hurry and scurry about to get an additional guest. They don't like the associations, and would dispel from their minds thoughts of death while they are taking in nutriment for the support of life. They want to have pleasure and to do justice to their host's culinary artist with souls free from meditations on the awful problems of life and death.

A dinner prepared and discussed for the purpose of exploding a direful superstition; why, it is frightful misuse of the good gifts of God! Instead of the placid flow of the conversation of contented spirits, and the gentle ripple of the laughter of happy hearts, converse, controversy, cogitation, and philosophizing over pictures of the bier, the funeral car and the tomb; how repulsive, how inconsistent it all is!

Besides, what is the use of getting rid of these old superstitions? What harm do they do? Who suffers in morals or in intellectual development because he has a prejudice against dining with thirteen at table, or crossing a funeral procession, or counting the number of carriages in it, or looking at the new moon over the wrong shoulder?

There is about as much truth in all these as there is in many of the beliefs which men hold in solemn earnestness. The fairies and the ghosts and the goblins are just as much about as ever, and we are all children.

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The Old Clo' City

Visitors to Philadelphia who stay there long enough to soak in the local atmosphere are sure to come home chastened, subdued and with a certain uneasy consciousness of having been a little loud and garish in their pre-Philadelphian days. We have known New York Aldermen to shed their "sparklers," and tear down their flaunting cravats after a day in Atlantic City, when the board walk was especially full of Philadelphians. Yet Atlantic City is a rather frolicsome nymph of the waters and by no means the good dame Respectability, in ruff and farthingale and stomacher, who rules its suburbs on the Schuylkill. Even the confidence men in Philadelphia are "toned down" and are too often an easy prey to their brethren at the New York ferries.

Such fine old hats, such trousers and coats not too new as prevail among the brethren of the Pen! "We are not of yesterday," they seem to say; "we are an old-established outfit. We are 'properties' in keeping with this quiet Colonial drama. Let the new rich have their slick young pomp. We belong to the old stock. We harmonize with our surroundings. New things for new people!"

As the Grand Duke ALEXIS said at Philadelphia in 1871, "All the people belong to old families; at least they wear old clothes." Statistics verify in part the

observation of this shrewd traveller. There are more than 1,000 old clothes shops in Philadelphia. The *Public Ledger* may be pardoned for boasting that "more business is done in cast-off and second-hand clothing in Philadelphia than in any other city." It is clear that the Philadelphians know what they want and wear it.

Snoring and Nightgowns Barred

The region comprising Philadelphia and its suburbs is noted for its scrapple, its outlandish family names, and its sleepiness. To the peculiarity last mentioned it owes its widest notoriety. It has been understood that there was no limit to its indulgence of the propensity to sleep at all times and in all places; but a recent event indicates that there is a degree of indulgence at which the line is drawn:

"The woman was attired in a wrapper and her hair was hanging loosely down her back. She was walking slowly and when the officer approached her side he was astonished to hear her snoring, although her eyes were open. He addressed her in low tones, but received no answer. He then grabbed her by the arm. This aroused her. When she was found by the officers she was nearly two miles from her home."

The foregoing is from the esteemed *Press* of Philadelphia. The incident took place in Camden. This

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New Jersey suburb is about as far from Philadelphia as Brooklyn is from New York. The drowsiness that pervades the Pennsylvania city does not dominate in all respects the town across the river. The centre of somnolence is the heart of a big city. Camden does a rattling business in marriages, and is the home of other industries more or less noisy; but away from the doors of the matrimonial and other mills the stranger in Camden might forget that he had crossed the river which separates the two cities. Thus it is that the Camden woman of whom our esteemed contemporary tells was enabled to walk two miles in the street sound asleep, snoring and attired in garments appropriate only for the seclusion of the chamber, before she attracted notice.

Philadelphia and its suburbs are probably the only inhabited places in the world in which residents can go snoring about the streets, on business or for recreation, without attracting general attention, or being awakened by the ordinary noises of the locality. But for the police there is no telling how long this woman might have continued her peripatetic sleep and snoring; she had kept it up for hours without being disturbed by any civilian, and it is probable that she would have continued until surfeited and of her own accord she awakened. But she chanced to come across a policeman who was awake, and to this circumstance the rest of the world is indebted for information as to where

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Philadelphia and its suburbs draw the line officially with reference to sleeping on foot in public places.

The limit, it seems, is not fixed with any degree of soundness of the sleeper's sleep, nor at any magnitude of the somnambular throng, but at loud snoring and night clothes. This line is sufficiently distinct to enable all policemen to avoid "waking up the wrong customer," and thus getting themselves into trouble.

Wings

The melancholy death of Herr LILIENTHAL gives a setback to wings: but the question, "When are we going to fly?" is still in the air.

Perhaps, after all, those flighty savants who are studying aërial transit are on the wrong flutter. We have some evidence to show that their researches should not be confined to extremely light machines and semi-volatile material. Power and plenty of it may be the thing that they should seek. It has been said that man can never fly because he is too heavy; but the philosophers who say that never saw a beetle. If a man had a wrought-iron overcoat and hat, and at least half a dozen iron legs and arms, he would be even lighter in proportion than a beetle. But a beetle can fly. Now, why can a great heavy beetle fly? Because he is able. That is all we know about it.

By giving him due allowance in weight and size, it will be found that the beetle, with perhaps a single

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exception of the ground wasp, is the heaviest and strongest being in existence. He can take his wings from under his great steel overcoat, make them hum like a buzz saw, and travel at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, perhaps. And that ugly thing, the ground wasp, can pick up a big fat locust and bring it home to his family miles away, carrying it through the air with wonderful speed.

In the face of such evidence laymen are forced to imagine that another revolution, or rather a lot of revolutions, must be needed in this flying business. If a man could invent a machine that would revolve its wings as fast as a beetle or bee works his, proportion always in view, he might discard railroads and throw away his bike.

Let the learned consult the bats and the beetles, especially the beetles, and find out how they flap their wings, and bring us back to those glorious historic days when the cow flew over the moon.

A Great Climb

JOHN PHILLIPS is the converse of MCGINTY. He has jumped into national fame as suddenly, but his jump was in the opposite direction. MCGINTY went down, down to the bottom of the sea, and PHILLIPS went up to the top of the chimney.

For about a week this able individual has been worming his way like a human caterpillar up the

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smooth, round shaft of the tallest smoke tower in the world. No man ever performed a great and inspiring feat in the presence of a larger audience. Probably two hundred thousand pairs of eyes have watched his daily progress toward the zenith. The spectacle has been novel. Working in full sight of the entire population of Newark, and of the passengers on the countless railway trains that cross the Passaic near that point, and with the moral support of the full approval and sympathetic interest of every reader of *THE SUN*, JOHN PHILLIPS nevertheless has worked alone. MCGINTY was not more isolated when he approached the ocean bottom than was the greatest of chimney climbers, ancient or modern, as he patiently and coolly toiled his difficult way toward the end of his anabasis.

Yesterday morning PHILLIPS appeared no longer like a caterpillar, but like a small black fly as he stood on the top of the iron cap of the chimney, 340 feet above the foot of his ladder. He looked down upon 3,000,000 people, most of them hearty admirers of his extraordinary courage, endurance, and cephalic equipoise.

Stable Dynamite

The story published yesterday of a bulldog stampeding a pair of horses in the street should call the attention of those whom it may concern to the fact that a

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bulldog is a highly dangerous element in the society of horses at any time. We have known stablemen who would have preferred to have a powder flask next the stove rather than a bulldog; and, knowing their experiences, we don't wonder. A bulldog is like a rusty old flintlock gun. It probably won't go off, but it may, and no one knows when.

What happened on the street on Sunday may happen in a private stable at any time when the stable keeps a bulldog. The quiet, peaceful, polite canine that dozes near the fire is apt to become a jungle jaguar if a horse chances to get into trouble. An hysterical woman is a fit member for a Quaker meeting compared to the insane devil into which the bulldog turns himself when he loses his head. We have seen a startled horse set a bulldog crazy; and then, like the true fighter that he is, the dog jumps into the scrimmage and goes for the horse, and the trouble may be bad. More than one serious accident has occurred from this cause, and the surest way to prevent them in the future is to bounce the bulldog from the society of horses.

The bulldog is a noble animal, and first-rate for children, but with horses he is a dynamitical terror.

